THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5 cts.

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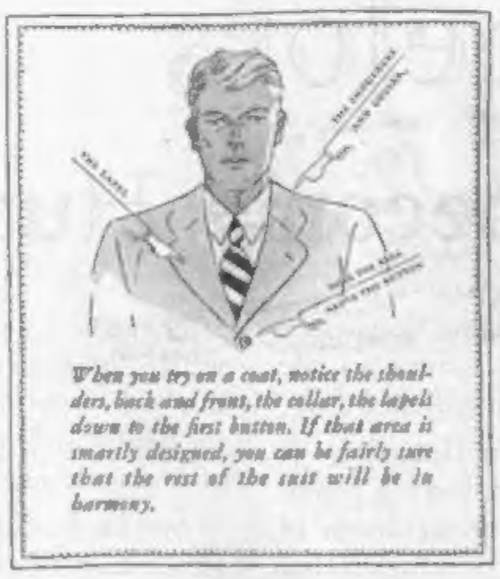
How to choose a suit of clothes

Wouldn't you like it if you had some simple way of choosing a suit—so you could walk into a store knowing how to buy just the right thing and walk out knowing you had done it?

The whole thing can be boiled down to the simplest kind of an idea. Don't worry about trimmings, and so on—they're standard and you get what you pay for. If you like the luxury

of silk lining, and can afford it, have it by all means—but if not, don't lose any sleep, because your clothes can have all the swank they need without that.

Don't worry about fabrics either. The fabric of your suit is important, of course—you want looks and service, you want a certain richness of texture and an interesting pattern in the weave. But fabric is not the most important thing in choosing clothes. You see why:—A man might hunt up a mediocre clothes-maker and give him the finest cloth in the world, and that clothes-maker would still turn it into a mediocre suit. The new Sturdyman fabrics—certainly among the finest to be shown this Fall—could be made into a very sorry garment if they fell into the hands of a poor designer. They would be of no use to a well dressed man because the suit itself would be homely—it would lack style. What does this mean then? On what basis *should* a man choose his clothes?



When you try on a coat, notice the shoulders, back and front, the collar, the lapels down to the first button. If that area is smartly designed, you can be fairly sure that the rest of the suit will be in harmony.

The word "designer" gives the clue. The design, or, as clothiers call it, "the cut," is the idea back of the suit. It's the cut that determines the lines on which a suit is made, and determines what it will really look like when you slip it on and face yourself in the glass. The width and roll of the lapels, the drape of the back and sleeves, the width of the trousers, the position of buttons and pockets—all that is part of the cut. In the last analysis, the whole effect of the clothes you wear—whether they're good looking or homely, or just ordinary—depends on that one thing: The design, or cut.

But how's a man going to recognize the correct cut when he sees it? Here's one way: When you try on a coat, notice the shoulders, back and front, the collar, the lapels down to the first button. That small

The correctly cut two-button suit for Fall. Notice the lapels, the broad shoulders and rather trim effect at the waist.

area in the upper part of the coat is the most difficult of all for the clothes designer. That's where he has his greatest battle; we could write pages telling you details of what he calls "construction"—of the means he employs to put his design actually into the clothes—but all you care about is the result.

Next time you go in a store and pick out a suit, notice that shoulder-area, and see if it really

gives the right effect. You know it instantly when you see it—you call it "smart." That's the effect that the correct cut will give you. The rest of the suit is important, of course; but if you get correctly cut shoulders, a collar with good lines, and lapels that are of exactly the right shape, you can be pretty sure that the rest of the suit will be in harmony.

* * * * *

Twenty years ago we started out with the idea that it's the cut of your clothes that counts; it's a Society Brand idea, or rather it's *the* Society Brand idea. Always has been. Naturally, we have carried it farther than anybody else. It's the standard by which our clothes are judged. Their *cut* is the all-important reason why you should buy Society Brand Clothes. Just to be sure, by the way, that you *are* getting Society Brand, look for the label in the pocket.

Alfred Decker & Cohn, Chicago; Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.

Society Brand Clothes

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

To Bachelors who have suddenly become Husbands

THE furtively happy young man in the picture is a new husband, scarcely more than three pay-days old.

When he took his first bath in the glistening new family tub, he found there the most gorgeously-colored and odoriferous cake of deep-diving soap that ever came out of Paris, Fr., or London, Eng.

He used it once. It gave up lather as enthusiastically as a three-year-old relinquishes a pink lollypop. And the instant it slipped out of his clutching digits, it dove to the bottom and hid there like a frightened frog.

"This," remarked the Young Husband, "is not bathing as I like it." But, having promised eternal devotion to the sweet donor of the lovely soap-tablet, he said nothing further and secretly bought that cake of Ivory.

Fearing discovery of his shameful stratagem, he carefully conceals his Ivory cake after each bath—in an old tennis shoe. Meanwhile, in the recesses of her dressing-table, the girl-of-his-dreams (now mixing pancakes for his breakfast) treasures *her own* secret cake of Ivory for her own baths.

And both of them wonder why that sunset-tinted cake of sinking savon lasts so long!

Have *you* ever thought how important it is to know that when you drop your bath-soap, it will *come* up and *stay* up?

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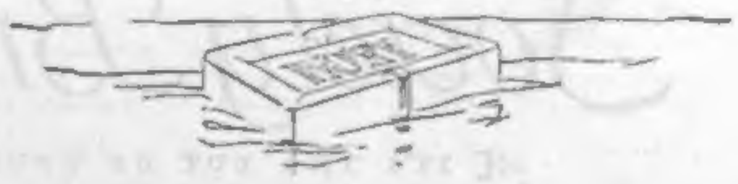

HER cake is Guest Ivory—the dainty debutante of the Ivory family. Kind to sensitive complexions and wifely budgets—costs five cents a cake.

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WHITE HANDS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

WINSLOW let his pigskin kit bag go down with a clump. It struck the mirroring parquetry singularly like the stamp of an angry foot. Then he grunted aloud as he groped for the next light switch.

It was merely another evidence of their placid incompetence, Winslow felt, that nobody should answer his ring, that every overfed servant in the place should be asleep. And it made a fine home-coming, this silence and emptiness that reminded him of a state museum locked up for the night. He felt, indeed, as he moved forward from room to room, switching on the lights, oddly out of place in those shadowy and softly tinted chambers that should have brought peace to his spirit. It seemed mighty little like home to the big-bodied man with the weathered face and the ruminative eyes. It was five long months, he remembered, since he had walked through those rooms, since his shadow had fallen across that threshold. A new wistfulness crept into his solemnly appraising eyes as he stepped in through the doorway of the library and let his gaze rest on an ember or two that still glinted from the half-burned hickory logs in the open fireplace.

He noticed, with a revival of interest, the moose head above the dark mantel, the big bull that he had brought down eleven years ago in his first trip out of Mattawa. Then his glance fell to the big bear rug before the shimmering bronze fender, to the huge Kadiak that he had shot, still earlier, on the border of Alaska. And he found something almost friendly, amid the room that lay about him as remote and impersonal as a mausoleum, in the familiar mounted head and the perpetuated snarl of the white-fanged mouth.

It was a souvenir of struggle, he remembered, as he moved on into the warm-aired room, and it was through struggle that man lived and proclaimed his manhood. His daughters had the habit of laughing at those trophies of his; of saying they made the house look like a cross between a zoölogical garden and a museum of natural history. But they were evidences of a saner life, he inwardly maintained—saner than the soft-cushioned Chesterfield that blocked his path and the mauve-jacketed French novels that littered the reading table.

Winslow's frown deepened in fact as he stopped beside an ash tray heaped with a telltale pyramid of gilt-tipped cigarette ends. He regarded them studiously, and as studiously regarded a half-emptied carton of dried fruits and a silver tray on which stood three empty cocktail glasses and a hammered silver shaker still faintly redolent of sweetened orange juice and alcohol. And of juniper—of juniper, oddly enough, that made him think of Laurentian rock ridges, sun-steeped and splashed with blue-green shrub clumps, where the whorls of dark-blue berries nested in their sprays of dark-green spines, and the aromatic resins meant widened sky lines and cleaner air to breathe. Yet men took those berries and scabbarded the raw blade of their rawest liquors in their northern sweetness. Winslow's manner was still thoughtful as he picked up a small glove and straightened it out between his strong, thick fingers. He could not be sure whether it was Paddy's or Janet's. But he stood arrested by the smallness of that glove, by the incredible narrowness of the palm, by the slenderness of the tapering fingers, by the fineness of the kid, slightly soiled and stained here and there by dried splashes that might have been teardrops but were probably the drippings from a glass stem. He was staring down at a crumpled sable coat, flung carelessly over a chair arm, and wondering if this implied that at least one of his daughters was at home, when he was interrupted by the muffled small shrill of a bell.

He assumed it to be the call bell of a telephone, but the shrill of sound was repeated for the second time before he succeeded in locating the instrument beneath the voluminous flounces of a blue-and-gold Madame du Barry. He remembered, as he pushed that foolish and feminine contraption scornfully aside, that it was too late for Blake to be calling him up from the office. But he was deliberately slow in answering the impatient metallic clangor repeating itself for the third time.

"What is it?" he asked as he took up the receiver, his deep voice barbed with a note of resentment.

"Speak to Paddy, please," announced the voice over the wire. It was a man's voice, soft, suave, self-assured, a voice that Winslow both resented and disliked.

"Could I take the message?" he asked with coerced patience.

"Who are you?" was the coolly insolent question over the wire.

"What do you want?" countered the heavy-bodied man. He saw, by the French clock on the mantel, that it was within half an hour of midnight.

"Connect me with Patience, please," was the crisp command that came in to him.

"But who are you?" insisted the father of that young lady.

"None of your business, old top. But I want Paddy and I want her quick."

Winslow's face darkened as he slammed down the receiver. He stood motionless for a moment or two, studying the call bell as it renewed its summons. Then he turned on his heel and strode on through the house that seemed so unlike a home. He was breathing more heavily as he went up the stairway. His face remained grim as he stopped at his younger daughter's bedroom door, turned the knob and swung it open.

"It's Nothing to Worry Over," Peter Summers Promptly Explained. "It's Mostly Cream Puffs"

"Janet's a Woman Now. She's More Hard-Boiled, and Yet She's More of an Insurrecto. She's Unsettled and Discontented and All at Sea"

The lights were on in that room that lay before him a confusion of exotic colors and perfumes, but Paddy was not there. He spoke her name aloud, after swinging shut the door behind him, crossed to the bathroom of white marble and silver, saw that it was empty, and once more stood thoughtful-eyed before the bigger room, with its commingling colors and shadows, with its conflicting air of disorder and luxury. Then slowly and thoughtfully he assessed the chamber in which he stood. He studied the Italian painted bed, with its banked lace pillows and its silk-and-damask covering and its ridiculous gilt Cupids along the carved face of the headboard. His estimative eye ran over the lingerie flung so carelessly over its footboard, the flimsy cobwebs of tinted silk tossed along the crumpled counterpane, the pair of flesh-colored silk stockings hung over a chair arm.

On the Venetian table at the foot of the bed he saw a brocaded box of bonbons. Some of them, he noticed, had been bitten into and discarded. Beside them stood a chased silver photograph frame holding the picture of a broad-shouldered youth in football togs, a youth quite unknown to the man looking down at the print, but more open-faced than the second attitudinizing figure in a heavier frame, with the name of one of the momentary heroes of the screen slashing across one corner. Strewn about between a chased gold cigarette case and a monogrammed silver flask with a heavy dent in its metal side, Winslow caught sight of a number of other photographs—of bathing parties, of a racing car crowded with boys and girls, of a swimming pool with a human frieze of bare-legged figures about its lip, of Paddy herself aquaplaning on a surf board, of Paddy and an unknown young man mounted on horses and dated Aiken, October twenty-second.

Winslow's frown deepened as he moved on to his daughter's dressing table. There, amid the glitter of gold and glass and silver, he caught sight of other indecipherable photographs—one of a man in uniform, obviously of the Navy, another laconically signed The Icicle, and a third bearing the inscription, "Yours to the last cinder, Larry." About them lay heavily embossed toilet articles, brushes and combs, powder boxes and lipsticks, rouge and mascara and unidentifiable war paint in Parisian-looking containers, the paraphernalia of feminine decoration, with jewelry tossed carelessly here and there about the table top—rings and bar pins, a tiny watch with a broken crystal, an odious jeweled garter. And on the floor beside the table was a scattering of slippers, satin and suède and serpent skin, some buckled and decorated with brilliants, vivid-colored and incredibly small and bewilderingly gay-looking, even in their careless disorder, as though they had been kicked aside by tiny feet tired of dancing, tired of the moan of saxophones and the throb of drums and the negroid music that once pulsed along the banks of the Congo.

The faint lip curl of contempt remained on Winslow's face as he turned over a novel, muttering "Trash!" as he tossed it down again beside an embossed phone pad scribbled over with numbers in an unformed and scrawling hand. The truculent light was still in his eye as he studied a second low table on which lay scattered still further esoteric instruments and lotions of beauty—ivory nail files and buffers and manicure sticks, polishes and stains and bleaches and pastes. Those, he knew, were for the modern women's hands, for their idle and overwhite hands, for hands that had no part in the grim purposes of life—for the hands of his own children.

And Winslow, still frowning, stepped back to the picture of his daughter so carelessly and yet so resolutely mounted on the hunter with the pointed ears. She was his own child, his Paddy of other days, but she now seemed a stranger to him. It startled him, when he began to reckon up the years, to discover that she would be twenty on her next birthday. And that, he remembered, implied that Jinny must already be twenty-three.

He had thought of them as children—as children about whom he was still struggling to throw the inalienable protection of wealth, the one security that could be passed on to them. But they were grown women now, women leading their own lives, remote from his influence, estranged from his understanding, divorced apparently from what he had so long looked upon as the decencies of life. And he had not made them secure, he remembered, as he glanced about the room that smelled like a Turkish harem and made him think of a Tunisian bazaar. He had not controlled them and guided them and kept watch over them. He had lost contact with them and had been blindly satisfied, in the distractions of big business, to let them go their own way. And this, he said, as he stood in the open doorway and stared back into that mutely eloquent room of his younger daughter, was the result of his indifference, the price that was being paid for his blindness.

Winslow's step was heavy as he went down the stairs again. It was well after midnight, he saw, as he reëntered the library, where, with the casual adroitness of a man long trained in woodcraft, he stirred up the dead coals in the fireplace and soon had a hickory log blazing behind the fender. Then he drew a heavy armchair up before the blaze, and having seated himself, slowly and deliberately lighted a cigar. Yet the eyes with which he stared into the fire were unqualifiedly unhappy eyes. The savor of success that had soothed his tired body all the way down from the North went out of his bones, leaving in its wake a wayward sense of age and wasted effort. He felt depressed and vaguely alone in the world. And his unrest increased as he lighted a second cigar and added another log to the dying fire and felt the dark silence of the house weigh upon him like a promise of impending disaster.

His brow was heavy as he looked up at a second ringing of the telephone, and his frown deepened as he once more took up the receiver.

"Paddy there?" asked a careless barytone voice.

"She is not," barked Winslow.

"How about Jinny?" lilted the imperturbable low voice.

"Just what do you want?" demanded the thick-shouldered man at the phone.

"I rather thought I wanted a nightcap," was the insolently tranquil reply.

"And you expected to get it in my house, at this hour of the morning?"

The thunder in that voice brought a momentary silence to the other end of the wire.

"Who are you, anyway?" was the slightly petulant query.

"Come over here," asserted Winslow—"come over here for any of your nightcaps and you'll know so quick your empty head will spin!" And his hand was none too steady as he slammed the receiver back on its hook. He was still glowering at the dying fire when the silvery chime of the mantel clock told him it was two o'clock.

Two o'clock. That impressed him as an appallingly late hour for young girls to be abroad. He could feel recurring waves of alarm crested with indignation sweep through his body. He was looking at his watch again, to confirm the time, when he heard the distant thud of a door, a single note of laughter as thin and hard as the recent clock chime, and then the repeated thump of a door carelessly swung shut.

Winslow's jaw hardened. There was an ominous light in his eyes as he got grimly up from his chair. But before he was quite prepared for it his daughter Janet stood in the doorway regarding him with languid surprise.

"Look who's here!" she said with a casual audacity that both angered and depressed him. Yet the one thought that survived, as he stared at her from his impersonal height of hostility, was a stubborn impression of her beauty. It was a hard and diamond-like sort of beauty, with more glitter than glow; but as the thin-bodied young woman with the unnaturally pallid face and the unnaturally bright lips stepped into the room and tossed aside a sea-green cloak made heavy with fur, she gave an impression of bored and somewhat willful beauty. That impression, however, brought anything but happiness to the still-frowning face of her father.

"Where's Paddy?" he demanded.

"How should I know?" countered the slim-necked woman with the shingle bob.

"She's your sister," he grimly reminded her.

"And your daughter," was Janet's too-casual retort as she reached for a cigarette.

Winslow winced at that, holding himself in with an effort. He was, in his own world, singularly unaccustomed to insolence and insurrection. He was not used to frustrations.

Yet he seemed to stand doubly frustrated before this insolent-eyed young woman who owed everything she had in life to him and his labor.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, with his watch in his hand.

"Doing the same old turns," she answered over her shoulder, and her shrug seemed one of ennui.

"You didn't answer my question," he reminded her, his face darkening with resentment.

"I guess I'm not used to answering questions," she said, with an indifferent look about for an ash tray.

His anger sharpened. But even as he became more acutely conscious of her opposition, he nursed a disturbing suspicion that some trace of that feral spirit of hers might have come from himself.

"I suppose," he said with a carefully achieved tolerance, "you've been pretty well living your own life."

"Haven't you?" was the curt demand from his daughter.

"Perhaps I have," he finally admitted, "though I still have a slight interest in what you're doing—and in what you are."

She seemed to resent his pointed stare at her thinly clad body and her thickly powdered face. "I thought you were rather leaving us to ourselves," she said with a *moue* of unconcern.

"My work keeps me pretty well in the North," he reminded her, even as he realized that his dignity was being wasted on the iron of her disdain.

"Otherwise you wouldn't be known as the pulp-wood king," she added, as for the first time she let her quick and intent gaze rest on the russet face of her father. And in spite of his anger, as he looked into those eyes, those shadowed and restless and oddly unsatisfied eyes, he experienced an inapposite feeling of pity for her.

"Otherwise," he nevertheless amended, "you wouldn't be leading the life you are."

Her sigh, small and listless, brought home to him how impervious she was to his anger.

"Well, I'm not so crazy about it," she acknowledged with a sigh that was as unlooked for as the note of bitterness in her voice.

"Then a decided change in it won't come as a shock to you," he said with an answering note of bitterness that brought her cool stare sluing slowly about to him.

"Are you going to change it?" she ventured, her words seeming more of a challenge than a question.

"I am," answered her father. He spoke with more heat than he had intended. "Where is your sister Patience?"

His daughter's small shoulder movement, insouciant and defiant, did not escape him.

"Probably Daniel-Booneing through the black-and-tans," was the deliberately callous retort.

"Does she still sleep at home?" he demanded, prompted to match savagery with savagery.

"When she sleeps," was the laconic reply.

"Then I may assume you are not greatly interested in your younger sister's welfare?" demanded Winslow, trying to smother his helplessness in a show of passion.

"Are you?" was his daughter's ice-cold inquiry.

"I'm her father," cried the big-framed man with the slightly tremulous hands. "But that doesn't seem to mean a great deal in this present day."

"It doesn't seem to, does it?" concurred the bright-eyed young woman with her hands so lightly clasped over her crossed knees.

Winslow, instead of replying to that over-provocative question, sat abruptly down in his chair again. He sat studying his daughter's hands—the hands of which she seemed so proud. They impressed him as abnormally small and delicate and white, as emblems of her helplessness, as paraded announcement of inadequacy. He could see the light refracted from the narrow and pointed finger nails—the finger nails so sedulously polished and tinted and shaped and guarded. He could see the soft white skin along the phalanges—the skin that had been so carefully protected from wind and weather, from the casual blemishes of toil and time. They were futile and helpless hands, openly proclaiming their aloofness from all manual labor, a symbol of her character, an index of her soul, a tribal advertisement of incompetency.

Nature had originally fashioned them for grasping, for intricate and cunning movements, for the accomplishment of womanly tasks, for patient strength and endurance, for the once complicated business of life. Even they, like his own thick and strong-sinewed hands, had been intended for the furthering of worldly safety and worldly well-being. But these small white hands of his daughter, he felt, were like flowers. They were in no sense instruments of service, but ends in themselves, something to be admired for the delicate lines and their pallid tones, to be valued and treasured because of their very fragility. They were too small to hold what he had once dreamed of giving them.

They were too weak to cling to what life might have offered them. They may have been as white as snowflakes. But they were foolish—foolish and self-defeating. They effected nothing. They accomplished nothing. They could achieve nothing worth while. They were atrophied and useless, as barbaric as the arrogantly stunted foot of a Chinese princess.

Janet must have become conscious of her father's scrutiny of those lightly clasped hands, for she drew the interlocked fingers slowly apart and looked at them with a vaguely interested eye. She even brushed a trace of tobacco ash from one pink and narrow nail.

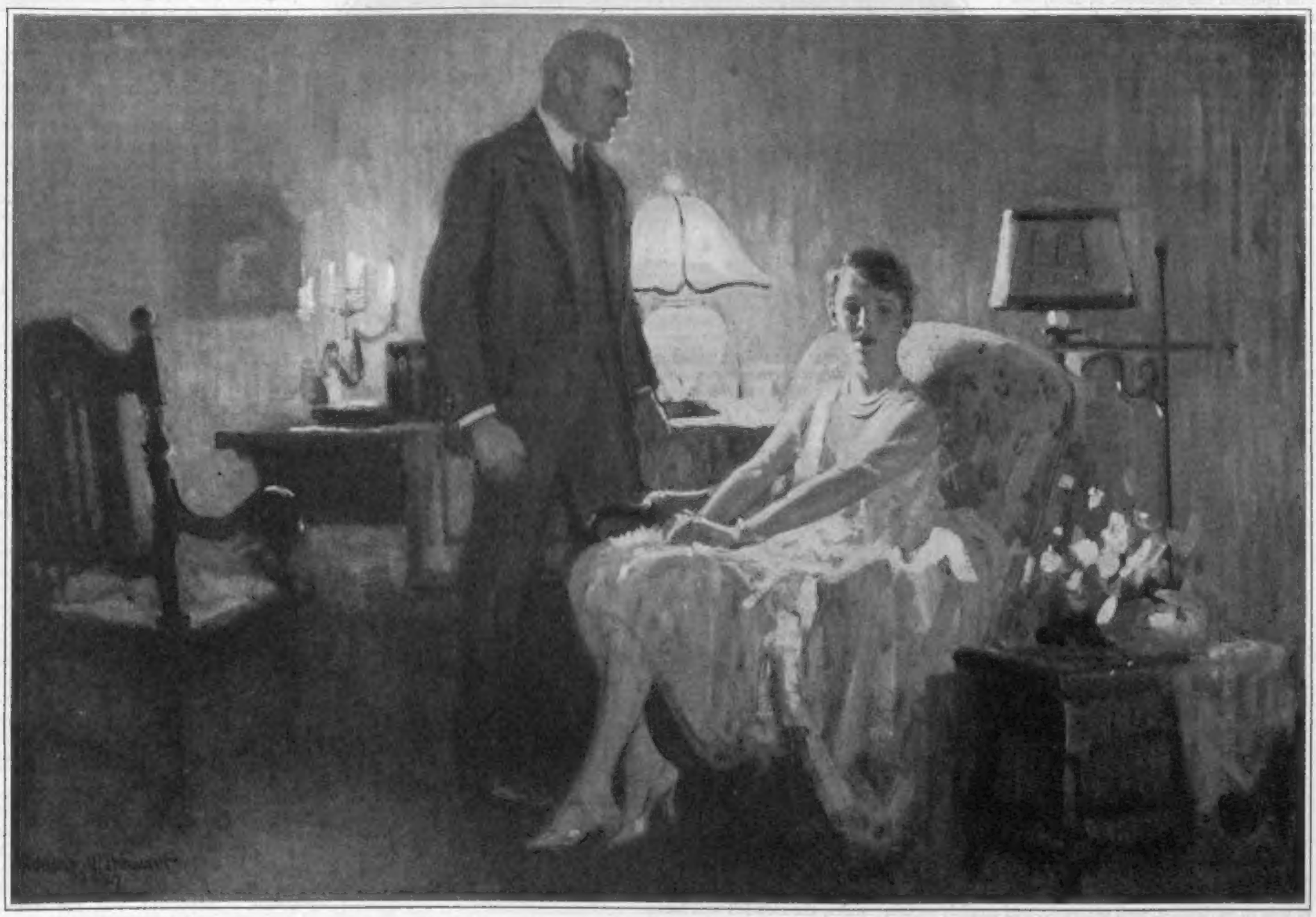
"I suppose you're going to wait up for Paddy?" she finally inquired out of the prolonging silence.

"I am," proclaimed her indignant father.

"It may be quite a long wait," was Janet's diffident-noted retort. And the sheer effrontery of her attitude, her cool indifference to his natural anxiety, brought home to him for the second time how far she had traveled from her own father's side, from both his authority and his influence.

"Well, I'll see it's the last one," he said with a renewing grimness. And still again he saw the languid shoulder

(Continued on Page 58)



"I Suppose You've Been Pretty Well Living Your Own Life." "Haven't You?" Was the Curt Demand From His Daughter

The Common Carrier Hops Off

By Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, U. S. N.

THE transcontinental air line—youngest, straightest, fastest of all the great modern arteries of travel—passes this summer from government to private operation. Over its carefully mapped course, where heretofore have sped only the mails, will fly passengers and express as well. Between New York on the Atlantic seaboard and San Francisco on the Pacific, those three cargoes will be borne in the most modern type of public carrier—the commercial airplane operating not as an experiment but as a dividend-paying unit of a checked and proved system of transportation.

Never, since the Union-Central Pacific first spanned the continent in 1869, has there been a more significant event in the history of American transport than this. It means that the era of experiment in commercial aviation has closed and the period of fulfillment begun; that a new industry, originated, developed and rigidly tested by the Government, has been turned over to private ownership with the virtual assurance that it can be conducted at a profit. It means that the business man or other passenger may expect to travel from coast to coast in twenty-four hours, using express planes operating on schedules as rigid and as certain as any railway's.

Private air lines, as everyone knows, have operated in this country for several years, but in the great majority of cases their income and their success have depended largely on the greatest airway of them all—the government-operated transcontinental air mail route. From that line they carried mails on contract to cities off the regular course, and without it many of them could not have continued, for the income from such passenger and express business as they obtained was by comparison incidental and sporadic. But now the Government steps out, and private capital must carry on the main trans-America route which for three years has been the backbone of almost all successful commercial flying in the United States.

Without Government Subsidy

IN YET another way this transition of aerial transcontinental transport from public to private control is significant. In contrast to the first railroad line across the United States, it has been effected without one cent of direct government subsidy. Before the railroads could span the country the companies which built and operated them had to be bolstered with huge public bounties from the Federal Government, from the separate states, from the smaller communities through which they ran. These bounties took the form of land grants—more than 33,000,000 acres were thus given away—and of financial assistance through the floating of Federal, county and municipal bonds, apart from the thousands of shares of stocks which the farmers to be benefited felt it their duty to buy.

But no such subsidization is contemplated for the privately operated transcontinental air line and its feeder routes. Government assistance there will be, in the form of aids to navigation, mail contracts, and possibly certain terminal facilities, but direct grants of moneys, bonds or lands have been purposely withheld. What greater evidence of the Government's confidence in the commercial as well as the mechanical possibilities of industrial aviation could possibly be offered!

A Mail Plane Lighted for Night Flying. Above—A Night View of the Hangar at Hadley Field, New Brunswick, N. J., the Eastern Terminus of the Transcontinental Air Line

That confidence, moreover, is by no means confined to the Government. Capital itself, ever nervous and disinclined to take chances, demonstrated its faith by responding generously with bids when the Post Office Department invited proposals from private companies to take over the transcontinental route. Although the rate allowed by law for the carrying of air mail over the route was three dollars a pound per thousand miles, the bids fell well below that mark. The National Air Transport, Inc., to which was awarded the contract to carry mail between New York and Chicago, asked only $1.24 a pound. The Boeing Airplane Company of Seattle, which will serve the Western half, from Chicago to San Francisco—a longer flight—receives $1.50 for the first one thousand miles and fifteen cents for each one hundred miles thereafter. This, remember, is for mail for whose transport the Government receives in stamps about three dollars a pound, at the rate of ten cents a half ounce. With the private companies the mail contracts are expected to yield little more than operating expenses. Dividends must come out of the passenger and express traffics which will supplement them as the service grows.

Commander Weyerbacher

The Fruits of Pioneering

THESE are by no means experimental or newborn organizations. From them as from the companies which have operated the feeder-line air-mail routes during the past year Postmaster-General New, who demonstrated that air transportation may succeed without direct subsidies, has insisted on guaranties that they are financially able to conduct the service undertaken, and that they have had the necessary experience.

"It has never been the intention of the Post Office Department to continue permanently in the operation of the air-mail service," he has asserted. "The Post Office Department planned merely to develop it to a point where its feasibility and practicability could be adequately demonstrated and then, as soon as commercial flying companies became strong enough to handle such an enterprise, to relinquish the fruits of the Department's pioneering." This stage in commercial aviation, he is convinced, has now been reached.

The Postmaster-General realized, as did everyone interested in aerial transport, that the awarding of mail contracts to companies which might fail after a short period of operation would mean nothing less than disaster to both air-mail and commercial aviation, and that should this occur the Government would be forced to begin again at the bottom and continue through weary years to build confidence anew. Of the guaranties furnished by successful bidders not the least important was the actual equipment ready and waiting

to be thrown into the work. For the Western service the successful bidder, for example, specified eighteen planes, each boasting a 400 horse-power motor, an air speed of 112 miles an hour and a cruising radius of 600 miles. The company receiving the Eastern award offered twenty-five planes with 200 to 500 horse-power motors and each with a cruising radius of 500 miles. Such equipment is necessary to fly through rain or sun, fog or wind, snow or sleet, by day or night over the 2669 miles of the transcontinental airway.

The Landing Field at Omaha, Nebraska

Although the government mail service has blazed the air trails across the country, it falls to private interests to continue their development as industry demands. This development and its subsequent benefit to operator and public alike depend, of course, on the efficiency with which the lines are run, and the fidelity with which reliable schedules are maintained. In both aspects the air-mail service has given the private operator a high mark to shoot at. During the calendar year of 1926, for example, the transcontinental air line flew 1,860,190 of the 1,987,834 miles scheduled, a performance percentage of 93.58. The overnight service from New York to Chicago almost equaled that record, achieving a performance percentage of 93.33, in a total of 432,083 flown miles. In July the latter service, despite its obvious handicaps, achieved a 100 per cent performance—45,226 miles flown on schedule—while the daylight service attained 99.51 per cent. In that period the transcontinental route earned $850,729.14 in excess postage; the New York to Chicago overnight route, $213,664.53.

These are excellent records of performance, but there is no reason to believe the private operators cannot equal or even surpass them. As with shipping, so with aerial transport; the Government stands ready to offer invaluable help. It has already developed the route, trained the flyers and created a sentiment for air-mail service. Each of these was a long, expensive and intricate undertaking. An airway, for example, is a far more complicated thing than a mere bee line between two distant points. It is on the ground rather than in the air. It demands airports with facilities to handle airplanes and their cargoes, and with flood light and boundary beacons for night flying. It requires intermediate lighted landing fields along the route. It needs powerful beacons at short intervals to guide pilots after sundown, and an efficient system of weather reporting to aid them at all times. It is, in fact, a permanent and expensive structure, planned and laid out almost as carefully as a modern state highway.

No Fear of the Weather

THE training of pilots has been no less important an accomplishment. Never in all the history of aviation has there been demanded such skill as the air mail exacts from its flyers. Even in wartime the military plane may rest in its hangar when storms sweep the skies, but no freak of weather dare hold the mails back. It was the air-mail pilots who first flew through ice-forming clouds—now the airplane's worst enemy. Sleet from these clouds coats the wings and struts, thus disturbing the curves of their carefully calculated streamline surfaces; it chips and bites the whirling propeller blades, spoiling their meticulous balance. Air-mail pilots must proceed through fog and over high mountains, where present instruments often lose their reliability and air sense alone may guide. More than any other group of men have these pilots proved that the airplane is no longer only a fair-weather craft.

Charles A. Lindbergh was such a flyer, developing under these conditions the skill, the courage, the self-confidence and the hardihood which carried him and his plane across the Atlantic. He flew, incidentally, not on the transcontinental route itself, but over the St. Louis-Chicago feeder line, a three-and-a-quarter-hour 278-mile hop, with ten-minute stops at Springfield and Peoria.

That the service has created a wide interest and confidence in the use of air mail is demonstrated by its record of having carried, from the time of its inception until the close of the fiscal year 1926, no less than 276,132,760 letters, averaging forty to the pound, and that the insurance companies now charge for them no higher premium than for railroad mail. This mail has been of the most important kind. Originally there were bits of social correspondence and possibly *billets-doux* sent by air for the novelty of the thing. But these soon were replaced by what were regarded, by business at any rate, as more important missives. Realizing the amazing savings in interest that could be effected by rapid transmission from coast to coast, the bankers flooded the service with millions of dollars' worth of commercial paper, trade acceptances, notes and clearances. Huge loans, floated by the greatest financial houses in America have been aided by the service. Pay checks have been sped aloft over the country. Important papers have been forwarded to conferees from distant points. On several occasions medical compounds of the type which lose their efficiency quickly have been rushed from the laboratory to the patient by air mail. Films from the California studios and news pictures from the East have been shot across the country while the demand was urgent. Efforts have even been made to send passengers by air mail, paying full postage rates, but this type of letter was forbidden by departmental regulations, and was therefore rejected.

The Transcontinental Airway

THUS, private operation of the transcontinental air-line begins with many advantages, and with yet more to come. It receives the most completely equipped airway in the world. Along its route from New York to Salt Lake City, as this is written, are twelve airports and ninety-two intermediate fields, connected by 612 electric and gas route beacons which indicate to the pilot the proper direction over the entire distance. The high-power electric beacons flash beams of 1,000,000

(Continued on Page 93)

The Men Who Keep the Planes in Service. Above—Taking on the Air Mail at Omaha

THE UNKNOWN HERO

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

WHEN William Lipp so suddenly left the haunts he knew so well, and where the cops knew him, he often said he hoped that he had escaped the lure of woman. They got to him—that was the way he always put it. Back home, when he used to drive a taxicab, as so many boys did during slack spells in their work, he once ran right into a patrol wagon, just from trying to look backward at a lady he was driving. That was the trouble—the good-looking dames. They were always making him do things he did not want to do, things which he never intended; but when it finally came to a time when Willie absent-mindedly picked his own pocket because a handsome girl looked at him in the Subway, Willie knew it was time to stop.

He knew it was time, but he could not seem to manage it. Even in that strange place, which he so often described with wonder, where there was a river and a tower like the mast of a battleship, only much bigger, with an electric sign on top, where they had saloons right on the sidewalks and where hardly anyone talked like Italians or Poles—still he did things which he did not want or even mean to do, all because of a lady's eyes; said things which he never meant to say. Willie always admitted in his franker moods that it was the girl called Mademoiselle, the one who handed the drinks out in that doubtful place called the Café of the Fatigued Chauffeurs of Paris—it was Mademoiselle who got him into his adventure with Whistling Louie. If it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't have looked at Whistling Louie twice, because Willie seldom associated with gunmen and bandits. He was too artistic—a great deal too artistic—for anything like that.

When Willie entered that café on the evening when that dubious affair began, it had been a long time since he had last seen Whistling Louie; but just as soon as Willie got inside, he knew that something was phony. That Café of the Fatigued Chauffeurs was out of the foreign quarter, which made up most of the town, and nearly anyone there could understand the things you said.

It was out of the foreign quarter, and folks from home who had professional leanings hung out there, not high class, but wise enough to know a good guy when they saw one.

They used to holler at Willie when he came in—in a nice way, in a perfectly nice way, and it made him feel good to hear them. And yet when he came in that night they did not make a sound. Although Willie had on a new check suit and a diamond stick pin and a fuzzy hat of a soft green hue, like the wings of some rare bird, not a guy at the small round tables so much as let out a yell. In fact, as he walked delicately toward that place they called a bar, but which was only a zinc-covered counter, you might have thought he wasn't there at all. You might have thought he didn't amount to anything, the way everybody acted.

"The Gunman, I Tell You. The Nice Big Man Who Has Just Come. He is Like the Brave Americans Who Come Here in the War, Not Like Common Thiefs Who Come Here Now"

Everyone was leaning forward, listening to someone talking. To Willie the voice was vaguely familiar, but in the state of his feelings he did not notice, because Mademoiselle wasn't looking at him either. It hurt Willie. He had to admit it hurt him as a matter of pride—purely as a matter of pride. It had sometimes seemed to Willie, after one drink, or maybe two, that Mademoiselle was easy to look at; and though she only had on a black dress and though one of her front teeth was also the same color, it made him feel good, almost virtuous, to feel that her soft brown eyes were on him when he drew near and pointed at a bottle. But now, instead of smiling at him as she always had, she was leaning across that zinc counter so you might have thought she would fall over it.

"Hey!" said Willie.

His tone was gentle, nevertheless firm, with just that note of pained indignation that would make almost anyone feel sorry, but it didn't work. That girl who was named Mademoiselle still leaned across the counter, and you could have lifted any of the bottles from the shelves behind her, even the ones with gold on top, and she would not have noticed. "Hey!" said Willie. "Don't you see it's me? It ain't an ordinary customer."

Mademoiselle looked at him then. She looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. "You shut your mouth," said Mademoiselle. "Shut it up queek!"

Cool though Willie was, and used to strange occurrences, it got him. He had to admit it got him, but he kept his temper, as a gentleman should.

"Girlie," said Willie, "don't you get off another crack like that. It may do on the tin-plate sports who come in here, but not on a high-grade guy."

You might have thought such a remark would settle her, but instead she looked at him in a way that made him jump. "High-grade?" said Mademoiselle. "You make me to laugh. Ha-ha!"

Willie felt his head grow light, but he did not forget that he was a perfect gentleman. "When I first breezed in here," said Willie, "didn't I tell you who I was? It's a point I make—a point—to have the girls know the kind of a guy I am. What's the big idea, when you uster know I was the works?"

"Be quiet," said Mademoiselle. "Do you not see? There is—what you call heem?—a big guy here. How then do I have time for you?"

"Hey!" cried Willie. "Ain't you always had time for me? Ain't I big enough, huh? I may not be wise to everything out here. I'm broad-minded. I admit it, but ask any guy from New York about me, sister. I told you, didn't I, how I was the highest rated second-story worker on the whole island? Say, there isn't a guy hanging out in this whole joint ——"

Mademoiselle made a graceful gesture. "Ha-ha!" she said. "You make me laugh. You are merely what we call the common sneak thief. You merely come here from where I do not know and make the big noise, while monsieur there ——" To Willie's horror, Mademoiselle paused to blow a kiss toward a table in a distant corner. "Ah, zut! He is different! He is—how you call heem?—the gunman who is strong and brave."

"The—who?" asked Willie.

"The gunman, I tell you. The nice big man who has just come. He is like the brave Americans who come here in the war, not like common thiefs who come here now," Mademoiselle said.

For a moment Willie could only sway backward on his heels. For a moment he could not control his emotion. "Me?" he cried. "Me—a common thief? Who said that? Just put me wise who said it!"

Mademoiselle pointed wearily to the corner. "Did I not often say," she explained, "how all the very best come here—the confidence men, the smugglers from the liners, all the best Americans? The monsieur is just arrive today, and naturally he comes here. And naturally—you have talked so loud about how grand you are—naturally I ask him. He is a gunman—ah! Big and strong! And he know who you are. He says you are afraid to do what you call the big jobs, that you only climb the waterspouts and are just a common thief after all you say."

Willie felt his face grow red. His new hat and checked suit were irksome to him. Both seemed to chafe and cut. Dizzily but rapidly he walked to the table in the corner. "Hey!" he said.

Two white-faced guys—one in a jersey like that of a sparring partner and the other in a fuzzy hat—turned around and looked at him, but Willie hardly noticed. He was staring fascinated at a lean and slouching figure with shoulders the size of a piano mover's and hands as heavy as paving bricks. For an instant, as he stared, he could almost see the pavement back at home and hear the roar of surface cars.

"Cheest!" he said; and in spite of himself, his voice had changed. "It's Whistling Louie!"

That was who it was. Willie never lost the memory of a face, and almost anyone could remember Whistling Louie's head, so small on his shoulders that it didn't seem right, and his eyes, like drops of ink beneath sandy eyebrows. Involuntarily, Willie shivered; involuntarily, he backed away at this unexpected sight, for Whistling Louie was what Mademoiselle had said—a gunman.

"Well," said Whistling Louie, not in a nice way, "what are you yellin' at? Don't you see I'm busy?"

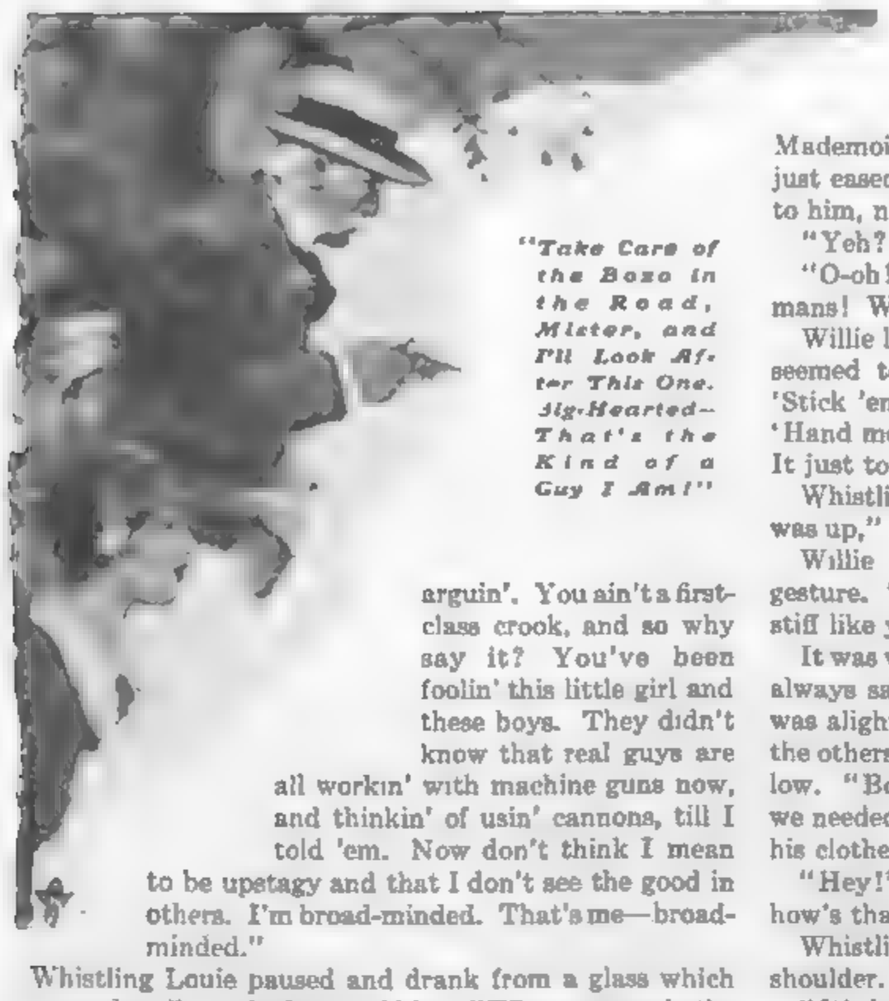
Willie removed his light-green hat and stroked his forehead, and only that habit of Willie's—that habit of showing the ladies what a grand guy he was—caused him to keep his ground.

"I might 'a' known," said Whistling Louie—"yeh, I might 'a' known I'd meet some poor little bush leaguer like you over here tryin' to get a reputation where the competition ain't so keen. Tell me what you want, or beat it!"

Willie glanced hastily behind him. Mademoiselle was looking at him with a smile that was cold as ice, and he knew he had to speak.

"I want to know," said Willie, and he drew a deep breath and placed his hat back firmly on his head—"I want to know why did you call me a common thief, when I'm a second-story worker. Say, do you call that honest?"

Whistling Louie leaned forward and placed a heavy hand on Willie's arm. "Kid," he said, "I don't want any argument with a little bird like you, and so I'll tell you straight. That's me—always straight. There's no use



"Take Care of the Boze in the Road, Mister, and I'll Look After This One. Big-Hearted—That's the Kind of a Guy I Am!"

arguin'. You ain't a first-class crook, and so why say it? You've been foolin' this little girl and these boys. They didn't know that real guys are all workin' with machine guns now, and thinkin' of usin' cannons, till I told 'em. Now don't think I mean to be upetagy and that I don't see the good in others. I'm broad-minded. That's me—broad-minded."

Whistling Louie paused and drank from a glass which someone hastily pushed toward him. "When anyone in the profession's high class, I admit it. Now take the boy who did that bank job at High Falls, Long Island, before you pulled out from home. He walked in there solo with a gun and shook the money out. That's the work I take my hat off to, see? If that bird was in here tonight I'd be the first to give him the glad hand. But as for climbin' a second story to get a bum watch—you wouldn't do that if you was high class—if you had nerve like me."

For a moment Willie did not know what he did. Not so much the insinuation that he was lacking in nerve as a sudden bitter laugh from Mademoiselle threw him off his balance. "What's that?" cried Willie, jerking his arm away. "You say I'm scared of a gun? You think I'm no good as a stick-up guy?"

"That don't go," said Whistling Louie; "not while I'm around. Even the traffic cops know you hate the sight of a gun. You're too timid, see?—too timid."

There was something in what Whistling Louie said, but Willie forgot it then. It was the girl who made him forget—that girl leaning across the counter, still laughing. A cloud descended on his brain. For a moment he forgot where he was. He forgot Whistling Louie and his voice suddenly became loud and strong.

"Is that a fact, you big stiff?" he cried, and suddenly he knew they were looking at him. All of them were looking at him. "Well, maybe you'll tell me this, since you're so wise: Have they pinned the bank holdup at High Falls, Long Island, on anyone yet?"

Whistling Louie looked at him in a different way. Anyone could tell he was interested. "Sure," he said. "They pinched the guy."

Willie looked somewhat startled. "What?" he said. "They pinched him?"

"Yeh," said Whistling Louie. "If I say so myself, it was a nice little job—a clean, sweet holdup—but they pinched him."

Willie polished his nails on the sleeve of his coat and glanced hastily at Mademoiselle. His forehead was moist, but his voice was loud and clear. "Well," he said, "didn't they have to pinch somebody?"

Mademoiselle made a squeaking sound, and Whistling Louie himself leaned half across that little marble table, staring blankly. "Listen," he said, "are you tryin' to kid me?"

Willie smiled coldly. He was always a grand guy with words, but never grander than then. He felt the thrill of them himself. He placed his hand upon his bosom. "Kid you?" said Willie, and his voice was loud and clear. "You ain't worth it. I stuck up that bank."

And curiously enough it made him feel good, almost virtuous, to say it. It made him feel good to see the way they all looked at him. Mademoiselle knew once again that he was not made of common clay. He could tell it from the way she looked, and the little guys in the jerseys had jumped up from their chairs and the two dark ones with the felt hats were whispering together. Yes, he was somebody again. Even Whistling Louie looked as though he had awakened from a drunken slumber.

"Buddy," he said, "I wanna take back anything I said that was hard. I can see it now. You would be too wise to talk. Will you—if it ain't askin' too much—tell us how you pulled it?"

"How?" said Willie, and for some reason he seemed almost startled, and glanced hastily at Mademoiselle again. "It was this way, see?—this way. I just eased in, up to the teller's window, see? And I says to him, not loud, see?—but easy—I says to him ——"

"Yeh?" said Louie.

"O-oh!" cried Mademoiselle. "How I love the brave mans! What did you say?"

Willie looked at Mademoiselle again. He coughed. He seemed to be having trouble with his voice. "I said 'Stick 'em up,' and up went his hands, and then I said 'Hand me them packets of bills,' and he passed 'em over. It just took nerve—just nerve."

Whistling Louie seemed slightly puzzled. "If his hands was up," he inquired, "how could he pass over any bills?"

Willie moved his lean fingers in a swift, impatient gesture. "Why should I waste my time explainin' it to a stiff like you?"

It was wonderful, that change in Whistling Louie. They always said back home that he was simple, and his face was alight with simple wonder. He turned and looked at the others seated at the table, and his voice was hoarse and low. "Boys," he said, "it looks like we got just the party we needed. Get the bus driver and lock him up and pinch his clothes. Here's the kid to drive!"

"Hey!" cried Willie, in a startled manner. "Hey, how's that?"

Whistling Louie smiled genially and slapped him on the shoulder.

"It's just a little job, kid," he said almost affectionately. "It won't be nothin' to anyone who has held up a bank alone. We want to stop a tourist bus what's goin' to the battlefields and we just want somebody aboard to help."

"Who?" said Willie. "Me?"

"It won't be nothin'," said Whistling Louie. "Nothin' at all. We've just been lookin' for a party to drive the bus off the main road who can shoot in case of trouble, but it won't be nothin' for you, of course. These boys will put the driver out, and you can show up with the bus in the mornin', see?"

"Me?" cried Willie. His mouth had fallen open. "Me help hold up a lot of folks in a motorbus?"

Whistling Louie laughed softly. "I get you," he said. "I uster think you was yellow, but not any more. You wanna know what there is in stickin' up a lotta poor folks in a bus. Well, they won't all be so poor tomorrow. Do you know the Dodsworths, kid—from New York?"

Willie flushed and stared coldly, for once again his pride was touched. "Get this," he said, "and get it quick: I know more about the first families in New York than you know, or ever will know, see?"

"Sure, sure!" said Whistling Louie. "Then you know they've struck it rich. Five bank clerks has sprained their thumbs just clipping coupons for 'em. Well, tomorrow the Dodsworths get on that bus. The old guy's mean, see?—mean. He won't hire no private motor car to see things. He's snapping onto the bus with the old dame, see?"

"What of it?" said Willie.

"This of it," said Whistling Louie: "The old dame is wearin' two hundred grand of pearls around her neck."

Willie blinked his eyes rapidly. "You mean to tell me," he said, "and think I'll believe it, that folks like that don't put their jewels in the safe deposit when they're travelin'?"

"Nix," said Whistling Louie.. "You know how women are—not reasonable, see? I got the dope straight. The old dame feels the pearls would fade in a safe-deposit box. She's got to keep 'em next her skin. Ain't that so, Felix?"

He nodded slowly to one of those dark-looking boys with a felt hat—what you might call a clever-looking boy.

"Felix," said Whistling Louie, "is an international worker who sent for me to come over just for this one job. The boy who's the floor waiter at the hotel told Felix all about it. Ain't it so, Felix, she has to have 'em near her skin?"

Felix smiled and made a graceful gesture of assent.

"There it is," said Whistling Louie. "Felix is there, see? He's workin' in a travel bureau at present and he knows the stuff that goes. He'll fix the driver and you get aboard and drive them tourists to where he tells you, and there I am in the middle of the road, and we stick 'em up and get the pearls."

Whistling Louie paused and nodded his head with the slow dignity of a judge in a police court. "Yep," he said, "we stick 'em up and get the pearls."

Willie coughed and found his voice. "Are you tryin' to insinuate," he said, "that I run a rubberneck bus—me?"

"Sure," said Whistling Louie, "you can drive a car. You did at High Falls, didn't you? You just drive and talk to 'em once in a while, that's all."

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"I Might 'a' Known," Said Whistling Louie—"Yeh, I Might 'a' Known I'd Meet Some Poor Little Bush Leaguer Like You Over Here Tryin' to Get a Reputation Where the Competition Ain't So Keen"

HE MAN

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

It Was the Sea That Had Suddenly Taken the Menace That the Air Had Had: the Sea, Looming and Tossing Around the Incongruous Smallness of the Plane, an Awkward Alien, Unfitted for This Heavier Element

SMALL cold shivers of fright began rippling up and down Ronny's spine the moment his father stopped the car at the wharf on the bay front, and Gloria Cargill and Mrs. Kinney screamed with delight at the waiting parallel planes of the flying boat. In spite of the warm brilliance of the Florida morning at ten o'clock, in spite of the salt tang of the wind that snapped flags on mastheads and ruffled the blue water between the slips, in spite of the hilarious breakfast party they had all shared in celebration of Ronny's birthday trip to Bimini, his feet chilled and his hands went clammy and the bacon and broiled pompano sat uneasily within him. Yet the terror that from childhood had ridden him, the fear of high places, of falling horribly through thin air, and therefore, of all flying, was no greater in him at this moment than his fear of letting his father know that he was afraid.

He sat mute in the corner of the back seat, his slender hands gripping at his boyish bony knees. The lucky fact that no one ever noticed him much anyway gave him a chance to pull himself together. As his father dashed around to help out Gloria, and burly Colonel Kinney reached back a hand for his smart chubby wife, Ronny looked at himself deliberately in the little mirror over the wheel. His tan hid the pallor that he felt. His mild gray eyes steadied as he watched them, so that they would not betray him. That he did not show his panic more plainly gave him courage to get out of the car, carrying Gloria's green-leather vanity case and her flimsy green-silk coat.

None of the four looked at him as he came up, the tall awkward boy so acutely aware always that he could never be the figure of a man that his father was. Ronny looked at him now, shyly, with the spark of his adoration in his eye.

Andrew Burgess always dominated any group. His graying dark hair was bared, flying its shaggy crest of lock above the others. His bronzed handsome face was alert and eager, with only a few folds about the eyes to betray his years. Ronny thought again, as he had since a small boy, with that same little throb of almost hopeless devotion, that his father was the finest man he had ever seen in his life. To Ronny, who at school had followed breathlessly in the newspapers his father's polo exploits, his tennis triumphs, the purses and the ribbons that his racing stable won, Andrew Burgess was also the most brilliant sportsman in the world. His father never in his life refused a high dive or knew the weak sickness of great heights. Never in a thousand years would he have given up practice with the school polo team, as Ronny had, after being in hospital two months with a broken rib, because ever after that when he thought of playing polo the thunder of those following hoofs came sickeningly back to him, the trampling pain, the darkness, the oblivion. His father's ribs had been broken, and his collar bone and his leg, and he had played more dashing polo than ever, after that. But Ronny couldn't. He just couldn't, that was all, no matter how deep within him burned the bitter knowledge that he was a coward.

Sometimes Ronny thought that if his father ever discovered the depths of his son's weakness he would disown him. It was only that as a motherless sickly child Ronny had been given over to the care of the best of nurses, as a mild little boy to the most expensive of schools, that had saved him until now, he was certain, from being found out. This winter in Miami was the first time Ronny had ever been with his father for so many months. It was as if Andrew had suddenly discovered that he was about to be twenty and had decided to make a man of him. As a result Ronny had had desperately to try to live up to what was expected of him by a man who retained all his enthusiasm for sports, even if he were too old now for the more strenuous of them. Ronny had to give up entirely his rather studious, leisurely life. He had no time now for reading, or for the Spanish translations he had been so interested in doing with a young instructor at his college. And he gave up his beloved photography, which for years at school and summer camp and college had absorbed him. There was time for nothing now, and certainly no excess energy for anything but sports.

He struggled with them, with what valiance he could muster. He worked hard at a golf lesson every day, to improve his indifferent game, while his father and Colonel Kinney tramped their speedy eighteen holes every morning. He worked at tennis lessons for which he had no feeling whatsoever, because it had been one of the things his father had done best. And he spent hours every afternoon with his father and the Kinneys at polo games or at the races, where he bet and lost often, so that his father would not think him a piker, struggling wildly to conceal even from himself how supremely he was bored. It seemed to Ronny that nothing but luck and Gloria Cargill had kept his father from finding him out.

It had been all luck at first. His father happened never to have seen Ronny swinging rather wildly with a brassie, or practicing an overhand with his usual awkwardness. Ronny took care always to be swimming among the breakers when everyone else was diving from the tower by the pool. He rather liked swimming, anyway, if he could be let alone at it. He grew brown from work with a medicine ball every morning on the sand, put on a little weight and tried to remain inconspicuous. His father, incapable of imagining that any real man could be uninterested in the sports he loved, was only vaguely disappointed with him as yet.

If at times he looked a little puzzled at the quiet boy who took no prizes, broke no records at anything, would not play polo, was not handsome and dominant and magnetic, he had not thought about it long enough to be resentful. The boy was young yet. After all, he'd had too much schooling, too many women nurses as a small boy. It was a good thing he'd remembered to take him out of college. There would be still time for his polo.

"Stick with me, old boy!" he would shout to Ronny in one of his lavish moments, when a horse of his had won or he had taken a close game from Colonel Kinney. "I'll

make a he man of you yet. Next year, when you're toughened up a bit, we'll look around for a couple of good polo ponies for you and you can get in on the practice games up at Aiken."

Those were the moments that Ronny, writhing inwardly, hated most. It made the time when his father must find him out seem very near. It was to the putting off of that moment, which would have been the end of everything for Ronny, that Gloria Cargill had assisted.

Ronny did not really like Gloria Cargill. He did not really like big wheezy Colonel Kinney, whose talk was like his father's—all sports and poker and bootleggers—but somehow not the same—a thousand times more monotonous. He did not really like Mrs. Kinney, who was fat and flat faced, who wore the most expensive clothes in the most startling colors and played bridge like an inspired card sharp. He never knew what to say to any of them, and they had a way of screaming with laughter at some embarrassed speech of his and then staring at him curiously, with cold eyes, touched slightly with contempt. They always made him feel that they knew perfectly what a coward he was, if his father did not. But even they were easier to endure than Gloria, for all that she took his father's attention from him.

His father said that Gloria Cargill was the most marvelous woman in New York, and all his world of rich men and expensive women and racing and cards and sport and supper clubs seemed to agree with him. She was the youthful widow of a tire king and she spent her money like a spoiled empress. She was almost as tall as Andrew, with a lithe figure that was swaying and sleek either in a bathing suit or in one of her fabulous evening dresses. Her hair was wild red gold around the bold beauty of her face. Her brown-velvet eyes had little gold lights in them that burned when they looked at men, and the wet brightness of her mouth showed scarlet down the whole length of a hotel corridor or across a dance floor.

For Ronny the worst of it was that she had discovered that he was painfully shy of handsome women and therefore delighted in tormenting him. She could turn the whole force of her fascination on him, like a headlight, in which he squirmed and blinked miserably, to her laughing delight. She adored running a glittering hand suddenly down his coat sleeve, drowning him in her gusts of perfume, clinging with a burlesque of devotion to his arm and flashing her heady glance into his dazzled eyes. Once or twice Andrew had seen him blanch and jerk his hand back involuntarily and he had been furious, because an assured gallantry to women was to Andrew the fundamental of red-blooded masculinity. He lashed out savagely to the boy, if in a low voice, in one of those sudden rages which reddened his face uncontrollably. The whole thing fixed Ronny in his miserable sense of inferiority.

But if he secretly disliked Gloria, he was grateful to her for taking his father's attention. It seemed that everyone was watching to see if she would marry Andrew. Their world agreed it would be an excellent match, with plenty of money on both sides. Sometimes Ronny had moments of bitter jealousy of her, of this woman like a brass band and an express train, who thought she was good enough for his splendid father. But chiefly he was humbly glad to be effaced. And if she did marry him, perhaps his father would not mind so much finding out, as he must sometime, how much his son was unlike and unworthy of him.

Ronny thought all that over in a flash now, joining them in the full sun upon the wharf. He was trying to keep himself from staring at that flying thing. Gloria caught his somewhat rigid glance and smiled at him brilliantly. He had never seen her beauty so bright and polished and complete. She was all in a green so bright it made your eyes redden to look at it—green shoes and small green hat with a diamond and emerald pin pulled tight down over her blazing gold eyes. There was a flash of emerald light on her finger and a cuff of glittering bracelets on her wrist. And yet she dominated all that flash and glare with the sheer assault of her eyes, her lips, her poise, her conscious charm. Beside her, fattish Mrs. Kinney in her egg-yellow chiffon was almost inconspicuous. Not that Mrs. Kinney cared. Her voice was as loud as Gloria's, if not louder. Her laughter had edges. Ronny saw men around the wharves lingering and staring at the bright group, chauffeurs staring from parked cars and mechanics from the plane shed. The women especially seemed to be carelessly aware of the attention they were attracting. When Gloria glanced about her with quick casual glances, it was as if she trailed her laughter like an insolent plume across all the staring faces, fascinating them and knowing that she fascinated them, although they did not exist. That sort of thing always made Ronny's feet and hands seem enormous and uncomfortable. Now he tried to imitate his father's lordly buoyance, knowing exactly how far he failed.

For one moment he caught the aloof calculation in the eye of the aviator fussing about the plane which was to take them up. Instantly Ronny's fear leaped and tore at him again. A line of perspiration was cold on his upper lip. He was afraid. He could not go up in that thing, to those terrible heights of thin air. He could not. He would not. He would tell his father that he wasn't well. He did feel slightly nauseated already, and dizzy, as if he were looking down from a high building. Little tremors crawled beneath his skin. Nothing in the world could make him go up in that thing, even his father's furious contempt.

Somebody gave him a soft leather helmet, and he buckled it under his chin with clammy fumbling fingers. Colonel Kinney was putting one on over his shiny bald spot. His father never wore anything on his head in Florida, and Gloria and Mrs. Kinney said their hats were quite tight enough. Then they were walking down the slippery plank and getting into the plane.

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Bill and Ronny Waved Their Arms, Waved Bill's Coat, Waved Torn Strips of Canvas, and Shouted as if a Tension Had Given Way

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Somehow the Romance Seems to Have Evaporated From the Modern Dining Room

SINCE boyhood's dumbest hours I have heard that New Englanders eat pie for breakfast. This is a gastronomical error punishable by gastritis in the first degree. Although I have never eavesdropped a New Englander inhaling soggy pastry for his morning meal, I want to state that he is justified in eating pie not only for breakfast but also for luncheon and dinner.

He has earned this culinary citation through his suffering in the days when America was in the making. When the United States was in the forging, New England was the foundry.

There was no pie for breakfast when the Pilgrims dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor some 300 years ago. There was no meat, there was no grain, and the first winter's food consisted mostly of fish. Thirteen of the Pilgrim Fathers perished from cold and famine in a land that was to prove itself the granary of the world. Of the mothers but four remained alive at the end of that terrible winter. They buried their dead under cover of night lest hostile Indians should discover the reduction in fighting men. I never eat New England corn without thinking of these early American graves, for over them the Pilgrims planted the seed corn given to them by friendly natives. That first crop of corn banished famine for all time in America, and well it might, for it sprang from the bodies of indomitable Pilgrim parents.

"They had now no friends to wellcome them"—this is William Bradford speaking—"nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys; no houses, or much less townes to repaire to, to seeke for succore. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that countrie know them to be sharp & violent & subjecte to cruell & fierce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. It is recorded in Scripture, as a mercy to the apostle & his shipwrecked companie, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they met with them, as after will appeare, were readier to fill their sides full of arrowes than otherwise."

That was the inaugural reception committee of New England, and William Bradford will testify that there were no Rotarians or Kiwanians on it. Fortunately the illustrious Massasoit and Squanto were two Indians who adopted the Pilgrims and filled their sides with corn instead of arrows. There are now plenty of inns for weather-beaten bodies in New England, and I took my storm-pounded carcass to one of them this winter to sample, not corn but New England beans.

Every person of my acquaintance has his own inherited recipe for the preparation of beans in the Boston manner. I might safely state that I have investigated a thousand distinct and individual recipes for the making of beans à la Bostonnaise, and no two of them taste alike, while not one of them tastes like beans. The bean is a soft, fragile jewel which is easily bruised by handling, toughened by inefficient preparation and spoiled by too much parboiling. It was prepared best at the old Parker House in Boston, noted for its rolls, coffee and brown bread.

The Parker House is now nothing but a memory, for it has been torn down. Some of my readers may remark that I seem to take particular and ghoulish delight in hashing up the ruins of old hostelries and recommending patrons to inns which are now one with Nineveh and the high-wheel bicycle. I cannot help it, for somehow the romance seems to have evaporated from the modern dining room. I am not without precedent in this complaint, for Josiah Quincy entered the same protest about the old places in 1858, when he wrote to Samuel Breck:

> You ask if I remember Vila's? Who that ever knew can ever forget that prince of good eating? I see him now, short, rosy-gilled, with white apron and napkin, with ineffable grace and good humor laying upon the table beefsteaks. Ah! Such steaks as are not seen in these degenerate days, since cookery is done by ovens and steam boilers, but smoking and rising proudly on the plate by the heat and depth of their own gravy; not burnt, not swimming in an oleaginous mixture, but with the juice of the main body; not overdone, but red with the vital principle of the animal. Alas, when shall you and I see such steaks again? I fear never.

Josiah was writing about Jemmy Vila, who ran the ancient Bunch-of-Grapes Tavern in State Street. Remember that he wrote his plaintive postscript in 1858, and that the Bunch-of-Grapes was but a memory then, along with the Indian Queen in Bromfield Street, the Lamb, the Lion and the Lafayette Taverns. Every inn had its painted signboard in those days, which is why Edward Everett Hale wrote with surprise:

> When, in 1829, it was reported that the new Tremont House was to have no special stables for its guests, the announcement excited surprise almost universal; and to us children the statement that there was to be a tavern, or hotel, without a sign, was still more extraordinary. We were used to seeing signs on posts in front of the taverns.

The painting of these tavern signs was quite a profession and many an artist kept the pot boiling by selling these decorative billboards to innkeepers of the colonies. One of the most famous delineators of swinging masterpieces was an illustrious genius who specialized in the painting of

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OUR TOWN

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THE other night at a formal dinner in Washington one of our young diplomats sat between two unusually attractive women. All three of them talked together, more or less at the same time, and so continuously that the two men on the other sides of the women were ignored until the arrival of dessert.

When the girl on the diplomat's left finally turned to her partner he scolded her: "You've neglected me shamefully!"

"I couldn't help it," she said. "We were having such an exciting conversation."

"What were you talking about that was so exciting?"

"Our town."

"You mean Washington?"

"Oh, no; the little Middle Western town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants that all three of us came from."

He looked her all over, from her shining very short and smartly cut blond hair down to her very high-heeled silver slippers. "Well, I must admit I would never have thought you'd come from the Middle West!"

She smiled; in fact she almost grinned. "I know you mean that as a compliment. You come from New York. You say it the way an Englishman who wanted to flatter you would say, 'I'd never have thought you were an American.'"

"You score there," he admitted. "But tell me, did the man on your right really come from the same place? I can understand you. Women are wonderful the way they adapt themselves to new environments. But it's harder for men. And I've heard that he is—well ——"

"Oh, don't mind me," she interrupted. "You've heard that among other reasons for his success in diplomacy he is an extraordinarily good linguist and a man of the world, and so on. Yes, it's all true. And he was born in our town. His father and his grandfather were among our most prominent citizens."

"Oh, so you have prominent citizens there too?"

"Yes; and best people and right neighborhoods and a smart set and exclusive clubs and an intellectual group: and to show you how really fashionable we are, we are even developing a horsy set and some of our young men play polo."

"But I've gone through your town on my way to California. I must say it looked to me just like any other little town. How does it happen to be so unusual?"

"I don't know that it is," she answered, suddenly serious. "Perhaps it's only the illusion of those of us who have lived there that makes it seem different. Perhaps our town is really like all other places of the same size in the same part of the country. I don't know. Mrs. Blank can tell you more about it than I can." She indicated the pretty young woman with whom she had been talking earlier. "She came out there as a bride from the East. I think her family expected to get word at any time that she had been scalped by Indians. Her friends felt dreadful to think she was going so far away from civilization. I don't know what she thought at first, because she was too polite to tell us. But I do know that after a few years she became genuinely attached to our town. She could have spent almost all her time away from there if she'd wanted to, but instead she made it her home and centered her life around it."

Their hostess arose at this moment and the women followed her into the drawing-room for coffee. When the men joined them the young diplomat and the blond girl's partner came together over to the sofa on which she was sitting.

"I've got to hear more about your town," said the New Yorker.

"I've been telling him about it in there," said the younger man. "But he thinks I exaggerate. I've told him about the Christmas-night balls at grandfather's house—you know—the house on the hill with the cupola? And the way grandfather, in the course of the evening, always took the best-looking woman there into the conservatory to see his roses—he had some splendid ones too. And the fuss there used to be about who should be invited and who should not! The thing that I suppose is difficult for an outsider to understand"—he turned to the other man—"is that in our town, which might seem small and provincial to a man from an Eastern city, there were just as rigid lines drawn in a social way as in any place in the world."

"And just as many heartburnings because of it," said the girl. "I'm sure that no one in New York who had hoped to be asked to Mrs. Astor's ball and was left out could possibly have felt more chagrined or hurt than someone in our town whom your grandfather had left off his list for Christmas night."

"He tried to be just about it," his namesake declared. "And when anyone suggested a new name to him he would weigh it very carefully. But he had the old-fashioned idea that hospitality was a very personal thing, and that once offered and accepted, it created a sort of obligation binding to both sides. I've often heard him say, 'No, I will not have So-and-So under my roof'; or, 'I wouldn't set foot inside his door.' I think he'd turn over in his grave if he knew how far away they'd got from all such standards in our town now."

The stranger expressed surprise.

"Oh, yes, we've become indiscriminate just the way people all over the world have," the girl explained. "And

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This Club, Which Was Formed in the Days When Rowing on the River Was a Popular Pastime, Became Almost Entirely Social in Its Character After the Advent of the Motorboat Had Destroyed Its Original Reason for Existence

STOP THIEF!

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

WHEN Donovan took down the receiver he expected an invitation to dine out. Instead he heard O'Day's booming voice and the invitation was of another kind. O'Day was his chief in Redelos Indemnity. "Out of luck again," O'Day began with a rush. "Get hold of a gun and a flash light. I'll pick you up in five minutes."

"To go where and do what?" asked Donovan.

"City job. Another firm in the Whitehall Building ran into another lone bandit this afternoon—Koster & Koster."

"But, O'Day! This afternoon? It's after nine!"

"That's part of your bad luck. The bandit trussed them up like dressed turkeys and stacked them behind the counter. The watchman found them only an hour ago."

"An hour, O'Day?"

"They were excited and forgot to call us."

"How much was the haul?"

"Can't say. Something more than the two hundred thousand we wrote them for. They lost all their roughs."

Rough diamonds are stones that are as yet uncut, as they come from the mine. As rough diamonds are admitted free of duty, many American houses import their diamonds uncut, and then either cut them themselves or have them cut in America. The Koster brothers were cutters of diamonds as well as dealers in them. The firm employed only a few men, and these irregularly, but both partners were expert workmen and their small machinery included saws and polishers of the latest automatic design.

"I'll be waiting for you inside the street entrance," said Donovan.

Slipping a flash light into his left-hand coat pocket and an automatic into his right, he locked his door and rang for the elevator. When O'Day drew up at the curb he had been standing inside the street door for almost two minutes.

"The Bandit Trussed Them Up Like Dressed Turkeys and Stacked Them Behind the Counter. The Watchman Found Them"

The man calling himself Dunton seemed to know his way about very well, for all his strangeness. He had registered at the right hotel. He had found his way to the Loop. Later, when he had completed his errand there, he had boarded the right car to bear him back. At the present moment, half-past four in the afternoon, he was standing upon the rear platform of that car, idly watching the nearer of his fellow passengers. Now and then his eye would wander to the people on the sidewalk or to the people in sedans and roadsters on the pavement, and he would watch them idly for a moment, without seeming to do so.

He stood thus, passive but observant, until his car began stopping more frequently at minor street intersections. He gave no signal that he wished it to stop for him, but suddenly, after one of its stops, he stepped forward and swung himself down to the pavement. No one seeing the movement would have guessed its cause. At the curb, he paused long enough to see that he was not followed. No one else left the car. A taxicab immediately behind it passed on. The sidewalk traffic, of course, flowed too slowly to have trailed him far.

When he saw no signs that his presence was noticed, he edged his way leisurely through the stream, then boldly turned into the side street like one who belonged there. After a little he lighted a cigarette. He now felt in his inside pocket as if to make sure of its contents. These consisted of a pair of bark-covered clubs half the bigness of his wrist, fashioned of rubbed-down sticks of some heavy, purplish wood. They had been bored out from one end and the opening closed with a plug.

"We're here," he remarked into the air.

They may have been there, but they did not remain there long. The active member of the group strode briskly up the short street, turned a corner, then another, crossed a court devoted to the parking of drays and dump carts, then sidled into a canyon between two frame buildings. The canyon opened into another court, which he crossed. Later he came out upon a board walk along a fence, and later still emerged upon a paved street. The street led him to his hotel. As he passed in he nodded to the clerk. He went to his room without stopping at the desk, for he carried his door key in his coat pocket.

"And now we're here," he said, again to no one.

Once in his room, he became less hurried in his movements. He turned the key in the lock, pulled down the curtain, threw on the light. The sticks of bark-covered wood he laid upon the dresser almost carelessly. Then he took off his coat and examined it from its worn collar to its polished lapels and frayed cuffs. Draping it over the back of a chair, he laid his hat beside it and stretched out upon the bed to reflect.

"What we need is more attention paid to dress," he said to the coat, "and perhaps more paid to our speech. Our accent seems to attract notice. But first to our dress. Clothes will cost money. We need a haircut, and that will cost more money. We need a manicure for our hands. How can we hold a fine diamond in the light with these fingers? We need money for our room and our meals—quick money. I think we shall have to go to a good pawnshop and sell a diamond or two."

Springing to his feet, he crossed to the dresser for one of the bark-covered sticks. This he brought to the bed, where he removed the wooden plug in the end, pulled out a wisp of cotton and poured the contents upon the bedspread in a tiny pyramid. He did not empty the container, but when the pile of pebblelike stones grew large enough for his purpose, replaced the plug and laid it carefully aside. "All kinds of diamonds," he said softly, running his fingers among the pebbles.

The pile did, indeed, contain all kinds of diamonds except cut stones—some brighter, some duller, some larger, some smaller, some whiter, some tinged faintly with blue or pink or brown. All showed the rounded contour and dimmed luster of wear, but behind the dulled surface lay a crystal clearness that did not have to be seen to be recognized. The pebbles were often without distinguishing form; their rounded sides bore no polish; they gave forth no rainbow iridescence; but no yokel, however ignorant, would have mistaken their quality.

"We will take four with us," he decided. "If we show too many, we shall be suspected of stealing."

The stones he selected were clear rather than large. He looked them over carefully, tried to guess at their weight, then stowed them away in his watch pocket, wrapped in a bit of white paper. The rest he returned to their wooden container. It and its fellow on the dresser he laid in the top drawer under some soiled linen. No one casually lifting them would have guessed that the sticks had been bored out and plugged.

"Until I return," he said.

Dunton locked his door behind him carefully, thrust the key into his coat pocket and went downstairs; but instead of leaving the hotel by the front door, he left it by a side, as a man sometimes has to do in this world. But the street gave him courage. After a while he found the district he sought.

"How much on this fine rough diamond?" he asked his first pawnbroker, showing him the smallest of the stones.

But the man turned out to be a pagan who had never seen a rough diamond. "What is it you call such gravel diamonds?" he asked scornfully. "I have not time for such foolishness."

"Test it any way you like."

"Whose rough diamond is it you show me?"

"Mine," replied Dunton promptly.

But the pawnbroker would have nothing to do with him or his diamonds, and he was forced to look for another buyer. The next man to whom it was offered showed more interest in the stone, but when he came to notice Dunton's worn coat decided against lending so much as ten cents on it. The next attempt brought no better result, nor did those that followed.

"One more try and we'll call it a day."

Meanwhile he had begun feeling hungry. He now sought an armchair restaurant, ate his belated dinner and tarried to read a newspaper he found.

When he rose to leave, darkness had fallen. The heat was not yet that of August, but doors everywhere stood open, both on the street and in the rear, to catch any breeze that might be blowing.

The pawnshop he had in mind proved to be so brightly lighted he shrank from entering it. The place stood on an important corner, and because of its trade employed two clerks. But his feet did not hesitate. He made straight for the open door, and after he had passed inside, straight for the proprietor in the rear.

If Dunton previously had found too little interest in his errand, here he suddenly found too much. The two clerks made a dash for cover. The proprietor ducked behind the

woodwork of the counter. Dunton halted, uncertain whom to address, then crossed to the nearer of the clerks.

"Which of you handles the cash?" he asked softly.

His inquiry was followed by a silence broken after a moment by the faint sound of the proprietor's shuffling movements behind cover, then by the clang as of an iron door, the whisper of bolts shot home, the purr of tumblers hurriedly twirled.

"What is it you want, mister?" asked the clerk.

"Money—someone to wait on me. I have a rough diamond I'd like to have you look at."

"Where is your diamond?" asked the clerk, his voice still tremulous.

Dunton produced one of the stones he had selected to be sold. "How much will you give me?"

"What kind of a diamond is it?"

"There it is. Ask it questions. If you don't lend on rough stones, there's no use in my standing here."

Again Dunton heard the sound of hidden movements from the rear of the room. The clerk took up the diamond to look at it, but he continued glancing covertly away now and then, like a man whose thoughts were elsewhere. The sound of movement ended and a sound was heard like that made when a telephone receiver is lifted. This was followed by the sound of muffled talking.

"You'll have to see the boss," said the clerk. "He'll be out in a minute. He knows rough diamonds better."

The man in the rear emerged from his concealment almost instantly and came forward to make his own inquiries.

"Somebody wanting to sell a rough diamond," the clerk explained with obvious relief. To Dunton he said, "Mr. Goldman, he knows diamonds better."

"It's a fine stone," said Dunton.

"Where did you get it—this rough diamond?" asked the newcomer.

"I found it."

"Maybe the owner claims it yet."

"It's mine," said Dunton.

"If you find one, maybe you find more. Have you some more fine rough diamonds you will sell?"

"Two or three, possibly. What can I get on the one?"

"Now I have to talk like a banker. What you want to do with the money, if I lend it to you?"

"Buy clothes with it," said Dunton.

"Show me what you have and I see."

Dunton produced the three remaining stones, but after showing them returned them to his pocket. "They're fine white diamonds. I'd just as lief not sell them until they're cut. What will you lend me on them?"

"Not anything—not lend. Maybe I buy. How much you want for them—if they're good diamonds?"

"Three hundred for the one in your hand," said Dunton.

"Three hundred dollars for a rough stone like this?"

"It will cut to over a carat. The cutting will cost twelve or fifteen dollars. Stones like this bring five hundred dollars a carat wholesale."

"No," said Goldman.

"Give me my diamond," said Dunton. "Good-by."

"Hold on, mister." The pawnbroker seemed to wish to detain him. "Just clothes you want? You like a good suit?"

"Suit, hat, shoes, socks, shirt, tie—the whole works."

"I got a fine suit would fit you like the wall fits the paper."

"Tailor-made for me," replied Dunton.

"This suit is English tailored. The owner died before he could wear it. The cloth is I don't know what. You should look."

"No good. I haven't the cash."

"What you say if I sell you this suit and you pay me later? I hold the diamond maybe. Made by a London tailor for the richest man in this city, and he never wore it once."

"No harm seeing it," said Dunton.

"Charlie," called Goldman, "you fetch me down that fine English suit we got in from that estate last week."

"The black broadcloth?" asked the clerk.

"No, no; that gray suit in the case."

Dunton laid his own shabby garments upon a pile of clothing while he tried on the coat and waistcoat. Then he sought a mirror. Meanwhile Goldman, who had been watching the front door a little nervously, in the zest of selling his goods forgot the front door and his suspicions and permitted his customer to use the mirror farthest from the street.

"It fits you perfect," he said.

"Not bad, at that."

Dunton looked over the effect from in front, then turned to inspect the fit across the back, using a hand mirror and standing with his face toward the street door. Thus he not only heard the clang of the bell but saw the patrol wagon draw up before the pawnshop.

After that he became a busy man. His coat and vest lay in sight halfway up the room, too far toward the front to hope to recover. Of his four diamonds, the pawnbroker still had the one; the three others rested in his watch pocket, likewise beyond reach.

"Stupid of me not to have guessed he meant mischief," he thought, without taking the time to phrase the thought in words. "Now I'm in for trouble."

Even as the policemen began pouring from the patrol wagon he sprang past Goldman out through the alley door. He paused outside merely long enough to strip off his borrowed garments.

"My honesty obliges me," he thought sadly.

The next moment he found himself running up the dark alley at an astounding speed. Had he reached a certain high fence thirty seconds later, or had his pursuers known in time of his shirt sleeves, or had the tangle of passageways within the block been less intricate, he would have been caught in the police net like a herring.

But luck favored him. The muscles of his legs responded when he asked for speed, and the muscles of his arms when he vaulted the fence. After that he had only to keep going.

He emerged upon the next cross street in an indolent stroll that did not remotely suggest haste. The heat accounted for his lack of a coat. At the corner he boarded a street car. The car, turning into the avenue, carried him toward his hotel past Goldman's front door. Here he looked out the window idly at the patrol wagon and the gathering crowd. Then he settled back to await his own corner.

"That was a close call," he thought. "Now what do I have to look out for?"

The clothing he had abandoned bore no name. They contained no papers. He did not fear the diamonds. He hated to lose them, but a man has to pay for his liberty.

"I'm now a marked man," he thought, as he rang for his stop. "The first thing I need is other clothes. My working coat will have to do until I can finance myself to a better."

Suddenly he clapped his hand to his shirt front, then began hurriedly searching his pockets.

"Idiot that I am!" he groaned. "My hotel key! In my coat pocket at Goldman's, and it has the hotel name stamped on the brass tag! The police may be there already! All those diamonds! Idiot! I even have to waste time asking for a pass-key! I'm a fool to try to save them, but I'd be a worse fool not to."

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The Muscles of His Legs Responded When He Asked for Speed, and the Muscles of His Arms When He Vaulted the Fence

TRUE AS THE STARS ABOVE

"You Love Me, Too, Don't You?" Says Henry. "Of Course I Do," She Says. "That's Why I Think It's Foolish. If You Broke Up a Hundred Quarters, I Wouldn't Love You No More Than What I Do"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SONG and story were features of the evening's entertainment at the 2-Bell bunkhouse on this occasion. Old Sam Stegg, retired bullwhacker and one-time rider of the ranges, as was his wont, contributed the story, which was suggested by the unhappy termination of Almiron Hoddy's *affaire de cœur* with Belle Jennings. The perfidious Belle, after accepting Almiron's marked attentions all winter, together with his lavish gifts, had jilted him for a podgy, putty-faced drug clerk in Blueblanket. Girl and gifts were gone—irrevocably.

There had been a brief marriage ceremony before a justice of the peace and the couple had departed on the stage for Rochford in the Upper Hills, where the groom was about to open a store of his own.

Almiron now sat apart from his fellows, ostensibly carving an intricate pattern in a red poker chip, designed for a tasty scarf ring. Whatever emotions seethed within his breast, no sign of them appeared on his never very expressive face. The bolt from the blue that had just descended upon him might have struck somewhere in the next county, for any apparent effect that it had.

Ben Foster had brought the sad tidings only ten minutes before. He had stated the facts regretfully but succinctly, and Almiron's sole comment had been condensed to a single word of four letters, delivered without any of the warmth or exclamatory force that the word demanded. He had then resumed his whittling, and the others, with great delicacy, had refrained from question or remark. It was only to break an awkward silence that Chris Paddon plucked a few chords on the guitar that he had been strumming previous to Ben's entry and began to sing in a soft falsetto a ribald parody on a sweet and moving ballad of the long ago.

It's a legacy, you see, that was left me by Johnn-e-e.
He very often wore them to a dance,
And the evening that he died he called me to his bedside
And gave to me those little old patched pants.

That, and the chorus, passed unheeded by the forlorn swain, although Chris put a heartbreaking pathos into his tone. It was the next ditty that produced the effect:

She stood upon the shore
And her eyes grew dim with tears,
As she said good-by to me,
The last, perhaps, in years.
She watched the sails unfurl,
And breathed a last adieu,
While faintly I could hear
The sweet words, "I'll be true."
And the winds blew out to sea
These words from her to me:
"I'll await, my love, I'll await, my love,
And I'll be true as the stars above.
I'll await, my love, I'll ——"

Almiron got up suddenly and advanced upon the singer, discarding his coat as he came. There was a purposeful glow in his eyes. Dad Adams, the cook, started up and threw red-flanneled arms about him, checking his progress, while Floyd Davis thoughtfully took the guitar from Chris and laid it on a bunk out of harm's way. "We don't want that box busted," Floyd observed.

In the meantime Mr. Stegg had come to the cook's aid, and between them the two expert oldsters forced Almiron into a chair and held him there until the violence of his rage had, to some extent, subsided.

"It's a heck of a note if a man can't sing without you getting on your ear," said Chris indignantly, addressing Hoddy. "What's eating you?"

"Who told you she said she'd be true as the stars above?" Almiron demanded, making a final unsuccessful attempt to release himself.

"It's in the song, ain't it? Who are you talking about?"

"Belle. That's what she told me—them very words. Said she'd be true as the stars above." Almiron emitted a short and bitter laugh. "That wasn't more'n two weeks ago. You say it's in the song?"

"That's what I said," Chris replied, his wrath growing as Hoddy's lessened. "And if you want to hold me responsible, it's all right with me. I'll go outside with you right now and knock your fool head off if you'll feel any easier. It sure ain't a heap of use to you."

"If it's in the song, that's different," said Almiron. "I reckon you ain't responsible for that." He relaxed the tension of his muscles, obviously placated.

Dad Adams informed him that it was by no means uncommon for women to make that crack about the celestial bodies. Instances of it had occurred in his own personal experience. "They don't mean nothing by it," said Dad. "There was a lady I got acquainted with oncet in Abilene ——"

Other instances of the inconstancy of the sex were related, some of them even more flagrant. The *ex-parte* evidence seemed to be overwhelming until Mr. Stegg's spirit of fair play manifested itself.

"They ain't by no means all like that," the old bull-whacker asserted. "I've known cases that proved otherwise, and I've read of some. There was Annie Laurie. S' far's I know, there ain't nothing to show that she ever went back on her promise true; and on the other hand, there's many a man has promised and swore up and down till he was blue in the face that his love was enduring as the granite hills, and then forgot what the girl's name was six months after. There ain't no straight, hard-and-fast rule, and it's about six of one and half a dozen of the other, the way I figure it. The best way is not to make no promises. Not any that you ain't sure you can keep. A person ought to say that they'll be as true as they possibly can and as faithful as circumstances will allow, providing nobody comes along to make 'em change their mind."

One of the truest and faithfulest persons I ever run acrost was a young man name of Henry Slocombe—Mr. Stegg continued. Henry lived with his folks on a claim between Hell's Canyon and Pleasant Valley—which is a mighty mejum sort of a location, if you go by the names. Old Jack Slocombe, his daddy, settled there in the early 80's, when Henry was a kid. About the same time, or maybe a little later, a Dutch family came along and took up land a few miles away—nine of 'em, including the old man and his frau, and the oldest was Wilhelmina. Bauer, the name was—Fritz Bauer. Wilhelmina was eight years old and the other young ones run down in steps to the baby, when they first come. In time it got to be a real large-size family, but that's neither here nor there. The thing of it was that being near neighbors and both owning sheep and consequently regarded as pests, the Bauers and the Slocombes was thrown together a considerable, and when they organized a school district over in the valley, 'Mina and Henry went to school and come back together.

'Mina was a pretty little round butterball of a thing, pink and white and with a couple of braids of yellow hair a-hanging down her back. Henry was two or three years older than she was. He run a considerable to legs and was dark complected and had brown eyes that always looked at you sort of sad and hurt. It wasn't often you seen Henry crack a smile and he never had much to say for himself. Herding them silly, blatting sheep may have had something to do with that. 'Mina's little tongue was loose at both ends and hung in the middle, and she kept it going sixteen to the dozen; but Henry seemed to like to listen to it and she didn't seem to care whether he talked back or not. At first it was her tagged Henry around. Old Jack said she reminded him of a fat little puppy at the boy's heels. Then it was Henry done most of the tagging, and finally you couldn't hardly tell which one it was.

I reckon 'Mina was about fourteen when Henry broke the quarter in two. He got the notion from his father. Seemed like in the old country when two fond lovers parted they'd break a silver sixpence and each keep a half of it, promising to be true until the two halves joined together again, or some such truck. I never did get the straight of it. Anyway, Henry had got a quarter and he allowed he'd break it according to specifications, being as him and 'Mina was parting and wouldn't see each other again for maybe a whole day.

"But there don't seem to me to be any sense in that, spoiling good money," says 'Mina. "You can buy a whole lot of candy for twenty-five cents. And besides, if sixpence is only twelve cents, a dime would do just as well."

"No," says Henry; "a dime would be two cents short and I ain't going to be a single cent short in anything I give you. I'll have another quarter next week and I'll buy you candy with that."

"You would, anyway, wouldn't you?" she asks him.

"Sure," says Henry

"Sometimes I think I could eat a whole dollar's worth of candy right down," says she. "I know I could eat a half a dollar's worth. I love candy."

"You love me, too, don't you?" says Henry.

"Of course I do," she says. "That's why I think it's foolish. If you broke up a hundred quarters, I wouldn't love you no more than what I do."

"But it's like this," he told her: "Every time I'd look at the half I got I'd know that the other half was hanging round your neck, and that would mean that you was true to me."

"Would it?" she asks

"Of course it would, if you'd promised you would be," says he.

"I could promise without spoiling the quarter and then we'd have fifty cents to buy candy," she argues.

"It wouldn't be the same," says Henry, and he hung on until she finally seen that she couldn't talk sense into him and gave up. He laid the quarter on a rock and took a cold chisel out of his pocket and pounded it with another rock until he got the quarter in two—a big piece and a little piece—and, like the gentleman he was, he gave her the big piece and kept the little piece for himself.

"Now say, 'I promise to be true,'" he tells her, mighty serious.

"Uh-huh," says she, nodding and smiling.

"No, say it," he tells her.

"I'll be true—true as the stars above," she says, laughing at him.

"And I'll be true as the stars above to you," says Henry. "Now you go home and make you a little sack to hang it round your neck, and then I'll know it's there; and you'll know that I've got my half. Say, I wouldn't take a million dollars for this!"

"You're an awful foolish boy," says 'Mina, and if ever she spoke the truth in her life, she spoke it then.

Still, Henry wasn't out-and-out foolish—not about some things. He just acted thataway about 'Mina—too plumb serious. I lay that to the sheep too. Life is real and life is earnest to a sheepman. Me, I'm liberal in my ideas. The way I look at it, if it wasn't for sheep we wouldn't have no wool underwear, and I always treated Jack Slocombe and Fritz Bauer as well as if they'd been raising hogs. I even went as far's to haul their clip to the railroad for 'em

I took a considerable interest in Henry and in time he got so's he'd loosen up and talk to me. As long as he'd worked with sheep, he'd never got to reely love 'em, and he

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"Supper's Ready Right Here and Now, Miss Bessie, if You'd Honor Me by Partaking of it," I Says. "I'd be Tickled to Death if You Would," I Says

For a Scrap of Blue Ribbon

By Albert Payson Terhune

Toy Bull Terriers Which Were Exhibited at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia

PROBABLY he was more collie than anything else, though I doubt if Burbank himself could have cited all his conglomerate breeds. He was one of seven dogs that were brought into the collie judging ring for the Open, Any Color class—a murderously competitive division wherein champions and future champions figure far more frequently than do most novices. He was one of those unfortunate brutes which wise judges ignore in the ring, and whose needful gating gives mushy-hearted judges like myself the rotten feeling of having hit a child in the face.

His owner was a snappy little elderly woman who, a generation ago, would have worn silk mitts. Into the ring, with smiling pride, she led the shambling brute, in company with six of the finest collies I have seen in a single group. She smiled with friendly tolerance at the six. There was no need for mind-reading to see she was calmly confident in her own wonderful dog's ability to win the blue ribbon from any and all of them and that she was mildly sorry for the owners of these lesser dogs.

In accepted canine-judicial fashion, I was sitting in one corner of the ring, oblivious of everything and waiting for my steward to report "All in, judge!" But I was watching the dogs covertly as they entered the inclosure; studying their expressions, their carriage, their gait, their apparent soundness or flaws, before their handlers should have time to straighten them up for the parade. It is at such a time that the average dog judge gets his best superficial idea of his class.

Last of the seven loped the huge nondescript, piloted by the proud little old woman. Already I had enough of a problem on my hands in deciding on the merits of six grand collies which, at first glance, seemed so nearly equal as to call forth all my very limited judging acumen. But at sight of the little woman and her big near-collie my spirits slumped squashily into the sawdust.

Vain Hopes in Every Show

I HAD never before seen her or her dog. Yet I had seen both of them a hundred times. They are present at every big show I judge, and I have judged from Boston to Pasadena. Also they are present in large or small numbers at every show I have attended, and I have gone to dog shows on both sides of the Atlantic for nearly forty years.

I knew the strutting little woman's story, word for word, though never before had I heard of her. This dog was her adored chum. She had bought him for five dollars or less, as an unpedigreed fluffy baby pup. He had been a godsend in her somewhat arid little life. She had adapted herself to his ways much more than had he to hers. This last was proved by his yanking her nearly off her feet in an effort to make friends or foes with the nearest competing dog, and by her smiling nonresentment of his wild plunging.

He was her confidant; the gross substitute for the six normal human children which she never had had. With infinite pains she had taught him to fetch her slippers at command and even to bring in the morning paper from the front steps. Except for that one regrettable time when he snapped at the iceman—a burly moron who did not understand the dog's sensitively high-strung nature—he had not given her a minute's anxiety.

Admiring neighbors had told her he was the handsomest collie they had set eyes on; far finer than the pointed-headed and small-eyed and non-curly collies they had seen at shows. They had advised her to enter him for this great dog show at Blankburg, assuring her he would win every prize in sight.

In her nonexperience she had made inquiries. She did not want him to be piggish by winning every prize in every class. She was told the Open, Any Color was the toughest class in the show. So, in that she had entered him. Before leaving home she had cleared a space on the very center of the living-room mantel, between the bee clock and Uncle Ithuriel's sea-shell ship model. Here she was going to place the shining silver cup for Best Collie in Show. And it was up to me to smash her high hopes and to make her cry herself softly to sleep that night!

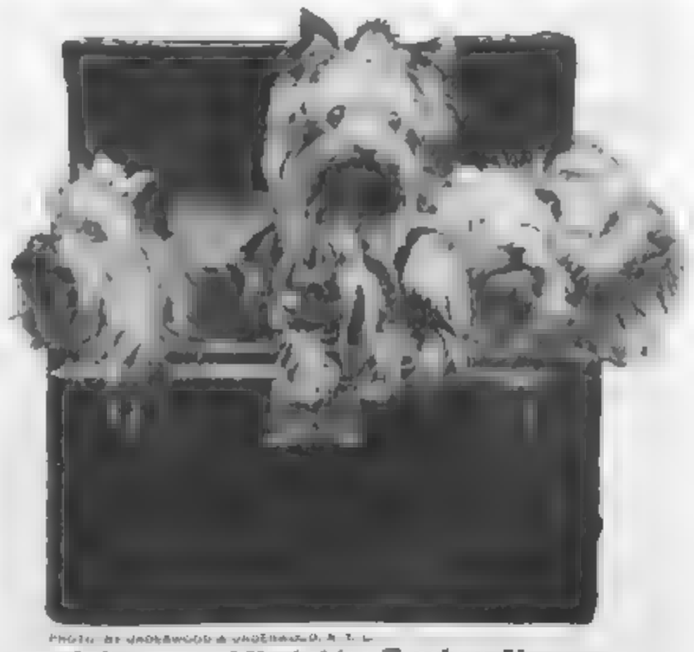
Laugh at me, if you like. Laugh till your sides ache, you cool-brained and steady-hearted folk, when I confess I had a sudden craving to turn my back on duty and on squareness and to give her worthless mongrel every prize within my gift.

But the six other exhibitors had bred their fine collies wisely or had bought them at high price, and had spent cash and time and infinite skill in preparing them for this show. They trusted me to play fair. They trusted in my alleged knowledge of the best points of the breed. That was why they were showing their dogs under my judgeship.

So, perforce, I set my teeth and went through with the sorry business of picking the best four collies out of the seven entrants. I did my best for the nondescript. I went over him as carefully as I went over the winner, examining him from teeth to tail. His owner had paid her entrance fee. Her dog thus was entitled to his share of the judge's time and attention.

I did not order him out of the ring when the examination was ended, but bade his owner stand him alongside one of the best collies in the class. Not until I gave out the ribbons did the little woman know her dear pet was to go prizeless.

The happily confident smile was wiped from her face with ludicrous suddenness. She glared at me as might a cat whose tail is stepped on. No, it wasn't funny—or perhaps I have an atrophied sense of humor.



A Quartet of Yorkshire Terriers Shown at a Westminster Kennel Club Show

As I left the ring after the last tediously nerve-racking job of award giving was over, she was waiting for me; even as I had seen her prototypes wait for me and for fifty other judges.

"I want you to tell me, please," she began with dangerous sweetness, "just why my dog didn't get one of those ribbons you were handing out. What was the matter with him?"

A Few Good Points

I WANTED to tell her it would take much less time to describe what was not the matter with him from a show viewpoint. But I praised all of him I could find praise for. I complimented her on his raggedly thick coat and his alertness and his mighty frame and broadly deep chest.

She cut me short by demanding, with decidedly diminished sweetness:

"If Fluffy is all those grand things, how came it you didn't give him first prize? How came it you didn't even give him the fourth-prize white ribbon?"

Once more, perhaps for the fiftieth time to a novice exhibitor, I explained wearily that a dog-show judge is like a Supreme Court Justice, in that he does not make the laws but merely interprets them, that certain arbitrary points constitute show-ring excellence and that a fair judge must consider only those points.

Thoroughbred Hounds Before the Judges

She interrupted me, to ask, "The winning collie's owner is a millionaire, isn't he? I wonder how much it cost him to make his dog win?"

The question did not seem to call for an answer, so I made none.

The indignant lady arose to eloquence, next, assuring me hectoringly, "My dog was worth ten times as much as all the rest of them put together. Why, Fluffy has the face of an angel!"

Champion West Highland Whites, Owned by Mrs. Clifford Harmon

"I hold no license to judge angels, madam," I cut her short, my patience fraying. "I'm not familiar with their show points. But assuredly he has not the face of a collie. I'm sorry, but he hasn't. He may be every bit as clever and as handsome as if he had, and he is every bit as good a pal. But my advice to you is, don't take him to any more shows. You'll only be laying up heartache for yourself and abuse for the judge. A Fluffy's place is in the home."

I have told this insipid anecdote to some length, because it illustrates clearly one of the chief and most disheartening features of a dog show, and because it or its like is to be found at almost every major show.

Chum Dogs and Show Dogs

THE whole future of the dog-show game rests in the hands of the novice exhibitors. The ignorant novice of today is the nation-famed professional of tomorrow. Yet, between the two periods is a wide and bitter stretch of experience—a stretch I am trying to bridge for such novices as bother to read this.

If dog showing were a sport confined to a sparse smattering of fanciers, this article would not be worth the writing. But when you remember that shows are a continual feature of every region of America, and that more than forty thousand show-type dogs a year are registered with the American Kennel Club, and that rich corporations in New York and in Philadelphia and elsewhere make fortunes out of benching and feeding show dogs, you may begin to see how universal an industry and fad it is.

In the first place, there is the same general difference between owning a chum dog and a show dog as between owning a jogging buggy horse and a Derby contestant, or between a four-cylinder family touring car and a hundred-mile-an-hour racing machine.

To take the average pet dog to an American Kennel Club show is like entering your good little hill-climbing five-passenger bus in an international cup race. There is one important difference, though: You would not think of entering your car for such a contest. But the average dog owner is confident that his chum is able to win under any square judge. It is this confidence, or its outcome, that keeps alive the dog shows. John Smith has a dog he is fond and proud of. He takes him to a show. The luckless dog is beaten, gated, snowed under. My experience has been that about twice out of three times John Smith is so infected by the lure of the game that he buys a dog of better show type and comes back for another try. Once started, he is more than likely to keep on. Presently John Smith is a professional.

Serenely Waiting to be Entered in a Pacific Coast Dog Show

A Family of Thoroughbred Boston Bulls

Judging Wire-Haired Terriers at the Germantown Dog Show

There is a psychology to all this, if only I had the wit to figure it out. I cannot put into logical words the charm that lurks in an oblong strip of dark-blue silk with gold lettering on it. But any exhibitor will bear me out in saying it is there, and that he will risk a hundred times its cash value to win it.

I have seen the time when I was tempted to offer the maddeningly deliberate judge my watch and all the cash in my pockets if only he would hand me that alluring scrap of blue ribbon. Again, when I judge—and thus have to hand out ribbons instead of receiving them—I would not give four cents for a thousand of them. The magic is all at the receiver's end of the deal.

The Rules of the Show

I DON'T know a more intense mental excitement than to see the judge come toward the survivors of a weeded-down large class when my dog chances to be among them—to watch him studying the four from between his half-shut eyes, with his scoring book in one hand and with the four ribbons in the other. It is a moment of stark thrill.

Out of the countless thousands of spectators who go to the main dog shows each year, perhaps one in sixty understands the simple rules of the competition they are watching. These rules can be summed up very briefly:

The dogs are divided into breeds, each breed at first judged separately. The breeds are subdivided by sex and into several classes: Puppy, Novice, American-bred, Limit, Open, and so on. The winning dog in each class is then brought into the ring for what is known as the Winners' Class. The victor in this class receives the coveted Winners' rosette, usually of purple; and the second-best dog annexes the purple-and-white ribbon as Reserve Winner.

To the winner in each sex goes also a certain number of points toward a championship, the number depending on the number of dogs of that breed competing in the show. Fifteen points—at least six of which must have been won in two three-point-or-more shows—fifteen points which must have been awarded by no fewer than three judges make the dog a champion of record. He is luckier than human contestants, for no number of later defeats can rob him of his championship. Once a canine champion, always a canine champion.

Perhaps you think it is easy for a dog to win these fifteen points. Once in a blue moon a marvelously fine dog happens on a lucky break in going to a succession of three or four or five point shows and cleans up his title in short order. Others must travel the various circuits for months, perhaps for years, before acquiring all the needed points and in their requisite proportions.

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A CASE IN POINT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

PROFESSOR TIBBETT was working rapidly, because his time was short. It was now 3:29, and he was to catch the 4:37 train north. In exactly eighteen minutes it would be time to begin to pack and to change his clothes. Forty minutes, he calculated, would suffice for those tasks. He had made, the day before, a list of everything he would require, so it would only be necessary to put the various articles in his bag.

During the few minutes that remained to him he sat absorbed in his task, unconscious of the persistent whisper of snow against his window and of the blustering of the wind. March blizzards were unseasonable and sometimes inconvenient, but they need not disturb the even current of life for a sufficiently methodical man.

Pencil in hand, he ran through the manuscript line by line, changing here and there a word, inserting a comma or promoting a comma to be a semicolon, breaking a sentence that was too long by the interjection of a period, the elimination of a conjunction and the elevation of a lower-case letter to a capital. He had, as he read, a certain warm pleasure in his own work. The matter of the manuscript was well conceived, and arranged according to that rigorous pattern which he had adopted long before and found repeatedly successful. He had written:

"Man has been defined as the reasoning animal. Not a reasoning animal, but the reasoning animal. He has also been distinguished as the animal who laughs, or as a biped without feathers. But it is his ability to reason and his habit of using this ability which are primarily responsible for his elevation above the other beasts.

"But even a definition may be defined, or it may be qualified. The word 'man' has been and may be loosely used to denote the whole *genus homo homo sapiens*. But there are men who do not think; between whom and the beasts it would be difficult to draw by this test the least distinction. And it is equally and broadly true that there is a sex which does not reason. If the word 'man' be understood as referring not to genus but to gender, then the definition becomes, in its broad sense, acceptable.

"From this faculty of reasoning arises, axiomatically, man's dominant position among the other beasts; and by the same token, hence comes the dominance of the male. He is superior, and not because of his greater physical strength, but because of his faculty for recognizing actuality, for discovering facts and assorting them and deriving from them due deductions, and because of his willingness to put this faculty to daily and persistent use.

"The mystery is not why man is dominant, but the puzzle is by what processes, other than those purely biologic, woman, the instinctive and impulsive rather than the reasoning, has been able to survive her constant conflict with an orderly and man-directed world."

Professor Tibbett at this point nodded with approval, and he read on, running through the cases he had marshaled by way of illustration and of demonstration. They were an impressive array, and more than once during their perusal he nodded again, in approval and renewed conviction. Came at last to the final paragraph, at once a summary and a conclusion. He read:

"Man moves serenely, and on an ascending curve, through a world built by reason, and by reason all directed. But woman, in perpetual and fruitless rebellion, must always batter her head against the edifice reason has so securely founded, to fall back bruised and bleeding, and waste her strength in futile complaining at her own nonsuccess. Her rebellion is vain. So long as the reasoning faculty remains man's peculiar prerogative, woman must submit to her onerous inferiority."

He affixed the last period with a gesture full of finality, and added the manuscript to the pile in the letter tray upon his desk. It was, he noted, exactly 3:47. As he went about the business of packing, his thoughts were on the task just completed. This manuscript represented the last of a series of six articles directed toward one of the more learned reviews, under the general title, The Force of Reason. It was a work he had long had in contemplation.

He Amended This to Read: " . . . There Is a Sex Which Is Sometimes Guided by Other Than the Processes of Reason"

Professor Tibbett was a philosopher, but he combined with his erudition in that field a capacity for arriving at conclusions novel and arresting, and for expressing them in a merchantable fashion. His name was by no means unknown in the reviews, and he was acquiring had in fact already acquired somewhat of a reputation. This series of articles seemed to him to represent a summation of the conclusions reached by years of study.

The series was orderly and comprehensive. The first dealt with the lowest orders of life, and each successive manuscript had ascended the scale. Professor Tibbett's scheme of arrangement was always much the same. He began with a statement of his propositions; he presented cases calculated to establish their verity; and he drew his conclusions in the end. He was a painstaking man, willing to go to almost any ends to secure data by which his conclusions might be guided or supported. Thus he had occupied some weeks in experiments to determine the capacity of an angleworm for anything suggestive of mental processes. As a test he devised a Y-shaped glass tube through which the angleworm must crawl. If *lumbricus terrestris* took the right-hand way at the forking of the tube, he came unhindered to his destination; if he took the left-hand fork, however, the worm's body inevitably came in contact with a fine wire bearing a faint but disagreeable electric current.

Professor Tibbett spent some time and a considerable store of angleworms in the effort to determine how long it would be before a worm learned to take the right-hand way. His subjects had an annoying habit of perishing before they acquired an education, but in three cases, each one duly and in all detail recorded, the worm had at last learned his way about the world. This achievement, Professor Tibbett suggested, represented the maximum of which a worm's mentality was capable. The case furnished the backbone of the initial article of this series.

The second dealt with fishes. Professor Tibbett had a bowl of goldfish in his rooms, and his notes on their behavior were copious. He found that if he made a practice of going to the bowl in a certain manner and from a certain quarter and sprinkling a little feed upon the water, the fish eventually learned to expect his arrival. When he appeared in the lighted doorway through which he always came at feeding time they would cluster together, their bodies vibrating as amiably as a dog's tail, at the side of the bowl nearest him, and wait there to be fed.

The third article dealt with wild beasts and wild fowl, and in this and the succeeding paper, which concerned itself with domestic animals, Professor Tibbett had been forced to rely largely upon the observations and notes of other men. The fifth paper dealt with humanity in a state of barbarism. The sixth and last, that just concluded, concerned itself with civilized man.

The whole, Professor Tibbett thought, as he methodically folded his dinner jacket and laid it in the bag, would be not only a conclusive statement of the case but a startling and arresting one. Other men had discussed the psychology of woman, and he was familiar with their conclusions, but

She Led Him for What Seemed an Interminable Time and at a Breath-Taking Pace Along the Snowy Country Roads

there had always been in the statements of these others a grudging sort of flattery. They might berate woman for her idiosyncrasies, but they always did so with an unspoken admission that those very idiosyncrasies rendered her more charming and alluring. Professor Tibbett threw her no such sop, and he was satisfied that he had put the case against her in terms at once cool and utterly damning. After his articles appeared, he thought—with a smile at his own way of putting the case—woman would not have a leg to stand on.

He wrapped his dress shoes in the bandanna handkerchiefs he kept for the purpose, and stuffed them into the bag. And when his packing was done he glanced once more at the letter from Ruth Bridges, his prospective hostess. "It is only a two-hour run," she wrote. "You'll get here at 6:35, in time for dinner. I hope we'll be able to give you an amusing time. It's nice of you to come. You'll be the only lion in the party, so you must expect to monopolize the center of the stage. I know that will distress you, but try to bear up, do!"

And she had added in a postscript: "Sally Colmore is coming on the same train. You might look out for her."

Professor Tibbett set down in a small red notebook the salient facts in this letter. Four thirty-seven. Six thirty-five. Sally Colmore. Then he filed the letter away, as he did all his correspondence. He was conscious of the irony in what Ruth had written, but it did not disturb him. He knew quite well that Ruth and Bob Bridges and others of his friends thought him didactic and self-centered, but he was sufficiently philosophic to ignore their opinions so long as he was assured of the rectitude of his own habits.

He thought as he stopped in the front hall to button his greatcoat about his throat that Ruth was calling on him for a considerable exhibition of unselfishness and self-sacrifice. The two hours' train ride would have been a welcome opportunity for reflection; the prospect of so extended a conversation with Miss Colmore was not in the least attractive to Professor Tibbett.

He had a bowing acquaintance with this young woman. She was an instructress in the music department, of two years' service, and decidedly too young for the work. Too young, that is to say, by reasonable masculine standards. She was in most respects no more mature than the girls—he thought of them as children—whom she presumed to instruct. But Professor Tibbett accepted his responsibilities and resigned himself to do his duty by Miss Colmore.

His taxicab was waiting when he stepped out of the house into the storm. The driver alighted immediately to open the door for him, and said the commonplace thing about the weather, "Quite a blizzard!"

Professor Tibbett nodded. "I agree with you," he replied.

"For this time of year," the driver amended, and Professor Tibbett graciously agreed.

"Exactly," he assented. "For this time of year." He could not refrain from adding, "As a matter of record, of course, some of our heaviest snows come in March and even in April. Each time we think of them as exceptional, but they are not so." He added, "Directly to the station, please."

The driver looked argumentative but baffled as he shut the door.

They bucked their way through the wet snow, rutted by the passage of other cars and drifted here and there by the scouring wind. Their progress was slow, but Professor Tibbett was not impatient. He had allowed ten minutes, and the time was ample for the quarter-mile drive to the station. He arrived there at 4:32, with five minutes to spare, and paid the taxi man and went into the waiting room.

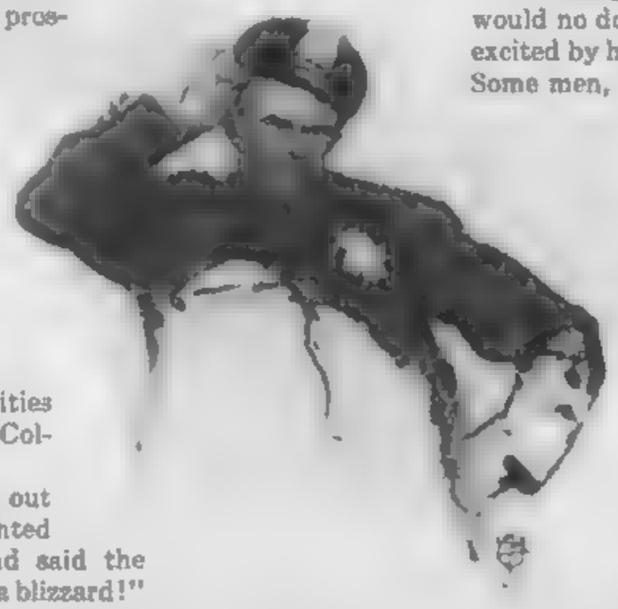
A glance assured him that Miss Colmore had not yet arrived. He took advantage of this respite to run through in his mind once more the arrangement of the article just finished. The series would need another careful revision, of course, but by June at the latest he should be able to send it to be typed. The articles ought to begin to appear in the January number, and he looked forward to the sensation they must produce, with a mild satisfaction.

When he had waited perhaps five minutes it occurred to him that the train was due, and he focused his thoughts for a moment upon this matter and perceived the probability that the storm had delayed it. A question at the ticket window confirmed this guess. The agent said:

"Yeah! Twenty-five minutes late already. Guess it'll be half an hour before it gets here. This snow packs. Clogs up all the switches. They have to go slow."

Professor Tibbett nodded his acceptance of this delay. "Nothing to be done, of course," he commented.

He looked at the station clock and saw that the train was already a minute overdue. Miss Colmore had not arrived. It would be like her, he thought, to be late. Like all women. They had no sense of time, could never understand the reasonable necessity of considering such matters. She would no doubt arrive flurried and excited by her own desperate haste. Some men, he knew, thought such confusion attractive, but Professor Tibbett disapproved of it. He rather dreaded seeing her, listening to her exclamatory phrases; and it occurred to him that the library was only half a block away, that he might occupy the necessary interval of waiting by consulting there a reference or two.



"'Say!' He Said, 'They Don't Seem to be Much of Anything Right With This Car!'"

So with an easy mind he departed toward the library, and in the reading room found the book he sought and immersed himself in its pages. Since the train was from twenty-five to thirty minutes late, Professor Tibbett dismissed it from his mind, forgot it altogether till some twenty minutes had gone. Time then, he decided, to return to the station; and he put the book regretfully back in its place upon the shelves and resumed his coat and stepped out into the storm once more.

But as he turned toward the station he saw a train just pulling out. It was a passenger train, and so must be the one he had expected to take. For him to run fast enough to catch it was obviously out of the question, and the professor's reasoning faculties asserted themselves even in this emergency. He betrayed no unseemly confusion. He walked quietly to the station and approached the ticket window.

"Was that the 4:37?" he inquired.

"Yeah!" said the ticket agent. "It did better than we looked for."

Professor Tibbett nodded. "And the next train goes how soon?" he asked.

"There's one at twelve minutes past six," the agent assured him. "That's the only one tonight."

That, Professor Tibbett recognized at once, would fetch him to his destination too late for dinner. Courtesy to his hostess demanded that he inform her of this fact, so he put in a toll call and got Ruth Bridges on the wire. She heard of his mishap with a mixture of amusement and sympathy.

"All right," she agreed. "We'll meet you, but I wish you men weren't so absent-minded!"

This, he reminded her, was not a question of absent-mindedness.

"Well, whatever you call it," she laughingly assented; and asked as an afterthought, "Is Sally with you?"

"I have seen nothing of her," Professor Tibbett replied. "She did not arrive in time for this train. I assume she will join me on the other. I will look out for her."

"You'd much better let her look out for you," Ruth retorted, but the professor received this in silence. It was the sort of absurd thing that Ruth—or any woman, for that matter—was apt to say.

Safely aboard the 6:12, Professor Tibbett duly traversed the length of the train, looking for Miss Colmore among the passengers. He was not wholly surprised when he failed to discover her. "I suppose," he thought, "when she missed one train it did not occur to her to investigate and discover whether there was another one." And he dismissed her from his mind, content that two hours of solitude lay before him.

During the journey his thoughts returned once more to the work just completed. Professor Tibbett had a remarkable memory, and he could have recited that final article almost word by word. He rolled one or two phrases on his tongue, with an enjoyment fairly sensual. "If the word 'man' be understood as referring not to genus but to gender. . . ." That was good; alliterative, apt and clear. "Deriving from them due deductions. . . ." That was good too. "Processes other than those purely biologic. . . ." Fine! And woman's "onerous inferiority. . . ."

That was the sort of thing, he told himself, which made a man famous; that ability to state a fact familiar to everyone in a fashion easily memorable.

He was so absorbed that by the time he arrived at his destination he had forgotten Miss Colmore. Bob Bridges came to meet him on the platform. He and Bob had been classmates some fifteen years before, and they had other things than Miss Colmore to talk about. The professor had been prepared to do his unpleasant duty by her, but since she had failed in her part, his responsibilities were done. As they approached the house, however, it did occur to him to ask: "Who's going to be here, Bob?"

"Martha Gore," Bridges explained. "And Jim Teal and the Meservys and you and Sally."

"That is eight," Professor Tibbett commented. "Two tables."

Bridges grinned. "Still as keen as ever for bridge?" he asked.

"It is an exercise in pure reason," Professor Tibbett reminded him, "when properly played. Reason based upon elements continually modified."

(Continued on Page 102)

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

HARRINGTON, in a week of close association, had learned something of Lynne's history. Even now it seemed incredible that throughout her life the only human contacts of her experience had consisted of association with a native woman and with a man whose real name she had never heard—a man who claimed to have found her, a wailing infant, in a miserable hut of poles and mud. It had been Harrington's experience that a life even of semi-isolation, or of group isolation, tended to foster extreme ignorance and narrow, suspicious intolerance. Lynne, on the contrary, seemed a veritable reservoir of knowledge, and her viewpoint was so elastic that she had formed few fixed notions as to rules by which all human conduct should be regulated. She was, therefore, able to absorb a new thought without the least difficulty, since it was not necessary to dislodge a previous conviction before a new idea could take root. In a theological sense she would have been classified as purely pagan. It was not that she had no knowledge of religion, for she was intimately posted upon the precepts and chief characters of all of the world's great religions, as well as upon many that were more obscure. But she viewed them all impersonally. So also was it with matters historical. The whole story of mankind trooped across the pages of her mind as vividly as the glittering details of a circus parade recur to the thoughts of the average youth. She spoke of characters dead five thousand years with the same admiration or disapproval with which she commented upon men now living, which for a time puzzled Harrington. But eventually he understood. It was not that Lynne failed in knowledge of history as grouped in contemporary periods, for she did not, and she viewed the whole sweep of it in correct chronological sequence. It was merely that, having no contact with present affairs by which to gauge the past, she looked upon both with the same relative detachment. Present history was as far removed from her own experience as the past, and as a consequence the conquests of the Roman legions and the doings of the Pharaohs were as real to her as the activities of present-day Americans.

Harrington found her insatiable desire for knowledge readily understandable. The ordinary youth, he thought, alive to the colorful panorama of his own world and with a rich variety of human associations upon which to draw, views his own present surroundings and personal activities as of far more importance than the study of bygone ages and of characters long since dead. This last is imposed upon him—a dry and arduous duty—by his elders. But the actual world as he knows it, though of extreme interest, is not romance, and he seeks his romance in the fairy tales of worlds that are fanciful. Lynne, deprived of those contacts, had sought her romance in tales of the actual world, which to her was fairyland. Thus Harrington could readily account for the intensity with which she had pored through the many volumes that had been transported laboriously to this far spot.

The civilized idea of what naturalness in a human consists, Harrington reflected, is actually the composite picture of many individuals who deviate the least from the group standard erected through a host of conventions that are imposed by society. It requires a lifetime of suppression of naturalness and of equally severe schooling in artificiality to compress any human into the conventional mold that is society's gauge of human naturalness. It follows logically, then, that the resulting product is highly artificial. Harrington had heard the term "naturalness" applied in the most complimentary sense to many a man and woman, all highly artificial. Looking across at Lynne, positively the most natural being that he had known, it occurred to him that society would pronounce her an extremely unnatural person.

"He Followed and Chose a High Point Overlooking a Bend and Lay There Behind a Rock With His Rifle, Waiting to Kill You as You Came Back Downstream"

He laughed softly at the reflection. And Lynne, opening her eyes instantly, laughed joyously in response.

There was some odd, elusive quality about her laughter as there was about her beauty.

The girl slept once more. She had that quality, possessed by most wild things, of rousing from slumber with every faculty alert and of dropping as swiftly into untroubled sleep. As Harrington watched her sleeping there, surrounded by her pack, one dog raised its head, another and another emulating the example, until every head was elevated. As if roused by the same mysterious current the girl, too, lifted her head. For the space of a minute the group held that listening attitude, as if expecting some message out of the night. Harrington could hear only the usual sounds—the rumble of the falls, the ripple of water and the soft sighing of the wind in the trees. An owl hooted and received an answer from a distant mate. Then one canine head was lowered back to earth, another and another. The girl pillowed her head upon her doubled arm and slept. On a half dozen occasions during the few nights of their association he had witnessed this tableau of listening. What did the night carry to the ears of Lynne and her canine escorts that failed to reach his own?

He slept, and when next he awakened it was to find that Lynne and the dogs had departed. This was the third such instance of their vanishing into the night. On the first occasion he had worried considerably, but she had returned before dawn. The next time she had not reappeared until noon. Harrington knew that she would not remain away for long, as they had planned to start in the morning on the long journey in quest of Father Ruvierre. But there was something about it all that he could not quite comprehend. The girl and her canine guards seemed ever alert and listening, as if sensing some menace that lurked somewhere about; and these mysterious midnight wanderings of the girl and her pack—of what did she go in search during the dark hours of the night?

With this reflection he dropped to sleep. Presently he sensed a benign hovering presence, tender lips seeking his own, while in his dawning consciousness there seemed to float the vision of a face—the face that had haunted him for so long a time. As he wrenched himself back to wakefulness a soft palm, held lingeringly against his cheek, was swiftly withdrawn. Of that he was quite certain. The rest, of course, he must have dreamed. He opened his eyes, to find Lynne sitting there beside him. "Oh, it's you," Harrington murmured drowsily. "Better you catchem nap now, little nighthawk. Tomorrow planty long tam no can sleep."

Early in the morning they started. From the edge of the plateau the girl turned for one last lingering survey of her domain. Then she led the way down over the rims. They angled to the southeast, toward the spot where Harrington's canoe was cached below the mouth of the canyon. Presently Lynne dropped into the head of a branch canyon that led quarteringly down toward their goal. Harrington observed a certain uneasiness among the dogs as they advanced, although the wind was at their backs. When they would have spurted ahead the girl held them in check by a low command. She was inspecting the ground in her path. Harrington had been treated to several instances of her marvelous ability as a tracker. Every depression in the springy moss, every dislodged stick and stone came in for her casual scrutiny. She read the signs of the forest floor as readily as the student deciphers the contents of a printed page.

Queen growled, her hackle fur bristling. Wolf and Eric made a move to forge ahead. Then suddenly the girl gave a sharp order: "Go hunt! Go hunt!" and accompanied the words with a forward sweep of her arm. The pack was off like a shot, a silent, deadly crew, darting round a bend in the sharply pitching floor of the canyon. Lynne, instead of holding to her course, veered to come out on a shoulder that overlooked the bend round which the dogs had disappeared.

"What's it all about, Lynne?" Harrington inquired.

"Your enemy has come back," she informed him.

Before he could quite comprehend the meaning of this they came out on the rim, and there, a hundred yards below them, a strange scene unrolled before Harrington's incredulous gaze. On a huge rock that had fallen to the floor of the canyon stood a man armed with only a club. The height of the rock was too great to permit of the dogs' scaling it, of which the man seemed well aware, for he stood calmly enough.

"My enemy?" Harrington queried, unable quite to grasp the significance of it. He turned slowly away from the scene below and faced Lynne to receive her explanation. Instead he seized her arms, forestalling her purpose, for she was fitting a heavy arrow to her bow. Her eyes, in which he had seen reflected various emotions ranging from quick anger to tenderness, were now the cold gray of the moss agate.

For the first time he glimpsed the steel that backed up the velvet of her loveliness. He knew that save for his timely intervention she would have driven that arrow through the man below them without a word of warning—realized it with something of a shock.

"Lynne! Why would you do a thing like that?" he demanded. "You meant to kill him!"

She made a gesture of assent, attempting to disengage her arms. But Harrington held her. She read the disapproval in his eyes and the chill in her own gradually melted.

"But he came here to kill you!" she said defensively.

"What possible reason could he have for wishing to kill me?" Harrington asked incredulously. "I've never laid eyes on the man in my life."

"I don't know the reason—only the fact that he did," Lynne declared. "He followed you into this country to kill you. I watched him following you day after day. He skulked along behind you, examining tracks round your night camps after you had moved on in the mornings. He never rounded a bend in the stream without first peering round a point. The wind held mostly downriver, blowing from you to him, so your dog couldn't wind him and warn you. When it changed he dropped back for miles. He built fires only at night, and then only small ones, well sheltered. Then one night when you were camped on the windward bank he passed upstream close to the opposite shore. Your dog heard him and you peered across, but it was too dark for you to see him."

Harrington recalled Chief's actions on that night.

"He cached his canoe in the brush and waited for you next day," the girl continued. "But before you reached him you turned off to paddle up the course of a creek. He followed and chose a high point overlooking a bend and lay there behind a rock with his rifle, waiting to kill you as you came back downstream."

Harrington also recalled Chief's demonstration upon returning to that point overlooking the bend in the creek, and his own subsequent investigation, resulting in the discovery that the moss behind the rock was pressed flat. He had decided at the time that a bear had been bedded there. Evidently, at his approach, the man had slipped back into the cover of the dense moss-draped forest that crowded close behind the rock on the point.

"But don't you see, Lynne, that any man would be curious when he found that another human was preceding him into a country that he had believed was uninhabited?" Harrington argued, the situation dawning upon him. "He's not any enemy, girl. I never laid eyes on him before in my life. Naturally, he'd try to have a look at me before revealing his own presence in the country. If he had meant harm to me he could have potted me long since."

"He would have killed you, but for me," Lynne insisted. "I moved in close behind him and told him that if he so much as turned his head before throwing his rifle over the bluff into the river I'd kill him. After I heard his gun strike the water in that deep rocky bend I made him go back to his canoe, still keeping out of his sight, and told him to start downriver and keep going."

That listening attitude of the girl and her dogs of nights that had so intrigued Harrington, her nightly excursions with the pack, were now readily comprehensible. The dogs had somehow sensed that some human was in the region and Lynne had been waiting for them to locate the intruder by some actual scent or sound and lead her to him. A chill tingle crept along Harrington's spine as he realized the purpose of those nightly excursions and pictured Lynne and her savage pack prowling silently through the forest in the dead of night in search of this fancied enemy. That his enmity and sinister intent were but fanciful, existing only in Lynne's imagination, Harrington did not doubt. In her inexperience she had put a sinister interpretation upon actions that were merely the exercising of a very natural curiosity and caution. Besides, there was no possible motive that could have induced this perfect stranger to follow Harrington into uncharted wilderness with deadly intent. He dropped a kindly hand on Lynne's shoulder and explained his idea of the situation.

"Likely it was all a mistake, Lynne," he concluded.

"There was no mistake," she insisted.

"Anyway, we'll have to get him down off that rock," Harrington said. "After you talk with him you'll probably find him a decent sort of chap."

The girl demurred no further, but followed Harrington as he picked his way to the floor of the canyon and rounded the bend to address the man on the rock.

"Sorry our dogs treed you," he apologized. "They're not accustomed to meeting up with strangers. What do you want in here?"

"Who has the right to ask?" the man demanded. "Do you own this country and operate the toll gate?"

"Hardly that," Harrington laughed. "Lynne, order off those dogs." Then, again addressing the man: "Only a natural curiosity as to what brought you here," he added by way of explanation.

"Well, if it will do you any good to know, I was aiming to prospect these creeks," the man returned. "But you effectively blocked that when you-all disarmed me and turned me adrift without any way to kill meat. I didn't have enough grub left to run me back to the outside, so I slipped up here ag'in to try and locate your grub cache, with an idea of helping myself."

In every new country there is some one offense that ranks worse than murder in the eyes of the inhabitants. Always it has to do with some item upon which the life of those inhabitants chiefly hangs. In desert countries it is the tampering with another's water supply. In the West, where every man's life was largely dependent upon his mount, the unpardonable offense was the stealing of another's horse; in the North the purloining of food that belonged to another. Communities that would look with more or less indulgence upon the killing of a man by another in a personal feud would give short shrift to the man who violated the particular code of the country—stealing of water, horse or food, according to locality.

That this stranger should frankly confess his intention of committing the unpardonable sin of the North amused rather than angered Harrington, for it substantiated his own theory. Deprived of his gun, upon which all wilderness travelers relied for food, the man naturally felt that his grievance was sufficiently great to justify even his rifling the grub cache of the parties who had inflicted the deprivation upon him.

"It wouldn't have worked any great hardships on you-all, with tons of meat in the hills for the shooting," he said. "Not that I was anyways worried about it, even if you'd starved to death, after what you'd done to me," he added frankly.

"It was all a misunderstanding, I'm afraid," Harrington said. "But we'll do the best we can to rectify it. We've plenty of grub to run the three of us back to the Liard, where you can maybe pick up a gun from the Nahané, and we're starting for the outside. We'll feed you back to the Liard if you'll trail along with us."

"There don't seem much of any other way out for me," the man said. "It'll knock me out of a full season of prospecting these creeks after a long winter's mush coming in. But it's my only way out."

He gave his name as McNair and they proceeded on down country toward Harrington's cache. McNair evidently felt that since it was through their interference that he had been deprived of means of feeding himself, he owed them no thanks for their offer, and he expressed none. Neither did he seem to harbor malice after listening to Harrington's explanation.

"Likely it did look suspicious to you-all, my scouting round that-away," he said. "But when I found there was folks ahead of me in this country, where I'd figured there was no humans whatever, why, I thought I'd better get a squint at you to see what sort of customers you were, before you found out I was anywheres in the country."

This fitted substantially with the idea that Harrington had formed of the matter. Also he was relieved that McNair seemed to believe that Lynne and himself had come into the country together. It eliminated the necessity for explanations that might prove awkward. McNair was powerfully built, but seemed somewhat weakened and

The Man Moved Downstream While Harrington and Lynne Stowed Their Effects in the Canoe and Shoved Off in the Current

(Continued on Page 126)

Alpine Sports—Mostly Britishers

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

IT IS scarcely necessary to tell the intelligent American reader that wherever the English go they are invariably and immediately followed by three great concomitant phenomena of English life—the Scotch, athletic sports, and Scotch and soda. And since all England has recently, for two reasons which I shall presently explain, migrated to and taken up permanent residence in Switzerland, any view from any Alpine hotel window these days reveals a sort of cross section of the national riot of relay racing held annually on Franklin Field, Philadelphia—if you look out the window; that is, any time from the morning marmalade until the late-afternoon compulsory tea hour. From obligatory tea until bedtime the now Anglicized population of the Alps goes in solely for the three great British indoor sports—damning America and Americans, Scotch and soda, and telling the world the undeniable truism that England is the only country fit for a lady or a gentleman to live in.

The latest official Swiss census figures, now before me, show that of the tens of thousands of Englishmen now living in Switzerland permanently, there are nine English residents of Zurich, three Englishmen in Lausanne, five more in Geneva and one in Bern who work. The rest of the old county families—now known as our best canton families—give all their time, from morning marmalade to tea, to one or another of the three major sports which all the universe knows as bobsledding, skiing and hockey, and which the English therefore call lugeing, sheeing and bandy.

Maybe I exaggerate a bit when I say that all England has now permanently settled on an Alp to broadcast to the world that England is the only country fit for a white man to live in.

The Muckloorin Affair

AT THIS writing, for instance, the Duke and Duchess of York are in the South Seas and all the rest of the King's boys are in Paris; ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald is in New York and Boss Baldwin, just back from the French Riviera, is packing up to go to Canada; the English literary set is scattered along the American lecture belt, saving Uncle Shylock's soul—if any; the Duke of Connaught is living at Cap Ferrat; the Lloyd Georges have gone from Biarritz to Madeira; Lord Rothermere and his entire social circle are living in Egypt; England's painters—both of them—are accepting portrait commissions at Palm Beach before returning to New York and Newport; the Princess Royal is permanently settled in a villa overlooking the Mediterranean; the English army dancing set is in China, and the English stage is divided between the Hotel Algonquin, New York, and Hollywood.

The Prince of Wales, it's true, dropped into England the other day long enough to change his shirt, but is back in France again, on his way to Spain; but everybody else, except a few caretakers and the fog bound, is now sitting pretty on his pet Swiss Alp and telling the world that England is the only country fit for a white man, et ceterah, 'rah-'rah!

There are two reasons back of the recent great exodus. The first is that life in England has become too lonesome. Nobody home. With all England now permanently settled in Switzerland, there is almost nobody left in the neighborhood of the British Isles except the Irish—who just stick round home, hoping for avalanches.

The second and more important reason back of the exodus to Switzerland has to do with a fairly recent British income-tax ruling. The glad news got out, it seems, that if you establish a permanent residence on the Continent—any place outside the British Isles—and live at least nine months of the year outside England, your income taxes drop next door to nil.

Somehow the first to get the glad news were the Scotch. While Englishmen were still studying the new ruling as solemnly as if it were an American wheeze, the Scotch, far to the north, were fighting for places on southbound refugee trains amid scenes of ghastly riotings.

Two days after the recent new law went into effect, come Mikklemus, the only instance of an able-bodied Scot remaining north of the Tweed was the now famous case known as the Muckloorin Affair, as it is now listed officially in Scotch case records. American readers will doubtless recall the Muckloorin Affair—the case of one Hamish Muckloorin, a Glaskie laird, who, just as the last southbound refugee train roared into the railroad station, hurriedly dropped a sixpence into a sixpence-in-the-slot chocolate machine on the station platform. Too late he discovered, it will be remembered, that the slot machine had previously been emptied of chocolate bars. And American readers with a flair for foreign affairs will also remember that although the train was held for the hysterical Muckloorin for several hours, he finally was abandoned.

Today it is virtually impossible to fall off a Swiss Alp comfortably without landing on something named either Cecil or Angus. Landing on a Cecil or Cuthbert merely means that you smear up the landscape with tea things and marmalade. But landing on an Angus is horrible. You mess up the Alps with haggis. Haggis, perhaps it is necessary to explain, is the great habit-forming habit of Scotland. It's terrible. Fundamentally haggis is a sort of meat pudding, composed of all that stuff which, back in America, the butcher first weighs in with his thumb and charges you for, and then trims off and throws under the meat block. Landing on an Alpine Scot nibbling haggis, especially cold picnic haggis, is —— But let's not talk about it.

The native Swiss, like the chamois, today is rarely seen in Switzerland. Steadily he has retreated skyward with his young, backing timidly upward before the steady invasion of tall monocled gents in their shawls and woollies, taller ladies in store teeth and hundred-per-cent-modest queen-marys—just long enough to permit of stepping on the hem and stumbling as one climbs—and the accompanying invading army of tam-o'-shantered laddies, all browsing on haggis.

Only at eventide, and then timidly, does the native Swiss now show himself on the far high spots, nibbling at edelweiss cautiously. Recently, however, one prominent Swiss conservationist, the Hon. Algernon Smith Smith-Smith, has been heading a movement to save the native

Swiss from extinction. This Smith Smith-Smith Plan, as it is known, aims to capture and preserve a few good specimens of the native Swiss before it is too late, turn them out to grass in natural parks below the timber line and let Nature take its course; but up to the present the Smith Smith-Smith Plan is—like discussing the vulgarity of living outside of England and damning the soullessness of you American johnnies—merely a topic of tea-table exchange of thought among our leading Anglo-Alpine intellectuals.

They're All Out of Step But Cecil

OUR best canton families, however, still permit a few Swiss to remain on the lower levels to do the necessary concierging, shoe shining, shopkeeping, and the like. As the old canton families put it, "Work is for the workingman"; so the native Swiss who remain are mostly mere hewers of wood and drawers of Scotch and soda. A few of these aborigines run necessary optical shops, where lenses are sold for the right eye only. Occasionally one also encounters a native cuckoo-clock artisan, still fashioning the clocks as his fathers made them—except that in the newer clocks the little wooden bird no longer announces, say, one o'clock with the old, lugubrious cuckoo note. It peeks out and merrily chirps, "Cheerio!" The rest of the native Swiss in sight are all in the sporting-goods business.

They sell the equipment necessary when one luges, bandies or shees. In giving names to these three and only outdoor manifestations of human life that remain in the Alps, the new Anglo-Swiss population has mentally followed along the same lines that govern an Englishman's physical processes when he skates, fox-trots or drives a car. What I mean is that before an Englishman begins to skate, fox-trot or drive a car, he first sits on the sidelines and intelligently studies how the rest of the world does these things.

He observes, for instance, the fundamental fact that all the rest of the world skates round a rink or fox-trots round a ballroom against the hands of the clock—from right to left—but when motoring turns to the right. Having thoroughly mastered these world-wide phenomena, the Englishman now steps upon a rink or ballroom floor and skates and dances with the hands of the clock—from left to right; and then, motoring home, he drives to the left. With not a soul in the world except the peoples of North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa going the wrong way, the Englishman alone finds himself in the position of the Follies girl who proudly remarked, "I'm the only girl in line that's in step." The results round Villars-Chesières and St. Morits are often serious. Life to the Britishers is one continual wallop.

It is the same in naming the three great physical activities of present-day Alpine life. The English alone are right. Take bandy, for instance. Twenty-three years ago

Mr. Max Sillig, a noted Swiss educator and magnificent athlete, introduced at his Swiss school, Bellerive, a Canadian game in which a team of five skaters and a goal keeper, all armed with long sticks curved at one end, try to drive a small disk of hard rubber into an opposing team's basket-like goal. This American game is known as hockey, but only to the peoples of North America, South America, Continental Europe, Asia and Africa. So the English call it bandy.

So it goes. Millions of seemingly intelligent Americans live and die under the impression that when they slid down snowy hills they were coasting, or perhaps sledding. I laugh. The poor nuts were lugeing all the time and never knew it.

Again, back in 1883, a Scandinavian friend of the monks of the Grand St. Bernard Monastery sent two pairs of long wooden contraptions—the first ever seen in Switzerland—to the monks to use in their rescue work. The Swiss, quickly cottoning to this new, thrilling and swift means of locomotion, called the contraptions skis, pronouncing it "skees," and this pronunciation was adopted unanimously by all North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa; but in these outlying, semicivilized hinterlands merely. The English simultaneously hit upon the correct name—shees. This British, and therefore proper, pronunciation was first authoritatively given to the world, I learn, by a famous savant named Professor Doctor Ethelrood Scrymoldlegeur—pronounced Skinner—in 1884.

Lugeing as it Should be Luged

IF I SEEM to dwell overlong on the mere naming of these three major sports of Anglo-Swiss daily existence, I do so merely properly to orient the visiting Americans who now annually, always in increasing numbers, have the gosh-awful audacity to butt in on our Anglo-Alpine preserves. I want to save my compatriots from standing within earshot of sensitive English ladies and gentry, as they do now, and talking about "hockey" and "skiing" and generally making bally asses of themselves. The thing must stop. I am not so much concerned about the great indoor sports, such as tea, Scotch and soda, and orally giving old Uncle Sam a swift kick in the slats. Strictly speaking, these indoor pastimes are not looked upon as sports by an Englishman. They come under the head of passions. When it comes to the most intense of these passions—orally knocking Uncle Shylock's block off in Oxfordese—I have noticed, besides, that the Americans present, once they have horned into the debate, seem to handle the situation with wonderfully accurate technic.

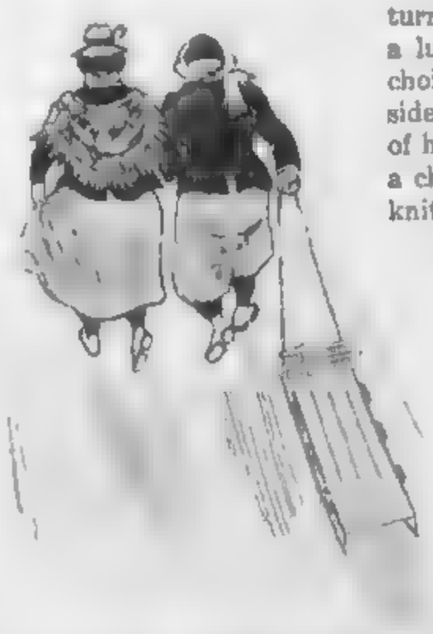
Wide as is the difference between the correct, or English, names for all Alpine outdoor sports and the hick names used by North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa alone among the peoples of the world, the dissimilarity between the way the English and we inferior races practice these sports is even more marked.

Take, for a striking instance, the way any group of visiting Finns, Kugooks, Americans, Schpeetsmänners and things like that use an Alpine bob run, such as the great Cresta Run, at St. Moritz, or the Villars-Palace Run at Villars-Chesières, and then note the correct English technic on these same lugeing courses. So far as lugeing is concerned, the mentality of the average Kugook, Spätsicher, American or Kaalklicher takes the same simple view of a luge.

Once the British flag has been formally raised each morning, announcing that the Cresta Run—any run—is open for business, out dashes the simple-souled Pootschdammer, or American, from his hotel breakfast, dragging his gayly painted luge, or bobsleigh, behind him, and hurries up to the top of the run. Thereafter the Magyar, American, Svealorg or similar visiting Alpinist's alleged imagination is unable to see any further use for a luge except to climb aboard it and start downhill. All over in a minute; sometimes in fifty-odd seconds. Kid stuff.

The English, or correct, technic of lugeing prolongs the sport. This English method is sometimes a bit annoying, a hindrance, to us hinterland lugers, but—— Well, after all, as the English Swiss freely admit, these are their Alps, rinks and luge runs. An Englishman, usually titled, is always chairman of every lugeing, skating, sheeing and bandy controlling committee in the Alps, with no American committee members. The only time I've seen Americans come into direct contact with the committee members, in fact, is when they step forward, amid repressed applause, to receive first, second and third prize cups.

To begin with then, when the English expert lugers rise from their morning tea—or just when the Lapp, Yank or Wop half-wits are beginning the long climb up the footpath paralleling the bob run—the English experts head en masse to the exact middle of the luge run nearest their hotel doors. There, exactly in the middle of the course, with one foot on each runner track, they pause for a merry chat. And then, always avoiding the footpath and carefully holding to the middle of the luge run proper, they stroll toward the top. Cries from aloft, "Ah-tong-see-ong, yuh fatheads!" Naturally, they disregard the warning cries, being unfamiliar with our language.



I never yet have been able to round a turn of an Alpine road or bob run aboard a luge without being forced to face the choice of suddenly steering straight up the side bank and sailing out into oblivion, or of holding to the runner tracks and taking a chance of weathering a cataclysm of knitted woolies, monocles, spats, scattered store teeth and up-ended, indignant old dames from Upper Lower Tooting. Neither has my wife, nor my son, nor daughter—nobody. And with the queenmary, or English skirt, still caressing the fallen arches you can't—as you easily could if it were a mere American flapper blocking the middle of the course—scream the warning cry, "Ah-tong-see-ong! Spread your tootsies, cutie!" and cleverly zip between and under.

Before mid-forenoon the Britishers—always carefully avoiding the footpath beside the run—are so solidly massed in the middle of the run itself, pleasantly and slowly chatting their way upward, that the S. R. O. signs have to be strung along the course, and the village cops and firemen themselves are out on the course, too, trying to keep foot traffic moving. Some day, mark you, I'm going to buy me a full set of American football headgear and shoulder pads, start with a run from the top, and if it's the last act of my living life, I'm a son of a gun if I don't head straight down the—— But losing my temper doesn't get me anything. But just wait, that's all! Just keep an eye on the Dyley Myle's obituary column.

When it came to this year's running of the great Swiss bobsleigh classic, the Grand National, on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz, the course was cleared of Britishers only by adopting heroic measures. Someone—it sounds like an American—made the rounds of all the hotels at the early tea-breakfast hour on the great day of the finals and told the ranking English lord and lady in each hotel that the finals had been postponed. Each ranking lord and lady therefore dawdled over tea and toast and the Times until all hours; and, of course, nobody else dared get up from his breakfast table and leave the room until His Lordship the duke and his duchess had left. It isn't done.

The only Englishmen on the course were contestants for the Grand National Cup, who, being entered in the great race, had breakfasted and gone before His Lordship and lady had even come up for air. There were a lot of these English contestants. I forget what happened to them. To the best of my knowledge they met friends on the way down and stopped for a bit of spoofing and a jolly old chat.

All I know definitely is that the great Grand National was won by some American johnnie named Jennison Heaton, and the cup for second place went to another American johnnie named MacCarthy—one of the old New England MacCarthys, of Boston, wherever that is. Both these American chaps, it seems, followed the weird plan of starting down the Cresta Run while obsessed with the nut notion that the thing to do was to slam to the bottom, way down on the road to Celerina, in the shortest time possible, and so have it all over with for themselves and their American crews immediately. And thus they won the two Grand National Cups—most coveted prizes in Switzerland; but only at the sacrifice of well-bred dignity

That almost uncouth American mania for speed, haste, is now, I am sorry to say, being dragged, always by Americans, even into Anglo-Swiss racing competitions between gentlemen.

Orange Circling With Dignity

IN SKATING contests, too, this same mistaken sense of speed values stuck out whenever Americans intruded upon the British Alps during the season that has just come to a close. With the lugeing classic settled by Americans, along came this Miss Freda Whitaker, of New York City, who entered fancy skating championship competitions all over Switzerland, her opponents being squads of crack English skaters who had been perfecting their technic on Alpine rinks since childhood.

These armies of English opponents, I noticed, never once forgot their well-bred dignity, even in the heat of contest. Following the British method—orange circling, as the English call it, to distinguish it from the mere skating of the peoples who come to the Alps from all North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa—the British opponents of Miss Whitaker always held their arms rigidly to their sides and carried themselves always also in a perfectly upright posture. Maybe they slightly leaned backward, but not much; and I think they moved their feet from time to time, but always in a well-bred way and just enough to propel themselves round the ring in the wrong direction.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 30, 1927

Fewer Financial Frauds

IT SEEMS to be quite generally agreed that the average citizen understands investment matters more thoroughly than in years past. Commenting on this fact, the Better Business Bureau of New York City, in a recent review of five years of fraud fighting, says:

"Blue-sky promotions in radio, motion pictures, motor cars and oil, bucket shops, blind pools, fake subscription rights, and reloading schemes no longer take heavy toll from the public. Flagrant offenses have become legally dangerous and big swindling operations are now so expensive as to be unprofitable for the most part."

Isolated cases of stock swindling are always to be expected. The bureau notices increased efforts to obtain, by one ruse or another, the certificates in negotiable form held by stockholders in well-established dividend-paying companies in exchange for doubtful stocks. It also comments on one or two hardy perennials of fraud. In the main, however, direct methods by which green goods are sold for hard cash are failing to attract the old believing multitude of victims.

The improvement may turn out to be only episodic, or at least periodic. Large-scale stock-swindling operations, like the business cycle, seem subject to a law of action and reaction, or at least to swings. Yet the educational work conducted by so many agencies must have had some beneficial effect. In the last ten years the average citizen has been taught to purchase, mostly on installments, many articles besides get-rich stocks. Life insurance, bonds, stock in the utility which serves his community or in the railroad or other great corporation for which he works, automobiles and many other commodities are sold on a scale which is entirely new and which absorbs all available funds. Then, too, the legitimate security markets are far broader than before the war.

But investment swindling is a difficult reptile to scotch. Its ravages are less than formerly, but it is still alive. Many an investor is yet unable to distinguish between legitimate stocks and those of a patently green-goods character. Offerings without a taint of fraud are sufficiently full of risk.

Too often the citizen is lamentably ignorant as to how to secure information by which to distinguish between what is a deceitful proposition from its inception and what is an honestly intended investment. Part of his taxes may go to pay for a state securities or corporation commission, but he is either too careless or too inert to appeal to this body for help. Often he is tempted by some free-lot or other land-selling scheme, or by a vaguely defined real-estate bond, without discovering what the state real-estate commission knows about it. There are states, like New York, in which the attorney-general, through a Fraud Prevention Bureau, keeps close track of great numbers of dubious concerns and successfully prosecutes many of them. In New York City the Better Business Bureau, which helps to coördinate the fraud-fighting forces of business and government, answered more than five thousand inquiries during the past year. These came from financial firms, banks, newspapers and periodicals, chambers of commerce, industrial corporations and the general public. The slogan, Investigate Before You Invest, has made real progress, but unfortunately there are still very many persons who follow the reverse process.

An Ounce of Prevention

IN THE excellent progress which several states are making toward the modernization of criminal procedure or the adoption of entirely new codes sight may be lost of the old but inescapable fact that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Nearly two years ago, in his articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the Great American Scandal, Mr. Child showed clearly how crime in the cities decreases in proportion to the size of the police force.

It would be absurd to argue that crime flourishes solely in inverse ratio to the number of policemen. But there is real danger of overlooking the importance of this factor in our very necessary concern over the reform of judicial procedure, certainty of punishment, length of punishment, treatment of habitual criminals, and the thousand and one technicalities of legal, judicial and penological procedure that come after the apprehension of the suspect.

Obviously, if the defendant can be prevented from becoming such, there is thereby that much less need for this whole vast and intricate machinery. A senator in one of the states which has been most commended for reforms in its criminal code at its last legislative session remarked, after he had spoken and voted for the bill, that in his opinion the emphasis was in the wrong place; it should be upon the police and not upon prosecution procedures, courts and prisons. When Mr. Joseph Warren became police commissioner of New York City a few months ago he said: "The first duty of the police department is the prevention of crime; all other activities must be made subordinate to this. The second duty of the police is to apprehend the criminal, once the crime is committed. It is obvious that the better they perform the first duty the less they will have to do of the second."

We all know that the surest way to curb reckless driving on a highway is for a uniformed motorcycle policeman to put in his appearance. The effect is immediate; protection for the careful and innocent and prevention of recklessness are assured. The policeman who hides up a side street may catch an occasional speeder, but there is no such salutary effect upon the whole volume of traffic.

We do not pretend to understand the ultimate cause or causes of crime. Criminologists, psychologists and sociologists cannot agree among themselves. Is it due to the weakening of tradition? Is it the price we pay for rapid change and progress? To speak of poverty and slums hardly fills the bill, because European cities manage to get along with less crime, although they certainly have plenty of poverty and in some cases no lack of slums.

The American people seem afraid to provide adequate police protection, according to European standards. The literal truth is we have preferred to take our chances with crime rather than have enough police to prevent it, because of a vague and possibly unfounded fear that individual liberty might be interfered with. The whole European idea of minute police surveillance, with its visas and passports and registrations, is utterly abhorrent to the free-born American. We hate bureaucracy and red tape. But in prodigal fashion we have let in millions of foreigners accustomed only to the brusque but efficient European surveillance systems, and have relied on the easy-going police methods of our own simpler days to handle the situation.

Our system of preventing crime is insufficiently knit together. It lacks the necessary national cohesiveness. There are too many states, counties and cities grappling separately with the problem. Perhaps the extent of territory and form of government make this inevitable.

But courts and prisons will continue to be overburdened, despite all reforms in codes and procedure, until prevention is more effective. That in turn will probably mean more open patrolling of streets and highways than in the past—indeed, more surveillance and supervision of free movement than we have been accustomed to. The complete individual freedom of a pioneer country is a glorious thing. But the time may come, if it is not already here in the large cities and on crowded highways, when general safety and protection are even more important.

The Women's Colleges

OTHER things being equal, the alumnæ body of a college for women has not attained and cannot hope to attain the money-raising power which is possessed by a like number of men. As a result the women have had to work harder to keep their colleges going and have had to be content with more modest rewards for their labor. This progressive condition has come to such a pass that the old ratio of spending power which existed between the two classes of institutions has been upset. The women's colleges can no longer compete in the open market for the services of professors of outstanding ability and eminence.

The disturbing element of the situation is that the colleges which feel the pinch most painfully are those which by their unquestioned merits, high standards and sound scholarship are most deserving of public support and of freedom from financial worries. At the very time when they should be making the sturdiest root growth they are being held back by circumstances for which they are not in the smallest degree to blame. Anyone who is familiar with the who's who of the academic world can cite a dozen instances of distinguished teachers who have long adorned and given tone to the faculties of women's colleges being attracted to men's institutions by offers so advantageous that they could not be refused. This steady sapping of the intellectual vigor of the teaching forces of half a dozen of the leading women's colleges can neither be concealed nor ignored. Its effects are already apparent and they are causing concern. If no means for checking this tendency can be found the outlook for our women's colleges of the highest type is dark indeed. They must inevitably forfeit some of the prestige which was so painfully won by generations of incessant struggle.

We have lately come into an era in which the demand for college training exceeds the capacity to supply it. The passing of entrance examinations and the ability to pay tuition fees are no longer the only requisites for getting into college. Scholarship, character and antecedents are all taken into account. Undergraduate bodies are hand picked to an extent before unknown. The higher average quality of students in colleges for women as well as in those for men is a challenge which should be squarely met.

There are those who will say that if our leading women's colleges are allowed to go into a decline, girls will still have open to them not only the fifty-fifty coeducational institutions but the men's colleges which admit women to their courses. This is true; but it does not alter the fact that neither type can offer the same environment that is to be found in the women's colleges whose future will be affected; nor will anyone care to assert that they are as perfectly suited to the needs of every young woman.

Our women's colleges have every reason to hope that as their needs become more apparent to the administrators of the great educational foundations ampler provision will be made for them. Favorable action of these trustees, if taken at all, will be based upon such careful surveys that private supporters of higher education will feel warranted in following their example. This is the probable as well as the hoped for solution of the problem.

Briand's Proposal of Perpetual Peace—By David Jayne Hill

ON APRIL 6, 1927, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Monsieur Briand, communicated to the press a statement of which the following is a translation:

> For those whose lives are devoted to securing this living reality of a policy of peace, the United States and France already appear before the world as morally in full agreement. If there were need for those two great democracies to give high testimony to their desire for peace and to furnish to other peoples an example more solemn still, France would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement tending to outlaw war, to use an American expression, as between these two countries. The renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy is a conception already familiar to the signatories to the Covenant of the League of Nations and of the treaties of Locarno. Every engagement entered into in this spirit by the United States toward another nation such as France would contribute greatly in the eyes of the world to broaden and strengthen the foundations on which the international policy of peace is being erected. These two great friendly nations, equally devoted to the cause of peace, would furnish to the world the best illustration of the truth that the immediate end to be attained is not so much disarmament as the practical application of peace itself.

Although there is not, and is not likely to be, any occasion of war between these two friendly republics, it is a satisfaction to receive this declaration of amity. It is even more gratifying to know that Monsieur Briand feels assured that he may speak with confidence for both these "great democracies," and with this assurance to declare that, "if there were need . . . France would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement . . . to outlaw war."

While this announcement did not produce great excitement in the United States, for which there appeared to be no occasion, it has been received with respect and satisfaction. To a portion of the American public this utterance has had a significance somewhat in excess of Monsieur Briand's form of expression, if not of his original thought. He stated to the world at large what, "if there were need," France was willing to do. No doubt he intended this for the public even more than for the Department of State, which he did not at that time officially address on this subject. Had he intended to do so, there was no reason why he should have delayed; for the public speeches of the President of the United States are replete with expressions of sympathy with the amity which Monsieur Briand proposes to render permanent.

The proposal of perpetual peace through the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy involves a noble conception; but it is not and cannot be entirely dissociated from contingencies. No one comprehends this better than the Foreign Minister of France. Why is Monsieur Briand ready to sign such a compact with the United States and not with other nations? He has himself stated the reason. It is that these two great democracies, "the United States and France already appear before the world as morally in full agreement."

The declaration is then, in substance, that, being "morally in full agreement," these two republics may safely set the world the noble example of renouncing war as an instrument of policy, and thus insure to themselves perpetual peace.

It is not then the compact, but the fact of being morally in full agreement, that constitutes the ultimate basis of peace. If Monsieur Briand's reasoning is sound, and it appears to be, the expectation of peace is as strong as, and no stronger than, the prospect of continuing to be morally in full agreement.

History affords many examples of the most solemnly pledged perpetual peace. Not one of these compacts has survived. Every one has been broken, for the simple reason that no generation of men can bind another to a course of action, or of inaction, which is repulsive to its sense of right.

Monsieur Briand's proposal will receive due consideration from the American Government. But no plan for peace can succeed without organized procedure for securing justice. That is the ever-recurrent problem. A bare

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THANKS, MY MAN, YOU ARE MAKING ME APPEAR RESPECTABLE BY CONTRAST
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"Dancing?" "My Dear, I'm Having the Most Marvelous Time! I've Had Over Fifteen Cuts to Each Dance"

"Cut Out That Yellin', Will Ya? Do You Want to Make a Show of Yourself on the Street?"

The College Graduate Finds a Use for the Old Mortar Board

The Pioneer

KIDDIES," began grandpa as he joined them on the flying davenport, "I hope you realize how many advantages you have by living in this day and age.

"When I was a boy it was different. My father and mother couldn't afford the kind of house they wanted, so they moved way out in the edge of town. A hard life, but maybe for the best.

"You may not believe it, but for a while we had only seven mail deliveries a day. I was three years old before more than three bus lines stopped at our corner, and there wasn't a movie closer than four blocks to our house. And we knew one neighbor. When you grow older you'll find that hardships draw people together as nothing else can.

"But we knew enough to be satisfied with what we had. Little things meant a great deal. The day father had extension television phones put in a couple of rooms upstairs we thought we were made. I recall very vividly what a furor he created when he brought home a 100-tube radio set one night. It kept us amused for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

"You needn't smile, but the biggest event in my life, up to the time I was fourteen, was an airplane tour that father arranged for the family one summer. The morning we left I was up before eight o'clock, packing my things.

"My parents were what you call good plain people, poor but honest, believing in the freedom of the home, unrestrained individualism and all that.

"Many a night—dozens of nights, I might say—they had no place to go, and so stayed in and listened to us children.

"It was seven full blocks to school, and all we had to make the trip was a sixteen-cylinder runabout. Once we walked. It put the iron in your system, and you'll find that iron is what you need.

"Our school life was happy, even if it was a bit primitive. No frills, just the fundamentals. I will never forget the day I enrolled. The psychologist read me the questionnaire and I answered practically the whole thing in one breath. A tough lad named Luke Swinney, who lived in our block, foozled everything and spent a couple of terms with the subnormals. In my untutored, childish manner I reveled in his downfall.

"Well, naturally I grew up, and it so happened that before I had got on to the ways of the world and was able to make a regular living, I met the girl who was to become your grandmother. A fine old-fashioned type. She smoked a cigarette and sipped a cocktail with a grace and charm I have never seen equaled.

"I tell you, kiddies, she was the kind that brings out the best in man. Why, when we found out we loved each other, she never hesitated, but said she was willing to gamble on my future. And gamble she did. Actually my salary was only $400 a week, but still we made a go of it."

—*David B. Park.*

"Oh, But I Must Tell You About My Operation!"

Stop and Go

WHERE the red lights turn to green
And the green lights turn to red,
Where the fume of gasoline
Causes anguish in the head,
Stood a traffic officer,
And I heard him murmur low:
"All the world is but a blur;
Naught is sure but Stop and Go;
Stop and Go,
Stop and Go;
What is life but Stop and Go?

"Down the side streets of the world
To the great Main Avenue,
Man incontinent is whirled—
If the traffic lets him through—
But he throttles down his power
When he hears the whistle blow
And he sees the copper glower,
Life is much more Stop than Go
Stop and Go,
Stop and Go;
Always Stop and seldom Go!"

So that dreaming copper sought
Some design behind the blur,
And he signaled "Stop!" and caught
Our Police Commissioner.
The Commissioner he said:
"You shall never more be seen
Where the green lights turn to red
And the red lights turn to green!
I won't have a traffic cop
Dreaming 'mid the traffic flow,
So immediately you'll stop;
Stop, and get your pay, and go!
Stop and Go,
Stop and Go;
Life, you see, is Stop and Go!"

—*Morris Bishop.*

The World Do Move

THE girls had been ransacking the attic for something to wear to a costume party. Ethel came downstairs holding a dress in front of her. It was a one-piece costume made of some black material edged with a delicate shade of green. There was an ample blouse and a full skirt, trimmed at the bottom with deep ruffles. The ruffled sleeves came to the elbow. The neck was slightly rounded, but still came under the general classification of a high-necked garment.

As Ethel held the gown before her it could be seen that it would fall considerably below her knees; that it was, in fact,

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Summertime is Vegetable-Soup-time!

SOUP
and the roses in your cheeks

THIS IS the day of visitors from abroad. They come to America, give us a good, long, searching look and then state their "impressions" for the newspapers. No matter who the traveler may be—statesman, novelist, playwright, or preacher—you can surely count on remarks that go something like this:

"And your women! Your beautiful, self-reliant, wonderful American women. Never have I seen such remarkable health and vitality. The longer I stay in America the more I am impressed with the fact that your women lead the world in good looks and good sense."

So, often unconsciously, our secret is discovered—the beauty born of sensible living—open air, vigorous exercise, an abundance of wholesome food. It is no accident that such a tonic, beneficial food as soup is so tremendously popular in America and becoming more so every day.

IT JUST shows how instinctively our women select the right food, how much more careful they are than their grandmothers to eat wisely and well, to enjoy the most delicious dishes, yet to safeguard their complexions and their "silhouettes".

Sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks never go with a listless appetite and poor digestion. Soup is a wonderful aid in keeping the appetite normal and healthy. It also promotes good digestion, making all your food do you more good. By stimulating the flow of the digestive juices, soup is a valuable help in winning and holding that golden health which is the very foundation of beauty.

SOUP GIVES your meals a sparkle and a go. And that is bound to translate itself, by and by, into your very appearance. For dietitians will tell you that people who enjoy their meals are well on the road to exuberant, bounding health.

Begin now to eat soup every day. It is so easy and convenient, with all the twenty-one different kinds of Campbell's Soups awaiting you at the store. The addition of an equal quantity of water, a few minutes simmering and the soup is ready for your table. Wholesome, nourishing vegetable purees. Thick, hearty soups made with meat. Invigorating clear soups. All the popular favorites led by Tomato Soup and Vegetable Soup. And also less usual kinds that will give real freshness and variety to your daily menu. Complete list of soups on every label. 12 cents a can.

All my life I hope to be
Happy as you now see me.
Eating Campbell's by the plate
Surely keeps me feeling great.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

AN ANCIENT Silesian castle, a blossoming garden, in the background a forest. On the gravel path stands a peculiar structure on wheels, made of straw. A woman, somewhat exhausted from propelling this huge contraption, bends over it with a happy smile. Three piping voices, each pitched in a different key, respond to her blandishments.

The contraption is a glorified baby carriage constructed after my own design. The babies in the carriage are not triplets, but my three oldest children, Hans George, George William and Caroline Hermine. I am pushing the perambulator. The task of thrusting the unwieldy structure forward taxes my energies to the utmost, but I am happy to have my children entirely to myself, free from nurses and governesses.

I have always kept up the custom, initiated in those days, of spending at least eight hours every day alone with my children. I permit no domestic task, no social engagement, to deprive me of this pleasure. Only extraordinary occasions interrupt my daily intercourse with my children. I was separated from them once for six months when my first husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, lay at death's door.

When the children are at school I cannot be with them except in thought. But when they are at home no one ever steps between me and my children. I render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, but not without rendering unto my children that which is theirs. The Emperor respects this attitude. In fact, he encourages it.

Bringing Up My Children

THE three oldest children, Hans George, George William and Caroline Hermine, were born between 1907 and 1910. Without relinquishing the discipline necessary in the bringing up of the human cub, I was their playmate as well as their mother. We were constantly together, now in the garden, now in the fields. Romping through the woods, we picked berries and mushrooms, and rested after our labors on large traveling rugs which, in addition to its human freight, constituted the cargo of our triple perambulator.

The little ones accompanied us whenever possible on our pilgrimages to Italian health resorts, where my husband hoped to combat the enemy infesting his lungs. The children proved to be exemplary little travelers. For those who have not had the experience, it is impossible to picture to themselves what a terror disobedient children can be on a trip. I was singularly fortunate with mine. It was rarely necessary to resort to severe measures. Their obedience to me was implicit. The children were less inclined to obey their nurses. But nurses played only an insignificant part in their lives. Moreover, as ill luck would have it, our nursemaids were invariably seized by train sickness on our long trips. Thus the entire care of the children devolved upon me in any case.

I was their first teacher. My methods were modern. I imparted knowledge playfully in the form of a game, replying truthfully to all questions. My answers were framed in such a way as to be adapted to the age of the child. But it was never necessary for me to correct myself afterward. I never wittingly told an untruth. I avoided even innocent fibs. As a result, the children came to me with all their questions. Until modern psychology began to prod the unconscious, the world never knew how many psychic maladies in adult life may be traced to chance information shockingly imparted to children by strangers.

The mental and physical health of children is more important than the transmission of fairy tales designed to guard grown-ups from embarrassing questions. It is not difficult to reveal the mysteries of life to children in terms of plants and flowers. No stork, no Easter rabbit, carrying babies, stalked or leaped through the lives of my children. Their young faith was never shattered by the heart-rending discovery that their mother had lied to them.

The year 1913, just before the great cataclysm, brought us Ferdinand, who, being the youngest, dominated the nursery for five years. Henrietta, or the General, as we call her at Doorn—was born in 1918, amid the thunder of guns reverberating through the streets of Berlin in the blackest days of the revolution. Prince Schönaich-Carolath loved his children dearly. They, in turn, were passionately attached to him.

Hermine and Prince Schonaich-Carolath at the Time of Their Marriage. In Oval—Princess Caroline Hermine—Carmo

Nature, with the infinite variety of her invention, never repeats herself. Each leaf, each thumb print, is unique. Marked differences distinguish fruits of the same tree. Similarly children born and reared under similar conditions invariably reveal the most diverse characteristics. Held by a common bond of affection which rivets them to one another and unites them with me, each of my children nevertheless represents a distinctive type. Spiritually the cord between mother and child is never severed. However, too often it becomes a chain, strangling the happiness of both parent and child. The tie existing between my children and myself is never irksome because I never attempt to repress their essential self. I respect their individuality. They respect mine. Beyond the claims of consanguinity, we are friends.

Hans George, my oldest, now a student at the ancient University of Göttingen, was born with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Often when I wanted to put him to bed I found him lying on the floor engrossed in some book. He absorbed knowledge with the avidity of a sponge. Ten years of school were sufficient to prepare him for the university. It hardly seems possible to me that my man child is now a man. Hans George was graduated from the university in 1925; he was confirmed according to the Reformed ritual in 1922.

In contrast to his oldest brother, my second son, George William, is a passionate sportsman. He was a mischievous child, ever ready to contrive some new surprise for his startled parents. There is no exploit in "Max and Moritz" and in other immortal records of youthful pranks that he did not attempt to outdo. Though holding his own in school, book learning did not satisfy his adventurous spirit. Practical problems with which he can wrestle appeal to him; he never rests until he has them subdued on the mat. His health is robust; red corpuscles course joyously through his veins. His heart, nevertheless, is tender. It was his heart that prompted him to write a letter to his Emperor in exile. That childish letter was to determine my fate. His little hand scrawled the missive, but destiny held the pen.

The Engagement Announced

I WAS at a loss how to tell my eldest daughter, Caroline Hermine—Carmo for short—of my engagement to the Kaiser. Her father's darling, she had clung to him with extraordinary devotion. My remarriage, I feared, would upset the child.

It was in the latter part of June, 1922, after my visit to Doorn that ended with my engagement. My decision involved important consequences to me. It was freighted with consequences, almost equally weighty, to her. It meant a complete readjustment of all relations; it severed ancient ties and demanded new orientations. For Carmo it implied the abandonment of her childhood friends and the transplantation of her affections to an alien soil. In spite of the frankness prevailing between us, it was not easy to explain the situation to her. It is never a simple matter for a mother to tell her daughter of her proposed second marriage. In spite of all trepidations, I had made up my mind that Carmo was entitled to know at once.

Carmo came running out of the gate of Saabor Castle to meet me. The moment she espied my face she knew that something was in the air. The sympathy between us is so great that each senses at once the slightest disturbance in the magnetic field of the other. "Mamma," she cried, "what is it? What has happened?"

I told her. Her response was at once so characteristic and so sweet that I almost burst into tears. Instead of an answer, Carmo, my shy little girl, gave me a hug that almost stunned me.

"I'm glad," she cried when at last she found words for her surging emotions. "Now you won't have to stand alone any more. And the Emperor—how could he help loving you after he met you?" She was the only person in Germany with the exception of one of my sisters and her husband who knew of our engagement. She kept the secret until September, when the announcement was made public.

Carmo was most deeply attached to Saabor. The departure from her ancestral home hurt her most of all. She was like a tree torn from its native soil. It took her a long time to acclimatize herself after her transplantation to Doorn.

Like my sister Caroline, Carmo is a sensitive plant, a human mimosa. I make every attempt to strengthen

(Continued on Page 32)

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE

1877 *"Old Geronimo"—a striking specimen of the Longhorn common fifty years ago. These were descendants of Spanish cattle which had been running wild on the Western plains for 200 years.*

1927 *An equally striking specimen of the modern meat animal, "Rupert B," Grand Champion steer, International Live-Stock Exposition, 1926, scientifically bred and fed to produce meat of the highest quality.*

Yesterday's meat—and today's

Fifty years ago the Longhorn, pictured at the left, was an important source of steaks and roasts.

Obviously not the tender, juicy ones we are accustomed to today!

These cattle were shipped alive, hundreds of miles, to Eastern markets. Their meat was unpopular.

Cattle raisers 50 years ago, struggling against these handicaps, did little to improve the quality of live stock.

Then G. F. Swift came West. He established nearby cash markets for live stock, bought cattle, dressed them, developed the refrigerator car in which to ship the meat East.

In the East he opened branch selling houses from which individual retailers could purchase meat.

From this beginning was developed the widespread distributing system now operated by Swift & Company. It reaches at one step from the stock-yards market to the retail meat dealer.

Unnecessary steps and expenses have been eliminated.

The packers' branch house distributing system operates at the lowest cost of seventeen wholesale trades investigated by the National Distribution Conference.

This system of marketing, now highly developed, still stands as one of the most efficient and economical ever devised.

It brings you meat of far better quality than formerly—at a much lower cost than would otherwise be possible.

Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

©S & Co

(Continued from Page 30)

her fiber, fearful lest life may wound her too deeply. Carmo has just completed her sixteenth year. She was confirmed simultaneously with her brother George William.

Too often mother and daughter grow apart as the years increase. Carmo nestles ever closer to my heart as she grows older. In the postwar period of the flapper the education of the world's future mothers presents many problems that seem to defy solution. Much is said and written about the young generation, especially girls. New theories are constantly advanced, with the result of increasing our intellectual confusion. I have had little help from books in rearing my children. The instinct of the mother is, after all, the ultimate criterion, the safest guide. The tongues of angels and pedagogues cannot take the place of the mother's intuition. She must treat the little human plant in accordance with its specific needs. She must nurse it with the sunshine of her affection and foster it with all the tender care demanded by its individual requirements

Character is molded by external and internal impressions. From without, we are pounded by events and by our clashes with our environment. From within, our thoughts are largely guided by our books. Mindful of this, I supervise my daughter's companionships and her reading. I exercise this supervision as discreetly as possible. The salutary effect is impaired if the child is conscious of restraint. Carmo loves good books. She does not like to dive in the shallows. On the other hand, I have exercised the utmost care not to confine her reading to ponderous or instructive volumes. We cannot, after all, seal up our children in hermetic containers. If the books I give her were to fall short of stimulating either interest or pleasure, she would undoubtedly obtain her literary pabulum through other channels. Her reading, I am happy to say, is enriching her soul. I try to be discriminating without being narrow in the choice of her books. I want no daughter of mine to go through life with blinders. Such devices, valuable for horses, are unworthy of human beings.

Carmo's attitude toward her little sister is that of a little mother. In that respect she resembles my sister Marie. To Henrietta, Carmo seems a superior being, walking on clouds and holding converse with angels. The boys treat Carmo with affectionate deference. My children cling to one another like five leaves on a single stem. Carmo does not permit the adulation of her brothers and of her sister to turn her head. Her modesty is, at times, almost painful. She hardly opens her mouth in the presence of strangers. Fortunately she has at last taken root in Doorn; here her soul feeds on sympathy and affection. May life be kind to her both as a wife and as a mother!

The General for a Flower Girl

AN ENERGETIC little chap, inheriting the adventurousness of his ancestors, is Ferdinand, now thirteen. The elasticity of his slim young body makes it easy for him to distinguish himself in games. With what joy he helps his stepfather to chop wood! How faithfully he collects the fagots in neat little piles! A real boy, already a little man, he nevertheless makes no secret of his attachment for me. He hates school. Learning seems to him at best a necessary evil. He stayed with me in Doorn for two years. Then I sent him to a boarding school in Germany. I could not have kept him at home, even if I had still lived at Saabor. The best teacher cannot take the place of a school, where character is formed by the clash of temperaments and of minds. Comrades are as necessary as textbooks. Without competition the mind is dulled. I pity the children of the rich, spoon-fed by private teachers, who never learn that life is a struggle.

We always arrange to enjoy our vacations together, either at Doorn or Saabor, my Silesian home. I have learned to divide my time and my love by five. But such is the miracle of a mother's love that, contrary to the canons of ordinary arithmetic, it seems to increase by division.

Time, alas, is less flexible than the heart. But the system drilled into me by my father makes it possible to wrest triumphs even from time. How often tired women tell me of their inability to meet the demands made upon them by their social obligations, their children, their households and their husbands. Good will is not sufficient. Enthusiasm only takes us part of the way. Even love cannot win in the daily race with the clock. The secret of success in the government of a household or in the government of a state is the ability to organize effort. Without what Americans call scientific management, it is impossible to conduct satisfactorily the humblest shop or the tiniest household.

My youngest child, my baby Henrietta, never felt a father's caressing hand on her little head. She is to me a dear legacy of my dead husband. When Henrietta was born lawless mobs raised the red flag over Berlin. Treason, disguising itself under the mask of pacifism, trampled underfoot the standards and tradition upon which Germany's greatness was reared.

My husband's malady, which had announced itself so dramatically on the occasion of our first luncheon at the imperial table a year and a day after our marriage, was gaining ascendancy over its victim. The long siege was drawing near inevitable conclusion. Duty called me to the bedside of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, my dying husband. Henrietta—my little woman, as I love to call her—and I were separated for almost a year. Except for this tragic interval, we were never parted. She accompanied me to Doorn on my bridal day. She strewed flowers at the wedding. Carmo and Ferdinand followed after the wedding. I was anxious not to overwhelm my shy Carmo with too many new impressions at once. The excitement of the wedding, the throng of wedding guests, the unaccustomed environment, would have disconcerted the sensitive child.

Empress Hermine With Two of Her Daughters in 1913, When She Was Princess Schonaich-Carolath. In Circle—Princess Henrietta, Called the General, the Kaiser's Favorite

Prince Schönaich-Carolath employed the intervals in his illness to cultivate his Saabor estate. He loved to wrestle with the sandy Silesian soil, wrung by his ancestors from the Slavs. After each respite he was compelled to seek convalescence under balmier skies. I accompanied him from sanatorium to sanatorium. It was indeed a saddening spectacle to see this dashing young officer of the mounted guards pinned to a wheel chair. Whenever his condition permitted the change from a sanatorium to a hotel the children joined us. Shortly before the war his health was restored so far that he could take once more his part in the world. Hope once more blossomed forth in our breasts.

These years of wandering were by no means wasted. I would not wish to cancel them in my life. They deepened my love for art and they intensified my love for beauty. On the shores of the beautiful mountain lake, Garda, we met the Swedish sculptor, Milles, and his wife, a distinguished painter. With them, whenever the condition of my husband permitted, we explored the neighborhood.

The Spell of Beauty Shattered

LAKE GARDA is one of the loveliest spots on earth. The green vesture of its shores contrasts vividly with the blue of the water. In the distance snow-covered mountains touch the clouds with their heads. Wedged between rocks gleam low-thatched villages; now and then a church spire or a house, more venturesome than the rest, beckoned to us from afar. In this region we discovered an idyllic spot, almost inaccessible by carriage, that lured us year after year. So wild and so strange was its beauty that my soul hailed it as home. When our eyes traveled toward the lake they were captivated by a little island washed by the azure waters of the mountain lake. What gorgeous flowers, what magnificent trees—a miniature paradise! Musingly, I repeated Swinburne's:

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In the softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses

But what is this—the strange ghostlike figure, holding vigil on the ruined wall between dark cypress trees? Is it a bird or is it a wraith? Motionless, the thing sat for hours, staring wistfully from its island prison to the shores of the lake, uncanny in its immobile loveliness. Was it the spirit of the island? Was it the spirit of the lake? Was it a thing of marble, fashioned by human hands? Was it a projection of my own soul? Or was it a figment of the imagination? It was so perfect that it seemed unreal.

I made a trip to the cypress grove to convince myself. It was, alas, no eerie messenger from ghost land, but a gigantic white peacock. Disturbed in its magnificent solitude by my approach, the bird raised its ugly voice, breaking the spell of beauty and of peace. Was it a portent? (Continued on Page 141)

The Homburg Chateau at Greiz, the Birthplace of Princess Ida

Hyper-Expansion

Hupmobile's Tremendous Advance

Hupmobile's hyper-expansion of fuel in the operation and performance of its Eight takes on the importance of a brilliant engineering discovery.

For Hupmobile Eight alone has reached the point toward which all engineers are straining—and it reached that point more than two years ago.

So impressive are the results, so obviously unparalleled, that Hupmobile Eight is known today as:—

The superlatively smooth Eight among all the eights;

The liveliest and most brilliant performer;

The outstanding Eight in fuel economy, even excelling many sixes.

Power, speed, acceleration, smoothness, economy, are all directly dependent upon the expansion of the fuel as it is exploded or burned in a motor car's cylinders.

No Disputing the Advantages of Hyper-Expansion

Assuming expansion to range from 82 to 100 per cent in motor car engines, Hupmobile's improvement is so marked that expansion in its Eight rates 116.7 per cent.

This Brilliant Eight Already Has Accomplished What the Whole Industry Is Striving For

When you step on the gas and the Hupmobile Eight is away like a shot—that is due to hyper-expansion.

When you tool the car along at or near top speed with the same silky smoothness of 25 or 30—hyper-expansion again.

When you are amazed that an eight-cylinder car of such generous size can travel so many miles on so little gasoline—thank Hupmobile hyper-expansion.

When the Hupmobile Eight takes small account of hills that are known as "tough" —hyper-expansion is doing its bit.

And the beautiful part of it is, that hyper-expansion gets the most out of gasoline of any grade and all grades—from the ordinary to the high-volatile grades.

Accept This Invitation

Hupmobile, with its Eight, changed the buying preference of thousands.

Now it gives further reason why its own Eight will continue to hold its leadership of nearly three years.

You can learn in one short hour all that hyper-expansion means to superlative motoring.

The revelation is no farther away than your telephone and arrangements for a demonstration of the Hupmobile Eight, with you as driver or observer.

We can tell you in advance that it will be so convincing that it will literally blind you to any engine and any car less modern than the Hupmobile Eight.

Fourteen Distinguished Body Types—priced from $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax. Custom Bodies designed and built by Dietrich.

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE *Eight*

Sun Parlors! *radiant with color—yet not expensive*

WITH the lavish use of color that is the growing tendency in modern homes, an air of smartness, cheerfulness and individuality can be secured at trifling cost.

Nor is this true merely for the new house. Architects and decorators find the free use of color equally effective and economical in *old* houses—especially when confronted with the problem of how to "do over" old floors.

Frequently they find that merely covering the shabby old floors with modern GOLD SEAL INLAIDS restores rooms to a former loveliness and adds distinction and inviting cheer.

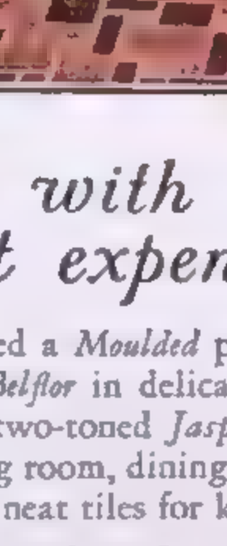
There are several distinctive types of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. The floor which keeps this sun parlor always gay is termed a *Moulded* pattern. Then there are *Belflor* in delicately mottled effects and two-toned *Jaspé*, both popular for living room, dining room and bedroom. Also neat tiles for kitchen and bath.

Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS are genuine inlaid linoleum of the highest quality—made of oxidized linseed oil and ground cork, firmly keyed to sturdy burlap. Colors go through to the back. Occasional waxing keeps them new and gleaming.

All genuine GOLD SEAL INLAIDS are guaranteed to give satisfaction. They are easily identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the goods.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas Pittsburgh
San Francisco New Orleans Rio de Janeiro

Above—GOLD SEAL INLAID *Newark Pattern*
Below—GOLD SEAL INLAID *Belflor Pattern*



Insist on seeing this Gold Seal Guarantee on the face of the linoleum you buy.

FREE—this valuable book on home decorating. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

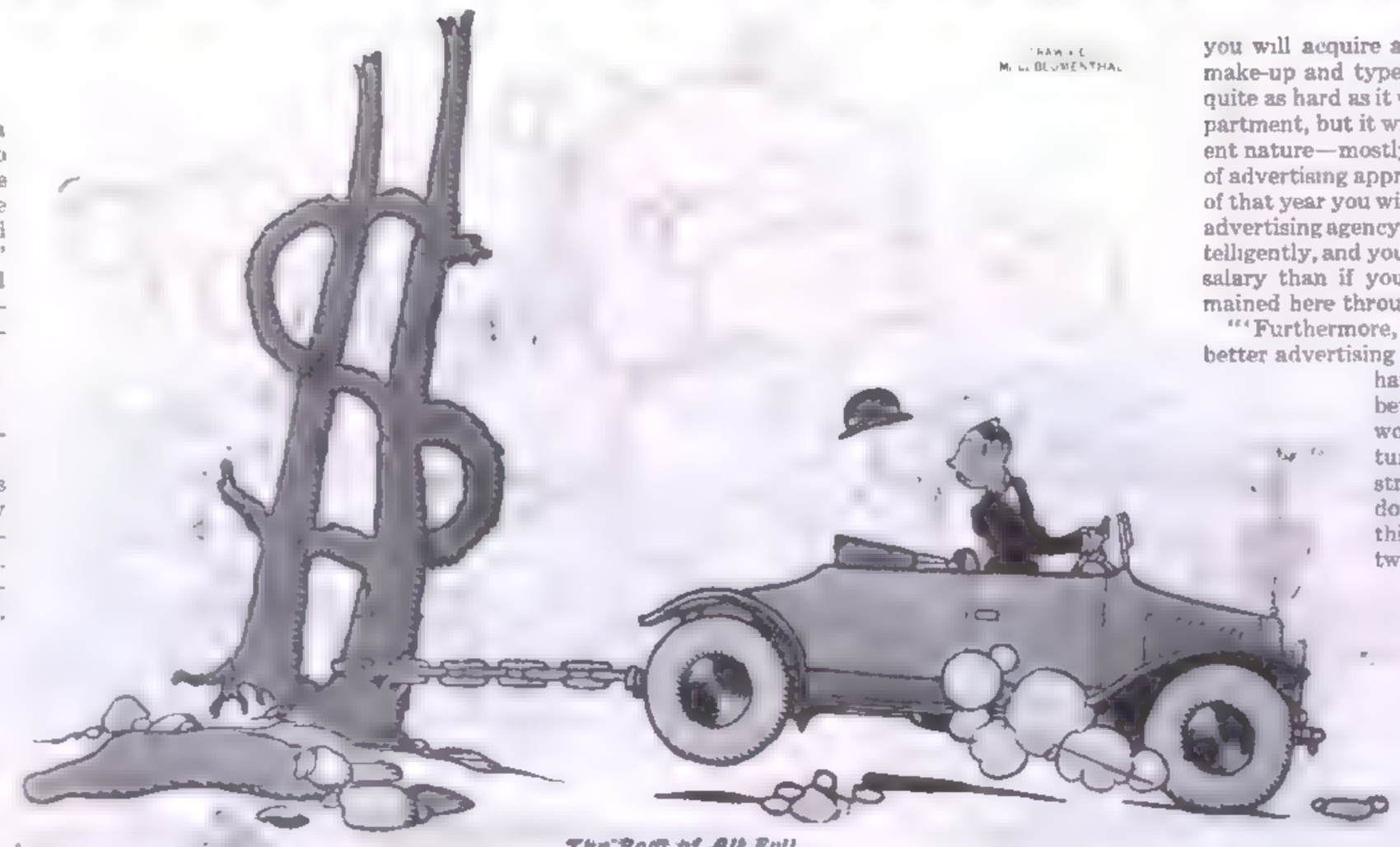
Name _____

Address _____

When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



The Root of All Evil

Breaking Into Advertising

THE other day a young man came into my office and said he would like to get into the advertising business, and wanted me to help him," said Henry Ewald. "I asked him what qualifications he had and he enumerated them this way:

"1. A college education

"2. Imagination.

"3. Good social connections.

"4. A father who was president of a company spending more than $300,000 yearly in advertising.

"5. Three years' experience in college football.

"He mentioned some other qualities he thought he had, or that he thought he could cultivate, but he considered the ones I have called attention to as being most important. 'Tell me,' I asked him, 'why you consider those things of most importance if you are to go into the advertising business. Start at the beginning and give your arguments in favor of a college education.'

"He hesitated, then said:

"'Well, college has given me an education in books—history and all that sort of thing. It has given me an insight into the classics; and I have remembered those things to the point where I am able easily to recall them in conversation with advertisers and, consequently, impress them with my knowledge of events that have been markers along the highway of historical progress. That should mean something.

"'I have delved into psychology and understand some of the reasons for human reactions. Professor Blank, who was a bear on psychology, was my instructor. He has written dozens of treatises on the subject and knows his stuff. I sat at his feet for several semesters and, if I do say it, I got along with him pretty well. That, to me, is the most important thing in advertising—understanding mass psychology.

"'So far as imagination is concerned, I think I have that. I wrote quite a bit for the college papers and my essays always received high markings. Imagination is difficult for me to explain—a person has it or he hasn't. I have it, and I know I have it because I can imagine the most outlandish things happening to me, or happening to my friends.'"

What More Could One Ask?

"'I have good social connections, as you know. They, it seems to me, are very important, because I can go in to see the president of almost any big concern in this town and I know he will talk to me. I belong to the same clubs he belongs to. I am a guest at his home because I know his sons or his daughters. I play golf at the same clubs he plays at and frequently in the same foursomes.

"'My father is president of a pretty big concern—a concern spending several hundreds of thousands of dollars each year in advertising. If I were in the advertising business I know my father would switch his account to me.'

"'My name is pretty well known, too, because of my football experience. You see, those are things I've sort of figured a man has to have if he is to break into the advertising business—I mean, to break into it successfully. The family has a good name, good social connections, my father spends a lot of money in the magazines and the newspapers, and I've got an education to cash in on—what more do I need?'

"Thinking it over, this young man's conversation sounded egotistical. I know it wasn't intended to be. He was quite in earnest and simply laid before me those qualifications he considered important."

Up to a Certain Point

"I answered him in about these words.

"'To give you a better understanding of what has been going on in my mind while you have been talking I am going to tell you that I agree, up to a certain crossroad, with your viewpoint. A college education is desirable—although not completely necessary—if you are to go into the advertising business. Imagination is essential, and I think you have that. Social connections are all right in the advertising business, just as they are all right in any other business—but no further. Your experience on the college football field has taught you teamwork, which is absolutely necessary in operating an advertising agency.'

"'What about that three hundred thousand dollars or more that my father spends in advertising each year?' he inserted.

"'I was just going to mention that. I'm not at all certain that your father would appoint us as his advertising counsel if you were to come into this agency.'

"'I'm sure he would,' the young man cried eagerly.

"'I don't think so,' I returned. 'And if he did I wouldn't hire you. In the first place, it would be bad business for him to shift his account around that way, and in the second place, it would be bad business for us to accept it, because holding it would depend entirely on your connection with this firm and your continued connection. It is difficult to build a business that way, as you can see. Also unsound. . . . However, you want to get into an advertising agency?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How thoroughly do you want to get into it?'

"'I've been planning for nothing else through four years in college.'

"'How old are you?'

"'Twenty-one.'

"'I'll give you a job in our direct-mailing department at'"—and I mentioned the salary—"'and you can start to work Monday. If you take that job—and I'll tell you beforehand—it will be another five years of hard work before you will become really important around here. I am recommending that you do not take it.'

"'Why?' he asked.

"'Because I am thinking of a better way for you to gain knowledge of this business.'

"'What is it?'

"'That you let me telephone to a friend of mine at one of the newspaper offices. He is business manager of this paper and I, if you are willing, am going to ask him to find a place for you. Out of my experience in advertising, and if I were to start over again, this is what I would do: I would go to a newspaper, get a job on the editorial staff as a reporter and stick to that job for at least three years—long enough to gain a thorough appreciation of terseness and accuracy in writing.

"'There is a vast difference between writing essays for college examinations and writing news events. Three years' experience in a newspaper editorial office will teach you the desirability of condensation in the written word; it will mix you with all classes and give you a better understanding of the workings of the human mind; it will do much to overcome your natural shyness at meeting strangers; it will broaden your viewpoints and widen your contacts; it will drive you into fierce mix-ups with dead lines, but you will come out of those mix-ups with a better understanding of the value in the smallest item of time—a second—it will quicken your wits and widen your education.'"

At the Lowest Rung

"'Quit the editorial end after three years and go downstairs into the business office. Go into the classified-advertising department and get a job there. This is the lowest rung in the advertising ladder in a newspaper office, and stay in that classified department for one year. You'll run your legs off in chasing small advertising items, but in chasing them you'll learn how hard it is to get people to spend money and how necessary it is that they get returns when they do spend it. You'll have to prepare a good share of the advertisements you get and you'll learn to express yourself quickly and simply, and in terms of selling.

"'At the end of one year go into the display-advertising department, and here you will acquire a knowledge of layout, make-up and type faces. Selling will be quite as hard as it was in the classified department, but it will be selling of a different nature—mostly selling in larger units of advertising appropriations. At the end of that year you will be fitted to go into an advertising agency, if you have worked intelligently, and you will command a larger salary than if you started here and remained here through a similar five years.

"'Furthermore, you will be a much better advertising man, because you will have acquired a much better understanding of word values, human nature, what the man in the street thinks about—and dollars. On top of those things you will have had two years of experience in hard selling, and an ability to sell is a most desirable quality within an advertising agency.

"'Five years from now you will be twenty-six years old—young enough to start in the advertising business and old enough to appreciate the value of what you may now consider as nonessentials.'

"The young fellow gazed out of the window for a moment, and then turned to me.

"'Would you mind getting that business manager on the telephone?' he said."

—Norman Beasley.

Salary-Wise But Opportunity-Foolish

FOR several weeks the company with which I am connected has been considering applicants for an accountancy position. The job is no ordinary one, and the man finally selected must not only demonstrate that he is entirely capable of doing what will be demanded of him in the immediate future but that he has such qualities as we desire in one of our executives. Although we are not making it a matter of public information, we are really searching for an assistant treasurer, and the man finally decided upon will be advanced to that position within a year.

Out of the thirty or forty applicants there are just two individuals whose lives seem to have been spent in ideal preparation for the position. One whom we'll call Freeland Hall had an edge on his rival, but when he was told that he was the successful candidate he said quite decisively, "I've made up my mind not to take another job unless I'm paid a hundred dollars a week." We had offered seventy-five.

That put an entirely different complexion upon the matter. We had even gone so far as to indicate how much money he could expect to earn within a twelvemonth, but he still persists in receiving the figure he has named as a minimum; and though we could very readily pay this sum, I don't think we are going to do so. The incident throws light upon a hitherto unsuspected trait in the man's character—a blind, foolhardy stubbornness, an inability to see the way of his own best interest. It is beginning to look as though his rival, Henchard, a fellow of refreshingly different outlook, will be named to the position.

Many men let an opportunity of a lifetime slip by, simply for the temporary advantage of a large initial salary. I know of few greater handicaps than the fixing of some amount as the minimum at which you will work, particularly when the figure is 50 or 100 per cent more than you are actually worth. Oftentimes when a man is told that

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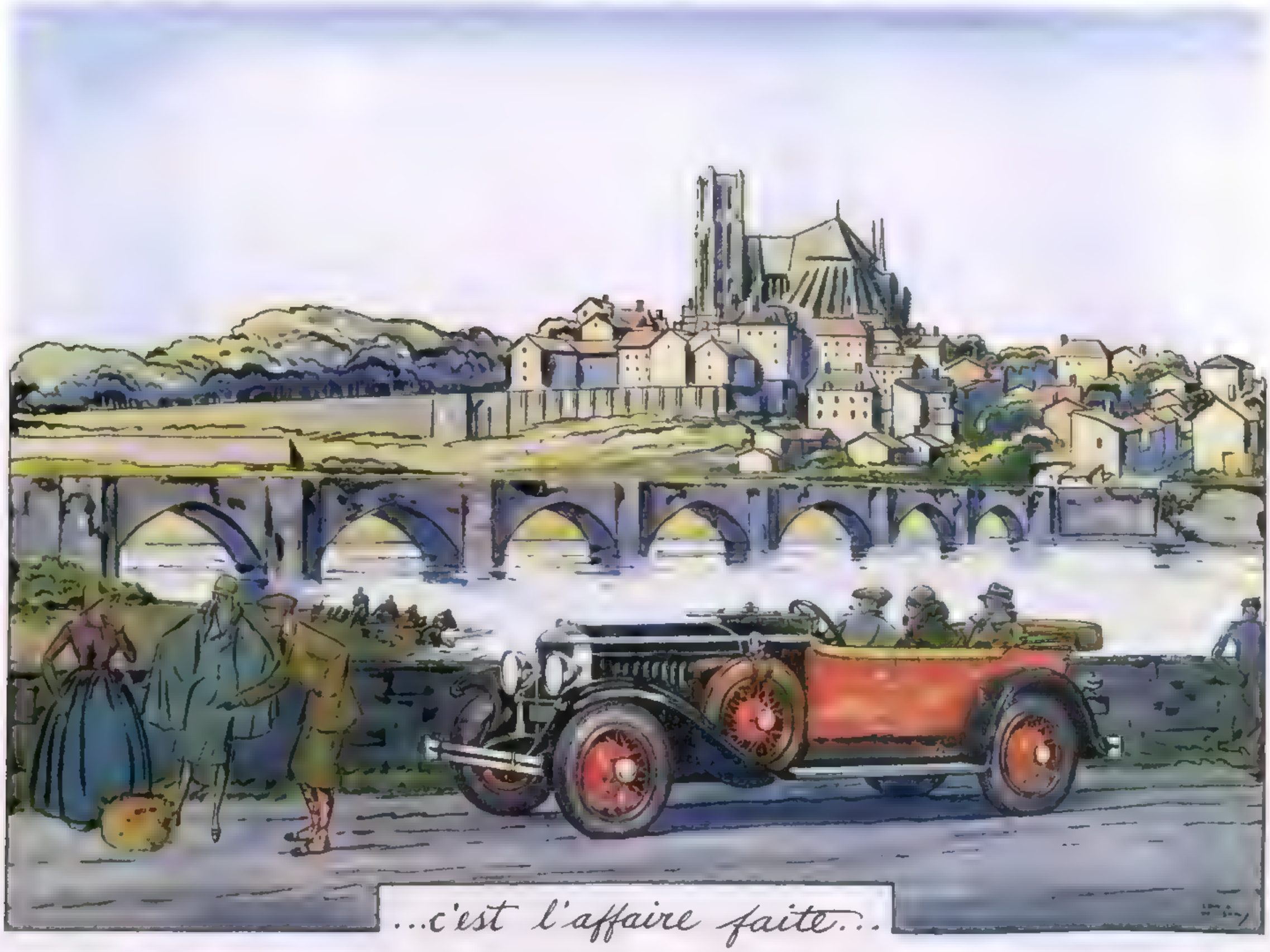

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THE UNKNOWN HERO

(Continued from Page 9)

Willie's voice grew higher. "Me—drive and talk to 'em? Say, what do I talk to 'em about?"

Whistling Louie spoke gently, patiently. "I told you, didn't I," he inquired, "that this is a sight-seeing bus? They're going to see the battlefield. The feller who drives always talks to 'em. He tells them about the war."

"Then let him keep on tellin' 'em," said Willie.

"You ain't backin' down?" said Whistling Louie. "It'll come easy to you, tellin' 'em about the war. You always used to be the boy for chewin' the fat. Just talk to 'em, that's all. Felix here'll tell you what to say. Felix knows."

Even in his most inspired moods, Willie had sense, and he showed it then. "If it's all so easy," he said, "why don't you do it alone?—you and Felix—what?"

Whistling Louie frowned and seemed up a tree for exactly what to say. He looked at Felix and back at Willie. "The fact is," he said at length, "that Felix ain't exactly one of us—not tough, see? Cards is his line, and confidence, and he don't like to get mussed up. Isn't that a fact, Felix?"

Felix nodded, and right there Willie saw the kind of a bird he was—an amateur—that was all—an amateur.

"It's all my idea," said Felix coldly. "If you can't do the work yourself, or find someone who can, I'm out and the game's off—that's all."

"See," said Whistling Louie, "what I'm up against? Felix ain't practical. That's all there is to it. Now here's the works: This old Dodsworth party—ever seen him on Broadway? He may be old and fat, but he used to be a sheriff out in Arizona once before he made his pile. He always packs a gun, and Felix don't like it. He ain't like you and me."

Willie jumped slightly.

"The idea is," said Whistling Louie, "for you to crack him on the head and take away his gun, or else lift it from him easy. We don't want any rough stuff, see?"

Willie's eyes danced rapidly. "Who?" he cried. "Me? Me crack an old guy on the bean when he's got a gun? Me?"

"Hey!" said Whistling Louie. "Are you gettin' cold feet? He may take a crack at you, but what of it? Where's your nerve, kid, where's your nerve?"

Willie looked at Mademoiselle and drew his hand across his forehead. "I got nerve enough," he said.

"Then," replied Whistling Louie, "what are you squealin' about?"

Willie looked at Mademoiselle again, and his voice was firm and loud. "Are you tryin' to insinuate," he asked, "that I ain't willin' and glad to do a little act like that? I was simply hesitating, because it sounded funny. All right, I'm on."

Whistling Louie seized his hand. "I knew it," he said. "I knew you wasn't yellow. And by the way, here's somethin' else—the old boy used to be called Killer Dodsworth once; he was the best shot in Arizona. You be sure you've got his gun."

An hour later, or perhaps more, Willie closed the door of the Café of the Fatigued Chauffeurs behind him and began walking almost aimlessly down those broad, strange streets. There were lights upon those streets that shone and glittered—not like the lights on the electric signs on Broadway, but in a dimmer, bigger way. They looked like moons against the sky—like thousands and thousands of moons. They cast a pale radiance against those buildings that all looked like banks and bond houses and yet were not—those buildings that were not high and yet were somehow grand. It almost seemed to him that those lights were moving like soldiers along the edges of the streets—moving in a lock step of their own on tall arched bridges across that muddy river. The taxicabs were running up and down, tooting in a nutty, aimless way, but Willie stood by the curb on one of those broad streets and stared at them unseeing. He was not thinking of lights or taxicabs or houses; he was thinking of woman—of woman and her wiles. They were bitter thoughts, which ran through his mind in a panic. Willie groaned softly, for groaning was all there was left to do.

"They got me again," he murmured. "Look what they got me in for now, and I never stuck up a bank on Long Island nor anywheres else at all."

It was woman who had got him in for it. It was woman who had pushed him off on another strange adventure, the thought of which made his mouth dry and his knees as weak as water. And still that wasn't all. Willie's mind was always quick and it had been quick, even with Mademoiselle watching him across the bar. There was something phony about it—something phony. Now that the damp air of out-of-doors was on his face and those endless lights stood before his eyes, his mind began to work still more rapidly and everything seemed different. Willie's beady eyes blinked rapidly. It all seemed too easy—the things that Mademoiselle had said, the things that he had said, all seemed like a play—and Whistling Louie himself had been too easy. Willie's fingers moved nervously as he stood blinking at the lights.

"There's something phony," said Willie. "Yes, there's something phony."

And then he made a final remark which showed the breadth of his mind and insight into life: "There's something always phony when women is around."

II

THERE was never anyone who said that Willie was not game. Once he got started, he always played the job right through, and that morning he was there right where they had told him. It was a spot he had seen often enough before, one of those places where streets from everywhere seemed to come together and where everything was all mixed up—people, trolley cars and taxicabs. Opposite him stood a big stone house with pillars like a bank or like a jail, and there were news stands all around where old dames were selling papers and flowers, and here and there a saloon was open, where they were drinking on the sidewalk—a busy, merry and consoling scene—but beside one of those saloons was a sight which made his heart beat faster and made his mouth feel dry.

One of those busses was standing there, like a truck almost, with seat after seat upon it, all made out of leather like easy-chairs in some hotel, and already folks were climbing into that bus. Women were jumping in as though their lives depended on it, and men were getting in who looked afraid that someone they knew might see them, and also looked longingly at the saloon where waiters stood beside round tables. Beside the bus Willie perceived a dark-faced, wiry man in a blue serge suit. The suit was different, but he remembered the soft felt hat. It was Felix, waiting for him just as he said he would. Felix was holding a bundle in his hand.

"Come here," said Felix, pulling him behind a tree. "Put these on quick. You're late." Hastily he opened the bundle.

It was a white cap, the sort that tugboat captains wear, and a pair of goggles with yellow glass in them, which Willie put on hastily. Then he perceived that Felix was holding out something else—something like a coat but not exactly like a coat. It was made of linen and looked like a dressing gown.

"Hey!" cried Willie. "Ain't my clothes good enough? What's the big idea?"

"Be quiet," said Felix. "All chauffeurs wear these. You remember what we said last night. I'm in charge of this bus, and I'm runnin' the whole show."

"All right," said Willie; "but I got a right to say ——"

"All you have to do," said Felix, "is what I say—not you. I'll be right beside you on the seat. Speak up when I tell you, and go where I tell you, and when I give the word, you get old Dodsworth's gun. Get in now and be quiet."

As Willie climbed into that bus he felt queer—embarrassed almost. He wasn't dressed the way he wanted to be dressed in company. Someone might think he was foreign; perhaps they all thought he was foreign. He stole a swift glance behind him. The seats in the back were all filled by then, and the sight for a moment clutched him by the throat, because none of the folks in those seats were foreign. They were all like the ones he used to see—the old dames, the young ones, and the young boys talking and the old boys chewing cigars with that glazed look in their eyes which the old ones always had when they were with their women folks. In that second that he glanced at them Willie caught his breath. It was the people in the seat behind him that made him catch it. The seat was meant to hold five, but they must have bought it all, and there were only three of them.

First, there was an old party with a Panama hat. He looked like a hard old guy. He had a white mustache that drooped down limply at the ends, and parts of it were yellow, as though he chewed tobacco. His nose was hooked and so sharp you might have thought it was meant to cut with, and he had small blue eyes as cool as chrome steel. Yes, he was a tough old boy. Right away Willie picked him, and he didn't blame Whispering Louie or Felix either. He was old man Dodsworth, the one they used to call Killer Dodsworth, back in Arizona before he made his pile.

Beside the old gent a girl was sitting. Ordinarily, Willie would have passed her by rapidly, but just then he could not, because she was looking at him—looking at him in a way that made him want to take off his linen wrapper so that she could see his new checked suit. Her eyes were blue like the old man's, but soft, like the sky after a summer rain, and her hair was the color of twenty-dollar gold pieces—stacks and stacks of gold pieces—with electric light upon them.

And then she spoke, and her voice was what got him most. It was so timid and so gentle. "Here's the chauffeur, ma," she said.

He looked away from her hastily, but already he knew that the worst had happened. Another woman had come into his life. He was forgetting the Café of the Fatigued Chauffeurs; he was forgetting Mademoiselle behind the zinc-covered counter; he was forgetting everything. There was an old dame beside the blue-eyed girl—a wheezing, heavy lady. It hurt him to think that she might be the mother of such a girl as that, but Whistling Louie was right. Beneath the scarf around her neck, as the breeze blew it slightly, Willie saw a string of pearls. They were real—he could tell it. Even with that single glimpse, he could tell it by their luster and their shape, and without his thinking, they made him catch his breath.

And then the old dame was speaking. "Well, it don't look to me he amounts to much," she was saying in a high voice through her nose.

And then the old guy also spoke in a way that made Willie jump. "Driver," he said—and his voice was as soft as that old dame's should have been, and yet it sounded tough—"driver, what are you all looking at? We-all have paid our money to see these here, now, battlefields. We're the rubberneckers, not you, driver. Step on the gas."

She was looking at him—that girl still was looking at him, with the hair like money from the mint. Once again Willie felt a weakness coming over him—that same old weakness. With a young dame like that near him, he knew he had to speak; he could not let anyone speak to him like that under such circumstances as those, because he was a grand guy; he was always grand.

"Mister," he said—and his voice was loud and clear—"that's enough from you."

"What?" said the old gent. "What damned insolence is this?" And then Willie felt a violent pull at his coat.

"Sit down," said Felix, close in his ear. "Sit down and drive where I tell you. Do you want to spill the beans?"

III

WILLIE took the wheel. His ears were red, his eyes were smarting beneath his goggles, he did not care what he spilled just then; but after all, he was big-hearted. The feel of the truck moving and those crowded streets made him soon forget. He was good with machinery, and though he had never been in that motorbus, he could make it go. In three minutes, or maybe five, they were going along a street that was straight as a string and covered with flat paving stones. As far as his eye could go, he could see it, with stores on either side and foreigners on the sidewalks, and here and there one of those cops in capes with a white stick in his hand. In ten minutes, or maybe fifteen, the houses were growing lower, the saloons on the sidewalk seemed dirtier, and finally they stopped at a gate in a line of cars and horses.

Felix said something to a party who might have been a cop or a street car conductor, and they were through the gate out on that straight road again, and then they were in the country with trees beside the road as even as those lights on the city streets at night. The motorbus was making a roaring noise as it moved straight along, and the sun was out, shining down warm upon his face, and the air was like something that had been washed. It was so fresh and clean. And on either side of that road were fields all green in the sun. It went up and down, up and down, almost like waves on the sea, and above them Willie could see the sky with pieces of cloud floating in it, as foamy as the top of a schooner of sound beer, and behind the clouds was the sky itself, soft and blue, because it had just been raining.

As anyone who knew him always knew, Willie had an eye for beauty. Even when a thing had no money value, even if he could not take it, Willie knew what was what, and it made him feel good, almost virtuous, to see those fields and trees by the side of the road. Once again it was as though he had taken a drink, only it was more than a drink. It was somehow like a dream, and the thundering of that motorbus was like the sound of snoring. Now and then he could see houses by the road, white, with red roofs, as red as chimneys, and all of a sudden the houses would come together and they would go rolling through a town and all the kids in the street would holler. There was no wonder, in spite of everything, that Willie's spirits began to rise, that he began to whistle between his teeth.

Felix nudged him in the ribs. "You've got to talk to 'em now," he said. "Tell 'em here's where the taxicabs brought the army in the First Battle of the Marne. Stop the car and tell 'em."

Willie stopped the car. Now that he had come actually to telling, the engine was beating like the pulses in his head. He stood up and turned around. All the folks were looking at him. The ones in back and the ones on the second seat were looking at him, and he saw again the girl between that slim old man and the fat old dame with the pearls beneath her muffler. She was looking at him wide-eyed, like a kid at school, and the wind was blowing in her hair until it looked as though the sunlight itself was blowing. As he looked, it seemed to Willie again that he had taken a drink and that it was more than a drink, because

everything seemed to him phony, not real, the way things so often did when women were around. Often in the good old days he had listened to the referees at prize fights; he had admired their power of delivery; and now that circumstances had forced him to speak, he unconsciously adopted their technic.

"Ladies and gents," he said—and his voice was loud and clear, and so beautiful that he himself was struck by its beauty—"it gives me great pleasure, ladies and gents, to say that this spot is where the taxicabs brought the army from Paris in the First Battle of—in the First Battle of ——"

"—— the Marne," whispered Felix, pulling at his coat.

"—— the Marne," said Willie. "In the First Battle of the Marne."

There was a low chorus of appreciative voices. People were looking at books and papers, and then he heard that girl with the blue eyes speaking. "Ma," she was saying—"ma, he isn't a foreigner at all! I told you he wasn't, ma."

"Now fancy that," the old dame was saying. "Yes, Edwina, you're right."

Edwina—it seemed to Willie just then that he had never heard a handsomer name, a name that better fitted those rolling fields and that sky with the white clouds like beer suds in it. Before he knew what he was doing—before he even thought—he found himself speaking again. He could seem to see it all, or he could imagine it.

"Yes," said Willie. "Here, ladies and gents, was where the taxicabs come in that big battle known as the Marne, named from that little town we last was through." He felt a violent tugging at his coat. He looked down into the distorted face of Felix.

"River," whispered Felix. "Sit down! Will you sit down?"

"The river we last was through, ladies and gents," said Willie, and his voice, if possible, was still louder, still clearer. "They had the traffic cops out and the motorcycle cops to keep them taxis going, because it was tough to drive so many, see? And when we got here—and when we got here ——" Willie paused. He was trying to find something grand to say, and yet he could not find it. Felix was pulling frantically at his white duster.

"Sit down!" And then Willie saw that old gent looking at him with his eyes very blue and bright.

"Stranger," the old gent was saying, "I reckon sometimes my hearin' isn't so good as it used to be. Were you-all just tellin' us that you were in this battle?"

"Me?" said Willie, and that girl was looking at him. He could see her through his goggles. "Was I in that battle? Me?" And suddenly inspiration seized him. He thought a beautiful thought. "Ladies and gents, I was drivin' the general's car myself." He heard a groan beside him. He looked down. Felix was seated with his head in his hands, swaying back and forth.

"What?" said the old gent. "Were you-all driving the general's car—the general's car?"

Without an instant's hesitation, without a sideward glance, Willie spoke again, and his star—the star that made him what he was—he knew was shining on him. "Mister," he said, "if I hadn't, would I be drivin' this bus today?"

Somehow, as he said it, it seemed conclusive, absolute. The old gent had risen from his seat, tall and gaunt, with his white tobacco-stained mustache waving slightly in the wind.

"Stranger," he said, "I'll have to hand it to you-all. I want to shake your hand. Was there much gun play hereabouts?"

"Oh, pa!" She was speaking again in a voice as soft and as sweet as a record on a phonograph. "Of course there was. Don't be so silly, pa. Soldiers don't want to talk about the war."

"Mister," said Willie, and he suddenly remembered a phrase of the night before, "everybody who amounts to anything uses machine guns now. We used machine guns then, and the general used to say, mister, or else I wouldn't say it myself, that I was the fastest shooting machine gunner in the whole outfit, mister."

The old gent was pulling something from his pants pocket. It was a silver flask. He was pouring something from the flask into a small and shining cup. "Have a drink, young man," he said. "This isn't foreign whisky; it's good American stuff, and let's hope it'll make you tell some more."

It was good stuff, but it wasn't the drink exactly that made everything seem different. It was the way that girl looked at him it was the way that everybody looked at him—that made him know, that made him just as sure as sure that he had driven out in a taxicab with the general of that army, of which before he had never heard. It was all like a dream after that, even after the sight-seeing bus moved on again along that straight road through the fields. As he looked back upon it afterward, it seemed to him that he stopped frequently, just as that old man hoped, without waiting for Felix to tell him, because his imagination was fast at work. He could remember more things—much more wonderful—about that battle of which he had never heard until then. He was telling them about the old general, about how the general slapped him on the back, and had also given him a drink, but not so good as American liquor.

Yes, it all seemed like a dream; but in another way it was perfectly real, because everything he said seemed real and absolutely on the level. It all was true because he believed it, and everyone must have believed it, because everyone in that whole bus all of a sudden was wise to him. All of a sudden they all knew they had a hero in their midst. It was the way it had been at home, almost, down in Sam Sweeney's billiard parlor. He was popular with those strangers the way he had been at home, where all the boys knew how grand he was. They began to holler at him the way the boys and girls used to holler—in a nice way, in a perfectly nice way—and the old boy, old Mr. Dodsworth himself, gave him still another drink; and that wasn't all—it was far from all. When they got off at the hotel where everybody stopped for lunch, old man Dodsworth told Willie a funny story, and Willie gave him a dig in the ribs, and old man Dodsworth didn't seem to mind.

"It's the truth," he was saying, "that all foreigners are just the same as greasers. That's the way it was in the war. They naturally crumpled up when Americans came along. Why, boy, before I made my pile, when I was sheriff in Arizona back in '72, they used to call me Killer Dodsworth because I had ten notches on my forty-five."

They were all talking to Willie then, and other men were asking him to take a drink; and though he turned them down, yet it was as though he had taken them, because he seemed to be walking on air. What was more, at that hotel, just as everyone got out for lunch, that girl stood beside him, looking at him with those misty blue eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I knew you were brave! I knew it the very minute that you talked back to pa, before you told us anything. Oh, my! It isn't every day you see a hero."

And even that wasn't quite all, for Felix himself came up to Willie, and even the dark, suspicious eyes of Felix had a glow in them. "You're wonderful," said Felix, "that's flat. How do you do it? I wish I knew. They all believe you. They think you won the war."

Willie took off his goggles and smiled wearily, as a great man might smile. "Think I won it?" he replied. "They know I won it. And listen, I would have won it if I had been driving that general's car, and don't you forget it, see?"

"Yes," said Felix. "And it's an honor—it's an honor, that's what I want to say—it's an honor to be associated in a business way with anyone as slick as you; but don't forget we've got to get down to work. When these poor simps have taken the feed bag off, we'll be about ready for the big act. Louie's waitin' down the road, two miles off. I'll tell you when to turn; but before that, are you forgettin' old Dodsworth's got a gun with him? How are you goin' to get it? Crack him on the bean?"

Willie frowned slightly. He had taken off his chauffeur's duster and was arranging his coat and tie. "Do you take me for a boob?" he inquired. "Didn't you see me help that old boy down?"

Felix was a second-rater—that was all—and he still looked dumb. "And what's that got to do with it?" he asked.

"It's a fact," said Willie wearily, "it's an honor for you to be with anyone like me. Do with it? The old gent ain't got a gun any more. Don't tell me how to do a job—just tell me when to turn on that side road, that's all."

Felix knew what Willie was made of then. It did Willie good to see that Felix knew. "Frankly, honestly you would," said Felix. "Yes, you would have won the war if you had been drivin' the general's car."

But just the same, it was tough. Sometimes it seemed to Willie that everything had a tough side. Beneath Mrs. Dodsworth's scarf, he had seen those pearls, yet they thought he was a hero. It got him all mixed up as he stood in the sun looking at that empty bus, waiting for those folks he had never seen before to finish their lunch. It seemed to Willie that everything was all mixed up, in fact; before he was conscious of what he was doing, he groaned softly and shook his head.

"It's women," he muttered. "Women! Ain't it a fact they always mix up everything?"

IV

NATURALLY, Willie always liked things neat, and he knew that everything would be perfectly easy. He had to hand it to Whistling Louie for his foresight in hiring someone to look after old Mr. Dodsworth, because he surely was a tough old bird. Willie could see that he had taken something—more than something—during the time he had been at lunch. Mr. Dodsworth's eyes had a glitter in them like lights on the water at night.

"Come on, folks," he began to yell. "Get in the stagecoach. This here's no way to fight a war."

As Willie got into his seat and threw in the clutch of the motorbus, of course he was perfectly calm, like any high-grade artist.

It was Felix who was nervous. Felix began to shiver. "Are you sure," he whispered—"sure you got his gun? He could plug us right in the back."

"Shut up!" said Willie. "Where's the road?"

"Here," said Felix. "Here."

Willie saw it ahead of him. It was a little lane leading off on the right from that straight highway—hardly a road at all. There were hedges on either side of it. To Willie's experienced eye, it was a good place for such a technical problem. There were no houses that anyone could see, only rolling fields, and once down that lane fifty or sixty yards, no one on the main road could see anything.

"Say something to 'em!" whispered Felix. "You better, instead of turning in there all at once."

Willie slowed up the great motorbus and turned around, and as he did so and looked at all those faces turned toward him, of all those folks who knew how grand he was, he felt a lump rise in his throat. And when he thought of the surprise in store for them, it hurt him—the thing he was going to do—but yet his voice rose loud and clear.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "we now have come to the most interesting part of this trip. I want to show you something, ladies and gents, something that I don't show to most. It's ——" He looked at them blankly; for a moment he could not think what it was he wished to show. Suddenly his imagination seemed to run quite dry, but then his glance fell on the seat behind him. There she was, looking up at him still with her blue eyes just like the sky.

"—— the place," said Willie, "where I personally held up a whole regiment. I want to show you how I done it."

Someone in the back seat began to cheer and others began to holler at him in a nice way—in a perfectly nice way—so that it made him feel good, almost virtuous, to hear them.

"Folks," concluded Willie, and there was a slight catch in his voice, "I want to thank you for your kind attention. It isn't everyone that's listened to me like you have when I talk about the war."

"Don't thank us yet, son." It was old Mr. Dodsworth, looking at him and stroking his white mustache. "You'll be tellin' us about it all the way home. Have another drink—there's still some left." And he reached toward his back pants pockets. Even as he reached, however, he gave a sudden cry. His face had grown as red as a beet; he was looking at Willie strangely.

"Here!" he said. "There's something crooked somewheres! Somebody's lifted my gun!"

Willie sat down hastily. Already the bus was moving.

"Here!" It was the old party shouting again. "There's something crooked, I tell you! Don't turn down that road!"

"Sit down, mister," said Willie gently. "Everything will be all right."

The bus was moving into the lane now, and in a moment it would be all over. Willie was almost glad, but he had to hand it to old Dodsworth. He had to admit he was a wise old bird, because he kept right on hollering—not in a nice way, but in a way that got everyone upset.

"Stop that engine, you!" he shouted. "Miranda, feel behind the seat! What happened to my gun?"

"Easy, mister!" said Willie, and he could not look behind him, because the bus was plunging around the corner of that narrow little road. "It'll be all right, mister, it'll be all right!"

And then the old dame let out a yell as if she had a nightmare, and then old man Dodsworth began to holler still louder. "All right, hell!" he shouted. "What did I say? We're going to be stuck up like a bunch of tenderfeet."

And the old dame let out another squawk, "My pearls!"

There was reason by that time for anyone to holler. They had come around the corner by then, and there across the road a

(Continued on Page 40)

A Woodland Park in Seattle, Washington

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OAKLAND PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 38)

hundred feet in front of them was a low brown touring car, such as any sport might like to drive, and a man was standing in front of it with shoulders much too broad for his head, even though he wore a sport cap. He was holding a gun in his hand; he was signaling the bus to stop, and Willie could see that it was Whistling Louie, in spite of the handkerchief tied across his face.

"Where's my gun?" shouted the old gent again. "Confound it! Where's my gun?"

Willie had stopped the bus. It was the only thing to do, and Felix turned around quickly to speak to the folks on the seats. "Just keep sitting down, ladies and gents," he said. "It's goin' to be all right."

Whistling Louie was coming toward them, holding his gun laxly, because he must have known from Mr. Dodsworth's shouting that everything was fixed.

"Just keep your seats," said Felix. "Just keep your seats, that's all."

Then, as Willie watched Whistling Louie, with the curiosity of one professional for another, he heard someone else speaking close behind his ear. "Don't get so upset, pa." It was her voice—the voice of the girl with the blue eyes and the yellow hair. "We've got a soldier with us. He'll protect us now."

Willie blushed—not with shame exactly. He could not explain it, but he could feel himself blushing until it seemed that even his hands were red, and the old boy had begun to laugh—not in a nice way—not in a nice way at all.

"Protect us!" he snorted. "You don't mean you've believed all this duck soup he's been handing us all this time? Why, you little idiot ——"

It was too much for Willie. He, too, rose hastily from his seat. His back was to Whistling Louie and the road, and he was smiling so that the sun glistened on his gold teeth not unpleasantly.

"Lady," he said, "you win. I'll protect you, lady, but you better stoop down low."

Even as he was speaking, Willie extended his hand toward the old gent and he was holding something in it. "Mister," he said, "there's what you was askin' for. It must have dropped out when you was handin' me that drink. Take care of the bozo in the road, mister, and I'll look after this one. Big-hearted—that's the kind of a guy I am!"

And then, while he was still speaking, Willie seized hold of Felix, expertly, by the neck.

Felix was active—it made Willie sorry that Felix was so active, because he was never sure what happened. He heard the old boy give a shout and there was a noise like a cannon, almost. Felix was squealing and kicking. They both lost their footing and fell out on the road. Felix bumped his head as he fell, just as Willie knew he would. Willie was always quick. He pulled off that white linen duster he was wearing and wrapped it hastily about Felix. He stood up and dusted his coat. It all could not have taken half a minute, but he was not on the road alone. It seemed to him that everyone was there, and that old boy was right beside him, holding a gun in his hand. His white mustache was all twisted, as though a cyclone had struck it. He had lost his Panama hat, but still he seemed happy, because his blue eyes were shining, almost like that girl's eyes.

"Partner," he said, "I'm getting old, but I am not so old and soft—but of course that party wasn't what the gunmen used to be."

Then Willie found himself looking where that old boy was looking, and there on the road was Whistling Louie. Whistling Louie was sitting in the dust, holding his right arm with his left hand and yelling almost like a kid at school.

"No," said that old party, "not what the gunmen used to be. He's just a yeller dog. Why, say, he didn't even go after that gun when I shot it from his hand!"

Willie swayed slightly and stared at the old gent in a most peculiar way.

"What?" he said. "What's that you said you did?"

"Shot the gun out of his hand," said the old party. "Hell! It's nothing! I used to shoot poker chips in the air as far away as that."

Willie shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to another. "Mister," he said, "I got to hand it to you. You're what you'd call a tough old guy."

The old party seemed pleased. It was almost beautiful to see how pleased he was.

"Shucks!" he said, and gave Felix a kick. "You did a nice job on that coyote, yourself, partner."

In fact the old boy laid a skinny hand on Willie's shoulder. "You may be an awful liar about the war, but you're a good boy just the same." He nodded toward Whistling Louie. "I reckon I better hog-tie that other party before he yells himself to death."

♥

NOW Willie knew that Whistling Louie would be sore; in fact he could hardly blame him. In fact, now that it was all over and the excitement of the last few moments had left him, Willie felt let down, ashamed almost, because it was the same thing all over. Once more he had done what he had never meant to do, all because of woman. Just as Mademoiselle had driven him into that adventure, that girl with the blue eyes had driven him out. It wasn't right. He knew it wasn't right. It hurt him, even the thought of looking Whistling Louie in the eye, for he had weakened, he had welshed, he had squealed—just to show off before another strange young girl. He had backed down on what he had promised to do, and it hurt. He had to admit it hurt. He had not thought of it that way before, but now he knew, just as though someone had told him, that he had not been square with Whistling Louie.

"Yes," groaned Willie, "I've acted phony. Why is it everything is phony when women is around?"

Yet there was only one thing to do. Mr. Dodsworth grabbed Whistling Louie by the shoulders and someone else tied a handkerchief around his wrist. Whistling Louie had stopped yelling and was scowling instead in an ugly way. Though Willie tried to be calm, he could not look him in the eye. He waited for Louie to speak, trying to think of something to say back, but Louie did not speak.

They walked in silence to the motor-bus, where Felix was still lying in the road, tied up in the duster. Curiously enough, the sight of Felix seemed to revive Whistling Louie. Before anyone could stop him, even object, he gave Felix a kick—a kick even more hearty than the one the old gent had administered.

"Well," said Whistling Louie, "I'm glad they got you, anyways, I'll tell the world!"

"Anyways?" Felix seemed a little dazed but managed to sit up. "Anyways?"

Whistling Louie always had an ugly face, but Willie had never seen it look so ugly. "So you squealed, did yer?" said Whistling Louie. "Well, here's what you get for squealin'!"

No one ever said that Willie wasn't honest. Although there was no real call for it, he prevented Whistling Louie from kicking Felix again.

"Easy!" he said, and it hurt him to say it with everybody looking on. "It wasn't him. Don't you see it's me who did it?"

Yet strangely enough Whistling Louie did not seem mad. He turned to Willie almost wearily. "Listen," he said, "I'm fair—that's me—fair, see? I don't blame you for breakin' the play when this little rat squealed. When you knew we two was to hold you up with all the rest of 'em, what was there to do? Stand one side and let me kick him again—just once again, that's all!"

Willie stood to one side hastily. There was a look of pain and surprise upon his face, and suddenly he felt queer—very queer.

"Cheest!" he said. "So there was something phony after all!"

Then he heard a voice—that same voice which had been like a bugle call before.

"Oh!" it cried. "Help! Ma's fainted!" And sure enough that fat old dame was swaying toward the ground right in front of Willie, just in time for him to grab her.

"Lady," he said, kneeling beside her politely, "that's all right. She'll rest easy now; she'll come to in a minute."

Old Mr. Dodsworth moved toward her, and the crowd was standing all around. "Give her air," he was saying. "Give her air."

And suddenly Willie was feeling better—better than he had for a long time, for his conscience was clear again. Now that he had heard that stumbling, wretched confession from Whistling Louie, and knew that Whistling Louie had meant to deceive him, Willie knew that his conscience was clear at last, and he spoke again, and his voice was loud and clear. "That's right," he said. "Give her air, ladies and gents, and some of you boys keep hold of those two crooks. Don't let 'em get away. She'll be all right in a minute, if you only give her air."

Suddenly Willie had turned before anyone had noticed and was running down the road where the brown sport car was standing. It was Whistling Louie who saw and struggled against the hands that were holding him.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Someone stop him quick!"

But no one knew what he was saying, or seemed to hear.

Old Mr. Dodsworth was speaking. "One grand little boy!" he was saying. "Yes, folks, one grand boy! We may have laughed at the lies he was telling, but he's a hero just the same."

Whistling Louie found his voice again. "Here!" he yelled. "Are you crazy? He's a common thief, that's what he is, and he's gettin' away! Look, he's gettin' away!"

But instead everyone was looking at the fat old lady who had been lying on the ground. She was sitting up by then with one hand raised to her throat, and suddenly she gave a scream.

"My pearls!" she shrieked. "They're gone!"

Whistling Louie gave another cry; it was almost pitiful to see him.

"Are you crazy?" he shouted again. "Of course they're gone! He lifted 'em off of you when you was fallin' down. He's the slickest lifter in the business, and he's gettin' away! Look! He's gettin' away!"

Everybody was looking by then. Old Mr. Dodsworth himself was looking, and sure enough Willie was not with them. They could see him in the small sport car, and the sport car was moving.

"But he won't get far!" said old Mr. Dodsworth, reaching in his pocket, and then his voice also changed and again his face grew very red.

"Where's my gun?" he shouted. "Confound it! Where's my gun?"

"He's got it!" It was the voice of Felix on the ground which answered, and there was a note of triumph in it—malicious, ungodly triumph. "He don't miss any tricks. And he'd have won the war—I'll say he'd have won the war, if he'd been drivin' the general's car!"

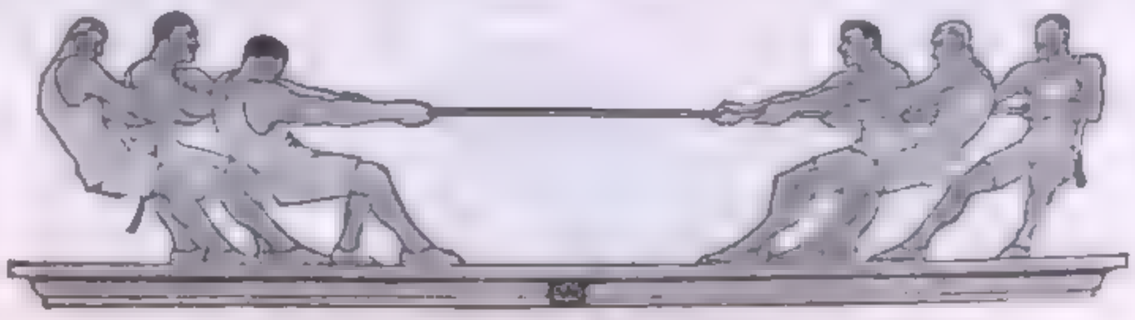
GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 35)

Neighbor Brown is making a hundred dollars a week, he says to himself, "What? That boob making five thousand a year? Then I'm worth twice as much." Thenceforward he makes a resolve that when it comes to hunting another job the lowest price at which he will work will be a hundred dollars a week, never considering that Neighbor Brown may possess valuable knowledge and experience with which he is entirely unacquainted. It doesn't seem to be generally realized that a man of really keen insight isn't half as much interested in the size of his pay envelope as in the extent of his opportunities. Ability, given suitable scope, receives swift recognition.

The relative unimportance of salary compared with the chances for advancement presented by the mere possession of a job is well illustrated by the experience of one of my friends, who, for the purpose of this narrative, shall be given the name of Arthur Ryerson. A few years ago he was manager of one of the large New York hotels, a man of large responsibilities and of commensurate salary. Then came misfortune. A nervous disorder fastened upon him and his marvelous energy and truly great capacity for work faded from him. He was forced to relinquish his position and for two years wrestled with the disorder. Finally, after a long rest cure in various sanatoriums, he felt strong enough to resume his normal course of life.

To regain his old position was unthinkable. A man had been called from another hotel, and to ask him to go was something not to be considered. Besides, he did not feel as though he would like immediately to resume so heavy a burden of responsibility. Thinking, however, that he would again like to become a part of a business at which he had spent so many years, he went to one of the New Jersey coast resorts, and without mentioning his one-time important position in the hotel world, got a job as bookkeeper in one of the more important hostelries. His pay was seventy dollars a month. His knowledge, however, was a thing not so easily hidden, and within a short time he was being consulted about things far removed and much more important than the mere copying of figures into a book.



Although there could have been no way of foretelling it, Ryerson had accidentally arrived at a very opportune time, for within two months the hotel had gone into the hands of receivers and the seventy-dollar-a-month bookkeeper was given complete charge and told to go ahead and make it show a profit. His salary was fixed at seven thousand dollars a year, and so successful was his management that he was retained in the position when the business a year or two later passed into the hands of a syndicate.

Would Ryerson have so speedily regained his accustomed place as the manager of a big hotel if he had fixed some large figure as the minimum at which he would work? Luck seems to be on the side of the man who never permits the big-salary idea to warp his sense of true proportion.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

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OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 13

it was the war that broke down our barriers too. Up to that time even charity work had been done in little cliques according to your social standing. For instance, certain sewing circles affiliated with certain churches were fashionable and others were not, even though they were all working for the benefit of the poor. But when the war came all the women worked together. They worked splendidly, too, and in the process they got to know one another and to realize how silly a lot of their distinctions had been. Since then they've taken much more interest in public affairs, in politics and city improvements of various kinds, and for the first time since our pioneer days we're really democratic."

"There's another reason for that," declared the diplomat, "in the way in which money has changed hands since the war. When you and Jane were talking at dinner I was astonished to find how many people there were who when we were children were considered very wealthy and who have now almost dropped out of things because they've become almost poor. On the other hand, you mentioned names of people who are apparently rich and prominent now that I'd never heard of."

The New Yorker shook his head from side to side. "This conversation completely destroys my faith in modern fiction. I thought after I'd read those books about life in small Middle Western towns that I'd learned all about it. But the things you two say don't check up with any of that. Why is it? Aren't those dull, drab pictures true?"

"Yes, they're true in the sense that a painter's picture of a bleak gray day when all the leaves are off the trees is true," said the diplomat. "They express one season of the year—or rather, the artist's own interpretation of that particular season. If they are well done they are valuable from the standpoint of art. But if you want to understand the entire scene, during all the various seasons of the year, you'd need a vast series of canvases. I always feel when I read these realistic novels that probably the things they describe are there if you feel in the mood to hunt for them, but so far none of them has depicted our town as it appears to me. I suppose it's largely a matter of emphasis."

In the Eye of the Beholder

"Yes," the girl agreed; "I've had moments when I've been living at home when I've thought that the saddest and most desolate story of peasant life ever written by a Russian described me and my monotonous existence perfectly. I've had other times when no novel of Newport or Long Island society pictured anything half so gay or thrilling as our town."

The diplomat nodded. "After all, a small town is only a city seen through a microscope."

"I don't agree with you there," said the girl. "I think a city is a village seen through a telescope in so far as human beings go; but there are certain things which result from the mere numbers of those human beings gathered together which may not change their personalities, but do change the pattern of their lives. That's why I prefer to live in a city."

The New Yorker stared in astonishment. "You prefer to live in a city after all you've said about the charms of a small town?"

"Why not?" asked the other man. "You can say a girl's pretty without wanting to marry her."

"We are Even Developing a Horsy Set and Some of Our Young Men Play Polo"

"Oh, I have even more loyalty than that," she declared. "I'd rather have grown up in our town than in any other place I know. I love to go back to it. I'm terribly sentimental about all the old landmarks and the schools I went to, and of course I love the river. You know that our town is on the Mississippi, don't you? But of course you do if you've passed through it. Heavens, I can still remember the thrills I used to feel when I was going home from boarding school for vacations, and the train would begin to go across the bridge! That meant that it was only a minute or two before we'd get into the station, but it always seemed hours."

"I do remember the river," said the stranger "It was very muddy and yellow"

The former residents of our town looked at each other in astonishment. Then they laughed out loud. "It never occurred to me before. I suppose it is," the diplomat admitted. "But the view is wonderful."

"And now they're building so many new houses along the bluffs. Do you remember how much waste land there was when we were youngsters? Almost everybody built farther in. I believe the original theory was that there was danger of malaria if you were too near the water. At any rate there are a lot of very pretty new places with superb views. Janice and Kenneth have a new addition to their house, with a balcony overhanging the water and a beautiful two-storied library with windows looking up and down the river. Of course it doesn't matter how far out you live now, because everyone has an automobile, and the city has put in bus lines too. The result is a new interest in houses and gardens and interior decorating."

"I'm going to leave you," declared the man from New York, getting to his feet. "You'll tell me next that you have a Ritz Hotel and a Belmont Park."

After he had gone the girl said: "Well, I've seen the time when the horse races at our county fair were just as exciting to me as the Kentucky Derby. And when our new hotel was opened, with an orchestra in the dining room, I was sure that nowhere in the world was there any place more sophisticated or any food more alluring.

"I certainly enjoyed watching our professional baseball team play against the neighboring towns for the tri-state championship more than any Big League games I ever saw. I suppose, like beauty, it's all in the eye of the beholder."

It developed later that the New Yorker, after leaving them, had sought out Mrs. Blank and appealed to her, as one who had been born and brought up in an Eastern metropolis, to tell him just what all the conversation he had heard about our town meant.

"Those two have thrown a veil of glamour over the place," he said in effect. "They ascribe to it all sorts of things that I'm sure can't exist in a little Midwestern town. They say, for instance, that there are—or were until a few years ago—people who drew sharp social distinctions; that there were some families that didn't associate with certain others, and so on. That can't be true, can it, in a place that size?"

Our National Game

"It's absolutely true. I couldn't believe it at first either. When I went out there I thought it would be nice to live in a place that was so small that everybody knew everybody else. But I soon found out that they didn't and they didn't want to."

She told him about the exclusiveness of the boat-club dances, for instance. This club, which was formed in the days when rowing on the river was a popular pastime, became almost entirely social in its character after the advent of the motorboat had destroyed its original reason for existence. Every year they gave several balls as well as a New Year's party for the children. A girl who was eighteen might go to the Thanksgiving Ball and she was then launched in society. Sometimes her family gave her a coming-out party of her own, but this was not necessary. By appearing at the boat-club dances your prestige was automatically established.

"These balls were to our town what the Assemblies were to Philadelphia and Boston. The boat club broke up about fourteen years or so ago and since that time there hasn't been anything to take its place. It used to be hard to get into the golf club, but it's much easier now."

In our town, as in every other community of the United States, there is a close connection between the way you take your exercise and your social standing. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that we are not as a people primarily interested in recreation. Our country was settled originally by men who were not of the leisure classes in Europe, and the continuous flow of foreigners ever since has been, by and large, from strata that sought out our country because they were prepared for hard work and were willing to turn their backs upon social orders in which work was considered ignoble.

In the early part of this century a foreign visitor who traveled from one of our great cities to another was asked when he returned home if the Yankees played any games.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Their national sport is called the business game and their favorite amusement is playing the

(Continued on Page 47

Here's a menu that *is* a menu . . .

READ it and marvel at the appetite of long ago! Thirty guests sat down to this delicious little dinner one evening in 1851, and stayed with it until all of the seventeen courses had been served.

1 Oysters. Mons River Cove, on shell.

2 Soup. Green Turtle. Potage à la Reine.

3 Fish. Fresh Salmon, Lobster Sauce. Baked Rock à la Chambord.

4 Bottom. Turkey, Celery and Oyster Sauce. Chicken and Egg Sauce. Beef Tongues.

5 Cold Dishes. Galantine de Dinde à la Gelée.
Salade à la Volaille, à la Mode Anglaise.
Jambon [illegible]
Mayonnaise of Lobster.
Aspic de Volaille aux Truffes.

6 Entrées Number 1
Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons.
Ris de Veau, Sauce Tomate
Vol-au-Vent à la Financière.
Côtelettes de Mouton.
Croquettes de Volaille.

7 Entrées Number 2.
Pigeons Braisé, Sauce Madère
Arcade de Volaille.
Fricassée de Poulets à la Chevalier.
Lamb Chops Milanaise.
Turtle Steak
Calipash.

8 Roast. Spring Chicken on Toast, Capons Barbet, Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.

9 Pièces Montées.
Swiss Basket
Panier en Nougat.
Vase Montee with Fruit Glacés.
Cottage Basket
Floating Island
Moorish Fountain.
Indian Temple.

Vegetables
White Potatoes.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Green Peas.
Cauliflower
Asparagus.
Sweet Potatoes.
Hominy.
Celery
Spinach.
Dressed Lettuce.

10 Coupes Mousse, Sorbets au Vin de Tokai. (Note. This course was introduced as a novelty and explained by the caterer as intended to "cool the palates, whet the appetites anew, so that they might go at it again with all the zest of a fresh start.")

11 Game
Jack Snipe.
Teal Duck.
Woodcock.
Plover
Celery Hearts.
Ripe Olives
Saratoga Potatoes.

12 Diamond-Back Terrapin.

13 Pastry. (13 varieties — Lemon Pudding, Peach Pie, Méringues, Blancmange, etc.)

14 Confectionery. (10 varieties— Brandy Drops, Burnt Almonds, Nougat de Provence, etc.)

15 Ice Cream and Water Ices. (10 kinds —Biscuit Glacé, Ponche à la Romaine, Champagne Frappé, etc.)

16 Fruits and Nuts (Apples, Figs, Walnuts, Raisins, Pecans, Oranges, Almonds, Filberts, etc.)

17 Café Noir and Liqueurs.

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Lost *thank goodness . . .* the old-fashioned appetite

NO doubt about it—America is losing its appetite. So says Oscar, the world-famed Oscar of the Waldorf. He produces the 76-year-old menu shown on this page, and other menus of bygone days, to prove it.

Today, dinners have shrunk to three or four courses, luncheons to an entrée or a salad, breakfasts—particularly breakfasts!—to a few mouthfuls . . . What has caused this change? . . . Four reasons are given by those who study such matters scientifically: Decreased physical activity. Increased artificial heat. Modern hurry and nervousness. And, lastly, modern abhorrence of fat.

For all these reasons, we want less food. In a sense, we need less food—less food to build energy, less food to maintain body heat. *But we still need, and will always need, all the essential food elements that Nature planned for the human race.* People were pretty sure to get them all from the big, old-fashioned meals, with their great variety of dishes. They didn't know what "balanced diet" meant, but they got it, just the same. Today, in planning our restricted menus, we must apply modern knowledge of food values, to be sure of getting the varied food elements health demands.

That is why Grape-Nuts finds a daily place on millions of American breakfast tables. *A single serving of this delicious, ready-to-serve food, eaten with milk or cream, contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal.* It gives the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

The grains from which Grape-Nuts is made—wheat and malted barley—are subjected to a special baking process. This fully develops the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food easy to digest, and makes it crisp. You'll really chew Grape-Nuts and enjoy chewing it! Your dentist will tell you that it's important to eat food like this every day, so that teeth and gums may have proper exercise.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. Try it tomorrow morning. It makes a small breakfast a safe breakfast, and any breakfast a better breakfast . . . Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts, free—and "A Book of Better Breakfasts."

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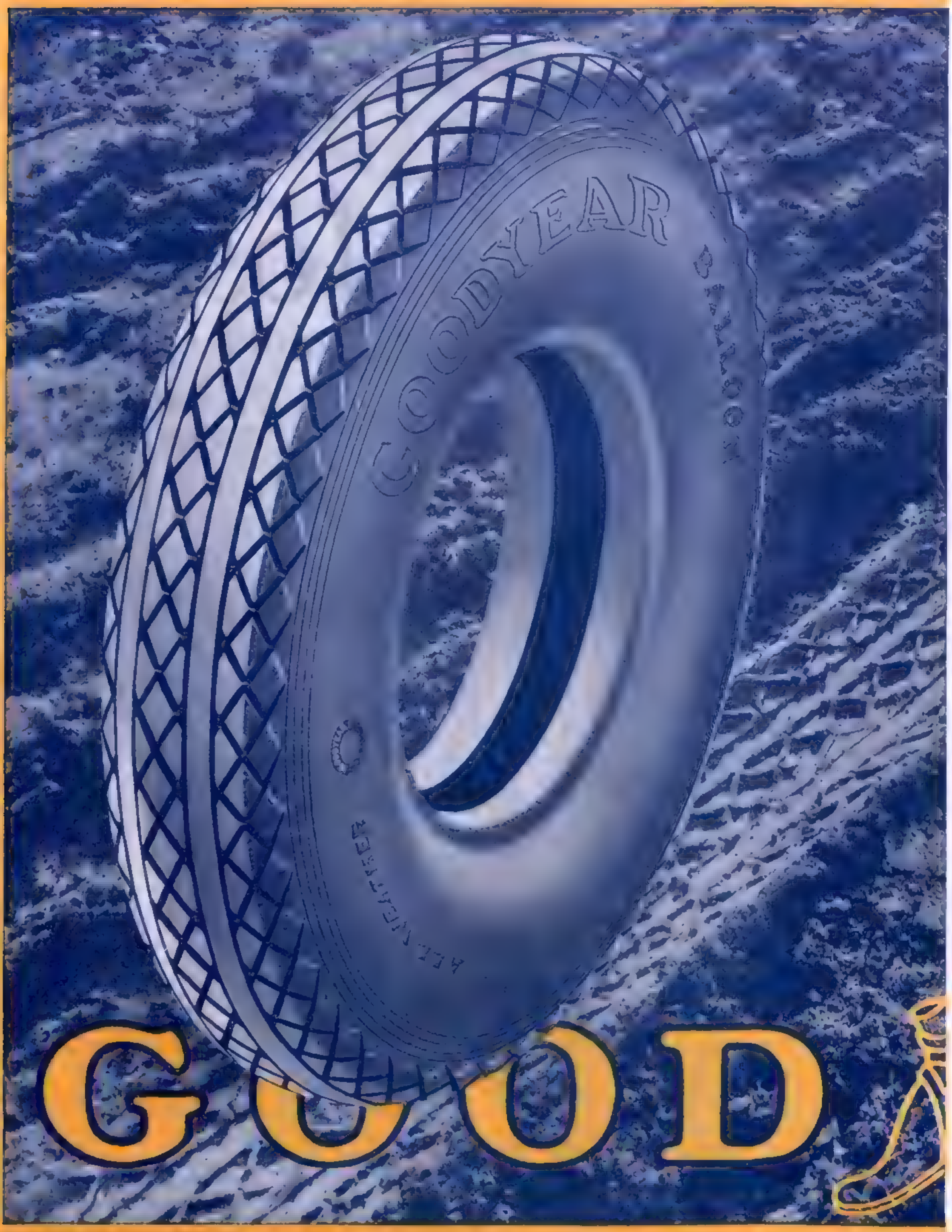

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 42)

market. They talk of these two things always, even at meals. They enjoy nothing else."

This criticism has been made year after year by the stream of Europeans who discover us one after another and who are astonished to find that we not only make money but enjoy the process. They seem unable to understand that romance and adventure mean different things in our vocabulary than they do in theirs.

At a dinner table in a European city, for instance, a stranger may ask, "Who is that distinguished-looking man with dark eyes and a red ribbon across his chest?"

"Oh, he is a very romantic figure. Did you never hear of the famous duel he fought with So-and-So because they were both in love with that beautiful Spanish dancer?"

The stranger at a typical dinner in America may ask, "Who is that man on the right of the hostess who has such an interesting face?"

But in this case nine times out of ten the reply will be: "Oh, he is a very romantic figure. He started out as a very poor boy, worked his way through school, studied law at nights and has had a brilliant business career which he's fought for every step of the way."

It is not by accident that we call business a game in this country. To the typical American man, and to increasing numbers of women, it represents the keenest competition, into which all one's resourcefulness, mother wit and strength of character may be thrown.

"In England, the upper classes have evolved a perfect system of country life. Gentlemen may shoot and hunt and play cricket and tennis with the least possible waste of time. Their households are adapted to it, and their clothes and all their accessories are perfect," declared an American who had just returned from his first trip abroad. "But over here we use all that efficiency and thought about details in our businesses. We wouldn't dream of taking such pains over a performance that at best can end only in bringing down a few birds or coming home with a fox's tail at the end of a hard day's work. It wouldn't amuse us."

As the days of pioneering both in land and in money-making retreat farther into the past, however, and the daily lives of the well-to-do become less strenuous, more and more Americans do find amusement in various forms of sport, although the time is still far distant when the majority will consider any form of recreation as permanently absorbing as work.

Golf-Club Prestige

For the very reason that in the past sport has been limited to the small minority of Americans who possessed money and leisure in abundance, it has carried a social significance which astonishes a foreigner.

Our golf club was founded about thirty years ago by a small group of our prominent citizens who had been initiated into the game while visiting in Chicago. They decided to buy land and put up a clubhouse several miles outside the city limits with the idea of playing golf. But it was not their intention to let everyone in town play. On the contrary, they felt that only men of certain standing and attainments should belong. The qualifications for membership were strictly social. In this regard our country club resembled almost all others in this country. Eligibility for membership had nothing to do with sportsmanship.

If you said, several years ago, "The Smiths belong to the golf club," you were saying in effect, "The Smiths are very nice people. They have social standing in our town." It was not quite so exclusive as the boat club had been, but the town was growing and our society grew with it.

On Saturday nights in summer there were the usual dinner dances. The seven-o'clock trolley cars going out to the club would be crowded with girls in light evening dresses and men in white flannel trousers. The other passengers could be certain as they saw them troop off at the entrance to the clubhouse that they were viewing the city's smart set.

Now, of course, everyone dashes out in his own motor car if he goes at all. But the most sophisticated say they find these parties rather dull. Our most prosperous citizens go to Palm Beach and Europe; not every year, but often enough to sniff the aroma of cosmopolitanism. When they return to the simpler pleasures of our town their noses are apt to remain in this uncomfortable attitude of superiority.

The Social Standard

We have always had a group like this, but a generation ago we attributed their aloofness to the fact that they had been brought up in the East and come to our town for reasons of business. We did not resent their air of having known a more complex society. In fact, we were rather pleased by it, for it made us feel wearily worldly.

"But today it's the home boys and girls who make up the smart set," mourned one of the older generation who deplores the veneer she calls cocktail-and-cigarette culture. "If any of them had lived for years in large cities, or had been a part of the most fashionable Long Island set, I might forgive them. But their standard of entertainment isn't based on anything real they've known. They've just made it up."

If this is true their imaginations must be excellent, for the result is a social order astonishingly like that to be found in the prosperous suburbs of any large city in America. This transition from small-town atmosphere to suburban is the most significant social change that has occurred in our town for fifty years.

We have even discovered the social value of the horse. The name given our newest exclusive club is the original Indian name of our town. Its members ride and play polo, which presupposes the ownership of a number of good horses.

"Did it ever occur to you that horses, like diamonds, have value in exact proportion to their scarcity?" said a philosophic onlooker of our town whose family were pioneers there before the Civil War. "I remember when I was a boy everybody used to ride horseback. We never thought anything about it. Some of my friends whose families were Virginians used to hunt continuously. They'd get up at three in the morning, when it was bitter cold, and ride after coons. They thought it was the finest of all sports. But they were casual about it. They didn't have to belong to a hunt club or wear any special kind of clothes. Their minds were concentrated on the number of coons or foxes they could get." He sighed. "They'd certainly be surprised if they could see the way in which riding and hunting have become fashionable since the automobile threatened to extinguish the horse. I suppose it's simply because horses have become so much more expensive and riding so much more difficult that it seems more desirable. Snobbery is always based on demand being greater than the supply."

Nevertheless, in our town, as in other communities, the set who are interested in horses may carry social prestige to the outsider, but their own attention is primarily centered in the sport itself. It is easy enough to be a member of a country club without ever owning a golf club or a tennis racket, but in order to make a polo team it is necessary to be expert in the saddle. It may be the very impossibility of pretense in this realm that has surrounded the hunting set everywhere with an aura of social superiority.

The members of this crowd in our town and their wives replace the smart set of a generation ago, but there are no people who take the place of the substantial older group who used to be our social arbiters.

"I think the thing I miss most when I go back," said one of the men who grew up in our town and has achieved success in an Eastern city, "is that there is no longer anyone who refuses to have anyone else in his or her house. I don't mean that they don't go around in little cliques, which of course presupposes a certain amount of exclusion, but today the exclusion is based on such different lines.

"When I was a boy the half dozen women who were looked up to as social leaders were considered snobs by lots of people because they simply would not let their children associate with certain other children; and there were certain men and women they would not invite to their houses even when these people were invited to the houses of their less fastidious friends. If they were challenged about it they always had some definite reason based on individual conduct. 'I won't ask So-and-So because he drinks too much'; or, 'My daughter cannot go to Mrs. So-and-So's dinner because I thoroughly disapprove of her.' Usually these verdicts could be backed up by actual observation. But that was twenty years ago. When you go home today and hear them talking about whom they're going to ask to some party they say, 'Oh, don't ask him! He's an awful bore'; or, 'For heaven's sake don't accept her invitation to dinner. She's the worst prude in town.'"

"In other words," said a loyal resident, "you are complaining because our town has followed the universal order of the day and has adopted amusement as the only test of companionship."

"Of course I complain of it! I see enough of that kind of thing in the city I live in. When I come back to our town I want to find unalterable prejudices and rigid social distinction based on people's morals and manners."

"You might just as well look for hoop skirts and crinolines. All that went out with the Elsie books."

He went on to say more seriously that the general shake-up caused by the war had resulted in a number of new alignments which had vastly improved the social order as a whole.

"For the first time since its earliest pioneer days, our town has become really democratic. You were astonished to find so many names on the list of members of the golf club that you didn't know. You were even more surprised to find names of people there whose fathers and mothers would never have been admitted in your day. Don't you see what a hopeful sign that is?"

For the Game Itself

The thesis he developed was that all society up to the present has been based upon purely fictitious values. "I grant you there was something satisfying in old Mrs. Blank's refusal to entertain a certain man because he drank too much. But did you ever stop to consider how many others of her intimate circle of friends and even relatives shared his fault? And the lady who wouldn't let her daughter go to Mrs. So-and-So's because she disapproved let her go to a great many other houses where everything that might be merely hinted about Mrs. So-and-So was known to be true of the hostess. No, those exclusions weren't so fine as you think they were. They were merely a convenient weapon to use against newcomers who weren't, for some reason, desirable. The test of their insincerity on moral grounds is that they were never used against people who were already firmly intrenched and therefore powerful."

He spoke at length about the benefits which had occurred from the bursting of this bubble. "I don't mean," he interposed, "that I object to people refusing to associate with others because they disapprove of them. That's everyone's privilege, and if it's lived up to it might do a lot of good. The thing that I object to is the hypocritical attitude which uses high principles to cloak a totally different prejudice."

"I don't think you've entirely convinced me on the negative side," said the visitor. "I liked the old order—perhaps because my family were fortunate enough to be well thought of. But what evidence have you got to offer that's affirmative? You say it's a good sign that there are so many strange names on the golf-club list. Why is it?"

"Because there's much keener interest in the game itself now. Men want to join the club not for social prestige but to play golf. We come nearer approximating conditions in Scotland, where the game originated. Good heavens, you don't suppose they look upon it as a society function over there, do you? They'd hoot at the idea!

"The fishing clubs are more popular, too, than they used to be. Do you think that has nothing to do with our democratization? Well, it has. Because there is no such interest in society as there used to be, and women are more willing to relax and enjoy recreation as an end in itself rather than have a weather eye out to make sure they're relaxing in just the right company. Furthermore, if the whole town hadn't worked together to get the passenger bridge across the Mississippi, it wouldn't be possible to get over to the lake so easily. We got the habit of working together during the war and the women helped tremendously. The bridge has made Illinois accessible by motor and has given us all a greater sense of space than we used to have. I think that's good for our provincialism."

Out of Her Rôle

The tendency toward suburbanism which our town is showing, in common with great numbers of other midland towns, has been increased tremendously by this new route to the great city of the prairies. Many of the well-to-do residents of our town motor over to Chicago a good many times a year in order to shop or to see a new play or the Field Museum or to hear the opera or visit friends. They have begun to feel at home there. It is becoming to them what New York is to Yonkers, and Boston is to Worcester. Often they know more about the current cultural and artistic activities than the average Chicagoan of the same class.

Moreover, on the trip across the neighboring state they pass through various towns which until recently they had never seen, and they perceive that some of these are bigger and more bustling than our town, and others are smaller and sleepier, and they acquire a sharpened perspective about their own habitat.

We have always insisted that we knew our own faults. In fact, most of the humorous stories which we tell on ourselves both as individuals and as a part of our town concern our failure at some crucial moment to live up to more sophisticated standards.

One of our most attractive girls studied something or other in New York one winter. Due to some distant family connections, she was invited to dine one night with a smart young man whose name was well enough known in the social world to have reached even our town. Our heroine, who related the adventure with delightful humor afterward, exerted herself to live up to him. She discarded everything the local dressmaker had evolved in the way of evening dresses and at a good deal of sacrifice she bought a dinner gown which satisfied the most critical Manhattan standards. She had her hair done a new way by some expert coiffeur, and, in short, she resorted to all the devices by which women hope to improve upon Nature. The result was excellent. The worldly young man was delightfully attentive. Far from appearing to notice anything suggesting unsophistication, she realized from his manner that he considered her an initiated member of the *haut monde*.

The next morning she woke up full of exuberance because she had made a conquest. It was not the man himself she cared so much about, but the fact that she had been able to play a difficult rôle so successfully. She was so full of good spirits

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that after a hearty breakfast she decided that she must do something energetic. She seized the pile of laundry, which had been tied up in a large bath towel for two days waiting for the delivery boy to call for it. She put on an old coat and her most disreputable hat. Humming a gay tune, she ran down the steps of the brownstone house where she boarded and into the bright spring sunlight, with the large white bundle swung over her shoulder. The laundry was only half a block away.

But before she had gone six steps she came face to face with the young man of the night before. He was splendidly attired in a tweed suit and chamois gloves; he was even more impressive than he had been the night before. In his hand he, too, held a parcel, but it was a very, very small one—a square box, indeed, containing orchids. He stared at her, aghast, unable to believe that this unkempt creature could be one with the beautifully groomed girl he had seen only a few hours before. He thrust the box into her free ungloved hand and fled.

"And I never saw him again!" By the time she finished telling the story, there were always tears of merriment in her eyes.

Then there was the girl, our most beautiful girl, who received a telegram one morning from a man she had met in the East announcing his arrival that very day, as he was going to the Coast and could stop off for a few hours. She probably reflected, as all the feminine population of our town has reflected at some time or other, that the through trains which whistle into our sooty station every day are a great aid to romance.

First Aid for Wounded Pride

The thing she concentrated upon, however, was the luncheon hour. Their regular time for the midday meal was at quarter-past twelve. Her father came home from his prosperous manufacturing plant at that hour, and her younger brothers arrived, famished, from school. Her mother pointed out that it was impossible to change.

"But nobody eats at quarter-past twelve!" the girl mourned. "Everybody I've ever stayed with in the East has luncheon at half-past one. He'll think we're terrible! I can't bear it!"

Her mother was an understanding person who realized that the suffering of the young, no matter how false the premise on which it is based, may be sharp and deep. She tried, therefore, to settle the question by saying that the family would lunch at the usual hour, but her daughter and her guest could lunch at half-past one.

The girl was appeased. "Without actually saying anything, I'll make him think everyone else is lunching out today," she said.

She assumed the young man would telephone her when he arrived and that she would then tell him when he was expected—instead of which he got into a taxi and came directly up to the house. He got there at exactly quarter-past twelve. Her father and her brothers greeted him. The maid announced luncheon. The masculine members of the family, not knowing anything of the plan, swept the visitor out to the dining room with them. The table lacked two places. Moreover, because of the necessity of serving two luncheons unexpectedly, the cook had reserved for the second affair the choicest food and prepared a meal just adequate for the number she expected.

To the girl it was a nightmare. She was so self-conscious and unhappy that even when it was all over and they were alone she could not relax and enjoy herself. It was more than two years later, after she was engaged to another man, that she saw the humor of the situation and incorporated it into her repertory of good stories.

Everyone in our town has his favorite anecdote illustrating some variation of this theme. There is the man who was traveling in Europe and was overcome by fear because at some party he was seated next to a fascinating countess with an unpronounceable name. He dug up bits of worldly conversation, he brought out French phrases forgotten since his college days, he complimented her extravagantly on possessing that *je ne sais quoi* which sets European charmers so definitely apart from all American women. And after all his effort she turned to him at last and said: "Say, listen, you don't need to talk like that if you don't want to. I was born in Iowa myself!"

We all went on telling the funny stories of our failures in the great world, and we believed that by our telling we convinced everyone of our complete indifference to the ignominy of living in a small Middle Western town. We thought that our jokes meant that we possessed the kind of detachment known as Olympian.

Unfortunately one of our enterprising young women discovered psychoanalysis not long ago; and she learned, among the few things which could be spoken of openly, that all humor is defensive. We laugh only to hide our wounds.

Not long ago one of our most delightful women went to a summer resort in the Adirondacks, and when she came home she chuckled about the supercilious attitude of many of the people there when she had said she came from our town.

The exponent of the new theory pounced upon her: "You don't really think it's funny. You were really hurt by it—now, weren't you?"

"Yes, I guess I was," the other answered. "Or at any rate I was angry. There's something so infuriating about people being snobbish on mere geographical lines. And if they had been people of great prominence or personal achievements I might have been less annoyed; but they weren't. They were people who had originated in Brooklyn or the wrong suburb of Philadelphia or who lived in some little place in Massachusetts not half so progressive as our town. But they seemed to think that just because they were from the East they could look down on anyone from the Middle West. Of course I resent it! After all, my people were from the East, too, and from much better families than lots of those who've just stayed there because they didn't have the courage my grandfather had when he came out here and risked everything he had."

Sooner or later, in all discussion about our town, this note of pride is struck. We remember that the very year after the Government bought the land from the Indians in 1839, the first white settlers not only braved incredible hardships in order to make their homes there but they immediately opened a log-cabin school where the young who came with the early pioneers might be taught. We had many schools; before long we had churches and a college and a public library.

As the community grew more prosperous boys were sent to Eastern universities and girls to finishing schools, with a three months' tour of Europe to complete the job. Churches played a prominent part in the town's life not only directly but because so often they were guided by men of cultural background and human sympathies.

During the war we were astonished to learn that the Germans must be thought of as totally bad, because in our town they had contributed much of value. The most fashionable women's club used to be the German Coffee Club, where only this language was spoken. Today the corresponding group of younger women is called Le Cercle! A number of representative German families came to our town after the Revolution of 1848, and among other things they taught us appreciation of good food and good music. We had an excellent musical club for many years and developed composers, as well as performers who were able to take distinguished places as professionals after they had left our town and gone out into the world to try their fortunes.

We have theatrical stars on Broadway, editors on big metropolitan dailies, a painter in Spain, a noted pianist in Paris and successful business men everywhere.

A Background for Memories

They come home less and less frequently as they become more and more distinguished. This is not because they fail to receive sufficient adulation, for we are generous in our praise and give them banquets and make speeches and write columns about our pride in their achievements in the two daily papers. But the outside world claims them and our town becomes in time a background for their youthful memories, like a series of faded tapestries which are none the less beautiful because with age their colors have become less bright.

They picture a town cold and white in winter, green in the summertime, with giant leafy trees, which was built high upon bluffs overlooking the islanded river, almost a century ago. Those early settlers who turned their backs on the established comfortable order they knew and came to our town from Ohio and New England and Kentucky and Maryland believed that in time it would become a great city because it was such an advantageous port for the tremendous Mississippi River traffic, which was destined never to materialize. Then seventy years ago railroads began pushing their iron noses across the continent and its career started again. This time it was to become a great city by virtue of being a railroad center.

Today these dreams of greatness have disappeared. It is just a small town. At least to outsiders, who have never coasted down its hills on bobsleds when the sleet stung their faces or learned from an excursion boat's calliope that spring had come, it is just a small town.

HE MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

It was a three-seater. Mrs. Kinney and the colonel took the third seat and Gloria and his father the second. The women got in alertly, their high heels clicking on the deck, their sleek knees flashing among their skirts. His father motioned Ronny to sit next to the aviator, because it was his birthday treat. Ronny got in.

It was like sitting on a leather cushion in a high-sided tin bathtub, behind the smudged dimness of the short windshield. There were things—rods and handles—dangerous-looking things, between Ronny's feet, which he would not have touched for worlds, and behind, overhead, the loom and shadow of the great wings.

Gloria's jeweled hand patted his shoulder. "So nice of you, darling, to have this marvelous birthday!" she was crying, in that gay scream which made his very eardrums cringe. Suddenly the roar of the engine exploded in a thuttering numbness of sound that clamped mufflers on their hearing. Ronny felt his skin chill and crawl. They were off.

At the same time he had a flash of panicky decision that he must not clench his hands where this aviator could see them. There was something careless and matter-of-fact and young about him, which Ronny suddenly wished that he could emulate. So that, while the plane taxied out on the smooth bay water, rocking a little as it curved and thundered between the high black sides of oil tankers, past white bows of yachts, in an increasing blur of speed, he was equally concerned in watching his hands, fixed in a pose of relaxation on his knees. He was bracing himself for what he knew must come, the first sickening leap upward. It did not come. There was only a slight adjustment in the angle of the seat. The water at a distance looked lower than it had been. And he suddenly realized that they were up, although he could feel no sensation in himself but a quickening of his heartbeats.

All around the plane the sapphire level of the bay was deepening and lowering. The plane ground ceaselessly, climbing with a great, roaring steadiness the orderly staircase of the wind. There was reality in it, and stolidity. Ronny felt a strange sense of lifting upward into a freedom from earthly things, a consciousness of wide salt wind and tremendous reaches of sunny air. He had forgotten about relaxing his hands now, and his heart was pounding, but in him climbed, as the plane climbed, an amazement and a new delight. He was hardly afraid at all. It was astonishing. It was delicious.

As the plane wheeled, lifted its nose, climbed, wheeled and lifted in enormous roaring circles, the earth wheeled slowly beyond the side. The checkered green, the crowded glistening roof tops of Miami, stretching west to a mist of Everglades and sky, wheeled also. The blue bay floor wheeled, which was at this height bright turquoise, streaked with lime green, which whitened lightly on each side of the lean elbow of the causeway, where cars slid like beetles. Beyond Ronny's right bathtub rim circled the straight lines of trees and streets that were Miami Beach; the apron patches of green that were golf links; the small squares that were hotel roofs, house roofs, patches and rectangles of color flattened on the ground. Then, as they climbed higher and the plane lurched a little, heading into the vast sea wind, there before them, dim through the windshield, reaching out tremendously to right hand and to left, lay the ocean, a vast lavender miracle, wrinkling a little and reaching out, reaching out so enormously to the stretched horizon that it seemed to rise to meet it, to melt into it, and mingle, in the distance all one smoking, imperceptible blue.

High and far above it, yet somehow not remote, because there was nothing with which to measure the distance between, the plane snored straight eastward now upon the crystal level of its pathway, rocking a little upon its invisible cradling of air, strangely real, strangely prosaic, a thing of wood and metal, weighty, hard to the touch, solid to rest upon, commonplace in a world gone wonderful with high magic, all blue air and bluer unbelievable sea.

Beside Ronny the aviator's sunburned profile was calm. His hands moved only occasionally now on the controls. His manner was easy and assured. From time to time he glanced about him, out at the sea below his left shoulder; once across Ronny at the sky; and once, with a long narrowed glance, at something behind and overhead, at a wire or strut or something, which for some imperceptible reason had caught his attention. Ronny followed his glance with a little pricking thrill, but found himself nodding and grinning at Mrs. Kinney in the back seat, beyond his father's shoulder, and at Gloria's brilliant, enthusiastic face. His father and Colonel Kinney grinned at him briefly, eyes narrowed and faces still, with the manner of men enjoying themselves sedately. Ronny felt a sudden glow of friendship for all of them. Against the vastness of the background, underlaid still with the thought of his fear, they were familiar and dear and reassuring. He was overwhelmed with thankfulness that he had not shown them how much he had been afraid. The thuttering roar of the engines which shut about them so completely was

not so noticeable. Ronny felt a sudden impulse to lean over and tell his father now all about how afraid of things he was. It seemed as if an ordinary tone could have carried and that in this moment of exultation his father would understand and forgive everything. As if Ronny did not know well enough, at the same moment, that the difference between his father and himself was more impenetrable than the roar.

The plane had been moving steadily upon its level above the vast wrinkled ultramarine of ocean for some thirty minutes now. Far behind, the mainland had melted into the mist that at the horizon blurred from sea color into sky color, like the bloom on a grape. Before them the islands were equally obscured. Occasionally the plane lifted or joggled slightly, as the wings bucked the booming trade wind, but on the whole it was stable, lulling into oblivion remembered fears. Ronny was growing happier and happier in knowing himself relaxed, even sleepy, under the numbing drone.

He could let his glance fall down over the side for a minute or two, with no feeling in the pit of his stomach. He grew bolder, making himself stick his head out almost into the wind to stare down. But suddenly then, like a dropped weight, he was hit by a dreadful image of himself leaping to his feet and pitching over there, head first and hurtling down the vast empty drop. The suddenness of it caught him in the stomach and the throat so that his spine crept. He withdrew his glance hurriedly to the comfortable commonplace within—dials and indicators, floor boards, the aviator's strong freckled hands, and his own feet. They helped to steady him physically, but horror still mounted within him, not so much at the outside world, perilous as it had become again for him, but at the suddenly revealed depths of strangeness in himself. Perhaps it was not only that he was utterly unlike his father but that he was different from all normal men. Perhaps within his very brain crawled the maggots of unbalance. At that moment he felt it was even possible for him to go mad and scream, and leap screaming over there. Ugh. Yet, of course, it was not so. It was only his imagination. But a he man would never have been troubled by fancies as sick as that.

It was at that moment that Ronny, fighting to calm the tumult in him by staring fixedly at the aviator's hands, saw the right one jerk as the whole plane lurched sideways. He saw the aviator throw a glance over his shoulder even while his hands and feet made curt gestures with the controls. The plane righted, but tossed violently before lurching again. Ronny, throwing a look back and up, saw a broken thing hanging and banging at one wing—a great blue hole and long rags of canvas. The vast circle of the sea below them was tipping up and circling like the surface of water in a tilted cup. The man beside him, working tensely, shot a look at him, a queer, tight-lipped grin, and the plane slid downward slowly, circling and nosing, with occasional moments of level. The engine roared as usual, and the air seemed calm.

The conviction that something was wrong, that something was awfully wrong, came to Ronny with a surprising slowness. The very worst things happened to him only in his imagination. When it was a matter of outward affairs which older men had always controlled so much better than he, it was hard to believe them capable of accident. The dark floor of the sea was rushing toward them in dizzy circles. And yet there was no horror in this for him, as there had been in the thought of plunging alone. Something had gone wrong, that was all, and the aviator had told him in that one glance that he was going to make a landing. Ronny had much more confidence in him than he would ever have in himself. They would probably land all right.

It was like sliding down an enormous shoot-the-chute, even to the water at the bottom. The ocean was there, rushing up to the pitch of the plane's nose, a ridged, blurry surface of deep blue. They were going to land all right. Ronny was certain. He was growing a little pleased with himself. There was even a breath of relief at the more familiar level after all that breathless height.

The engine subsided into a low growl. The wind screamed in the wires as if for the first time, and below grew the long rustling rumor of the waves. He could see whitecaps flashing now over brilliant sapphire hollows. Why, these waves were high, he thought confusedly, leaning back against the steepness. The faint scream of a woman behind him came only a second before the shock and bounce of landing, with the crash and drench of flying cold water. When their bouncing slide lost momentum they were immediately bucked about, tossed and dropped and flung on the strong new element as if in a light, top-heavy dory. The hiss and surge of waves were around them, dark blue water hurling itself northwestward, blue black in the hollows and laced with snowy streaks of foam.

Ronny turned at once to look back and grin at his father, still exhilarated with himself and with his sudden sense of adventure. It was like looking at people whom he had not seen for years, who were changed, yet completely familiar. His father met his glance with a face like bronzed rock, in which the eyes were a little fixed. He and they all were engaged in the almost violent business of keeping their balance in the lurching dip and rise of the plane, topheavy as it was and beaten by the wind, upon the strong waves which rose before them, jagged and frowning, which heaved them up with an unremitting power and passed behind them for others hurrying and trampling on.

Gloria Cargill was clinging with one hand to his father's arm, and with the other was straightening her bright green hat. Mrs. Kinney's plucked eyebrows were lifted over the roundness of her eyes in an almost ridiculous expression of amazed protest, and Colonel Kinney, holding her tightly, was crimson to his heavy dewlaps, and swearing visibly. Ronny was happy that he had not yet revealed himself to these courageous people.

The aviator jerked off his helmet and became immediately individual and human. His blue eyes were anxious in a bony sun-reddened face. His bleached hair bristled on his head, and his eyelashes were bleached. Ronny remembered suddenly that his name was Bill. He looked more disturbed than any of them.

"Well, folks," he said, "I sure am sorry. That strut busted like a match stick. Somebody will get murdered for this, if I have to do it myself. Hope the ladies are all right. There's nothing to worry about, of course. Perhaps I can patch it." He crawled backward between them and onto the back of the fuselage.

"Want any help?" Andrew Burgess called, with his eyes warm and lively again. "Rotten luck. I've been ready for a bottle of beer for the last fifteen minutes. Hope this won't make us too late for lunch."

Ronny, looking up at Bill as he climbed over the seat and seeing the curious slant look he cast down at his father's nonchalance, knew as suddenly as if he had spoken that the matter was to be graver than that. He clung to the edge of his seat as the plane swung down in a smashing burst of spray that flew over them and stung their faces, considering the thing soberly. The violence of those Gulf Stream waves was still almost unbelievable. They had looked down so long upon the seeming flatness of this water. Ronny's clothes were getting wet and he shifted about on his seat to avoid the stinging spray that came inboard.

His father and Gloria Cargill were singing "Where do we go from here?" and "When do we eat?" with voices that seemed a little too boisterous. He knew that Gloria was showing what a good sport she could be, for his father's admiration, who watched her powder her nose and rouge, and do over her lips with the scarlet lipstick. Gloria was lovely, glancing sidewise into her tiny mirror, sidewise up at him. Mrs. Kinney was not singing. Her plump cheeks had gone a little sallow under the rouge, and her bright yellow hat and bright yellow dress looked startling on her. She sat hunched up very close to her husband, with her eyes fixed upon the lifting wave tops. Colonel Kinney patted her hand regularly and watched Bill.

As the plane lifted to a racing wave Ronny could look out over the sea to some distance to more racing blue wave tops with flashes of white boiling at their crests, under the dazzling beat of the sun. The horizon that had shrunk to this, from the vast sweep of the air, was jagged and uneasy with waves, and the sky beyond it was a remote unnoticed blue. It was the sea that had suddenly taken the menace that the air had had; the sea, looming and tossing around the incongruous smallness of the plane, an awkward alien, unfitted for this heavier element. It seemed to Ronny that they sat a little lower among these waves than they had at first.

The aviator, Bill, was slashing at a tangle of stiff canvas and wires and broken sticks under the lower wing. Ronny saw him slip and the tangle drop into the water, where it hung and splashed, held by a single wire. The plane veered suddenly at the crest of a wave and Ronny saw it plunge, stern down, on the wreckage. With a scream from Mrs. Kinney, a broken strut crashed through a thin floor board and in the jagged rip sea water bubbled smoothly, wetting their feet and ankles and legs.

"Hey, look here!" Ronny's father called suddenly. "We're getting wet! Here, Bill; come here and fix this! Put your feet up, Gloria. It's all right, Mrs. Kinney. We'll be all right presently."

Ronny had been certain his father would take charge of things. He was splendid. His voice was loud and confident and reassuring. Only Ronny could not make himself believe that nothing was the matter. Things looked bad to him. Bill's face told him the same thing, slipping and splashing back along the wet fuselage, like a whale back, low in the water.

The water was rapidly filling the cockpit. There wasn't any use being too cheerful, Ronny was thinking, climbing up to sit crouched uncomfortably on the back of the seat. His father and Gloria did it, laughing. But Mrs. Kinney had to be helped up and then held, perched precariously, her round dismayed eyes still fixed on the coming water. Colonel Kinney held her, with his ruddy face turning a curious congested purple. Ronny saw suddenly that the Kinneys were afraid, and he was sorry for them. It was dreadful to be afraid.

The plane had sunk with the weight of water in the cockpit, but now it seemed not to be sinking any more.

Bill scrambled wetly up beside Ronny and spoke to the others, "This isn't so good, folks, but it isn't so bad. The old bus is knocked out, but it can't sink any more and we're not so far from Bimini now. We may even drift quite near, the way the stream runs. Somebody's sure to pick us up almost any minute, because we're in the direct line of boats from Miami to Bimini and they'll report by and by that we haven't arrived. All we've got to do now is hang on."

His glance met Ronny's on the last words, and Ronny saw that in spite of his cheerful, matter-of-fact voice, his eyes were wide and unwinking. Ronny's own eyes were like that. As they stared at each other for a long moment, Ronny felt a sudden warmth of understanding and comradeship leap between them. After all, Bill was not so very much older than he was, for all the weathered maturity of his face. That glance linked them, by their youth, by their common ability to look at the situation, without too much fear or too much optimism. These others must be protected at all costs.

"Are you with me?" said Bill's glance to Ronny, and Ronny's answered instantly, "You betcha life."

Bill withdrew his gaze abruptly to unlace his shoes and take them off. Ronny did the same, glad to feel his toes free in the water. He watched one shoe float a minute and then go over the side in a slap of water from a running wave. Bill was plucking up the wet cushions from the seats below the water.

"They'll float," he said briefly. "You hang onto this one, Mrs. Kinney. And listen here. The back of these seats are going to get awfully uncomfortable in about a minute. It would be easier if we all got down on the fuselage, even if it is partly in the water. Then the ladies can hang onto these cushions too. That's right, isn't it, sir?"

He appealed to Andrew Burgess, and Ronny saw his father brighten visibly, as if glad of something to do. "Perhaps you could show them, sir," Bill further suggested, and Andrew turned and slid back gingerly over the wet surface, lowering himself with one hand on a strut down on the incline, so that he rested with his legs in the water, but his body supported.

"It is better," he said promptly. "Come along, Gloria. Help Mrs. Kinney, colonel. Here, grab my hand. You won't get any wetter than you are now. It's not half bad."

Ronny and Bill and the colonel, splashing in the water, held Mrs. Kinney and lowered her, quite mute now, down to Andrew Burgess. Gloria went next, laughing. Her green silk dress clung wetly to her lithe figure, and she moved with much more assurance than the other woman, and seemed somehow more suited to the watery and difficult background. Her face was not so tense either, but somehow the bright spots of rouge on each cheek, the darkened eyelashes, the scarlet curve of mouth seemed to stand away from her face a little, as if the flesh were shrinking. After Colonel Kinney had followed them with ponderous caution and a very tight grip of Ronny's shoulder, the four hung there in a row, their eyes looking upward at Bill and Ronny clinging above them and at the jagged wave crests racing down upon them, with the same look. It was a mute look, guarded, expectant, a little humble. Their lifted eyes made something in Ronny ache with pity for them. They looked so helpless, hanging there, in the smashing dangerous water. They were looking at Bill and him as if the two had suddenly taken on an unguessed power and significance. Ronny tried to think of something else to do for them to still the tightness in his throat.

"Let's cut some of that wire, Bill," he said. "Maybe we can put it around them, so that they wouldn't have to hang on so tightly. Got a knife? I have."

They worked, balancing, slipping, plunging about on top of the fuselage, over which the highest waves sent a skim of water, twisting and cutting and clinging to the wing frames as they could. When four lengths of the wire had been hacked off, Bill slid down to the Kinneys, Ronny to his father and Gloria. There was enough to twist around the body of each, but it was hard to bend it around a strut so that it would stay fastened against the roll and jerk of the plane. Half the time Ronny was completely in the water, working with one hand, sprawling, while his father helped. When a higher wave reared above them, hissing, they had to stop working and hang on tightly, their heads and shoulders barely above the smother, their bodies banging against the wood.

Once Ronny lost the last piece of wire overboard and had to dive for it, clutching it luckily in the boiling depth below. But the swimming was actually a refreshment to him. To be able to move his cramped limbs freely and surely in this sea removed much of its menace. It was an element with which he was familiar. He came to the surface with a sputtering rush and an overhand that carried him easily back, with a grin for his father's anxious eyes. Ronny had even time to realize that he had never seen his father look at him like that.

(Continued on Page 55)

After years of intensive effort Realsilk has produced a *Full-Fashioned Chiffon* stocking, combining the utmost beauty with wearing qualities never before achieved in this type of silk hosiery.

Wm. C. Kobin
PRESIDENT

Full-fashioned hosiery which gives a NEW meaning to the word WEAR

Introducing the new DURA-FOOT—the biggest advance in hosiery construction in 20 years

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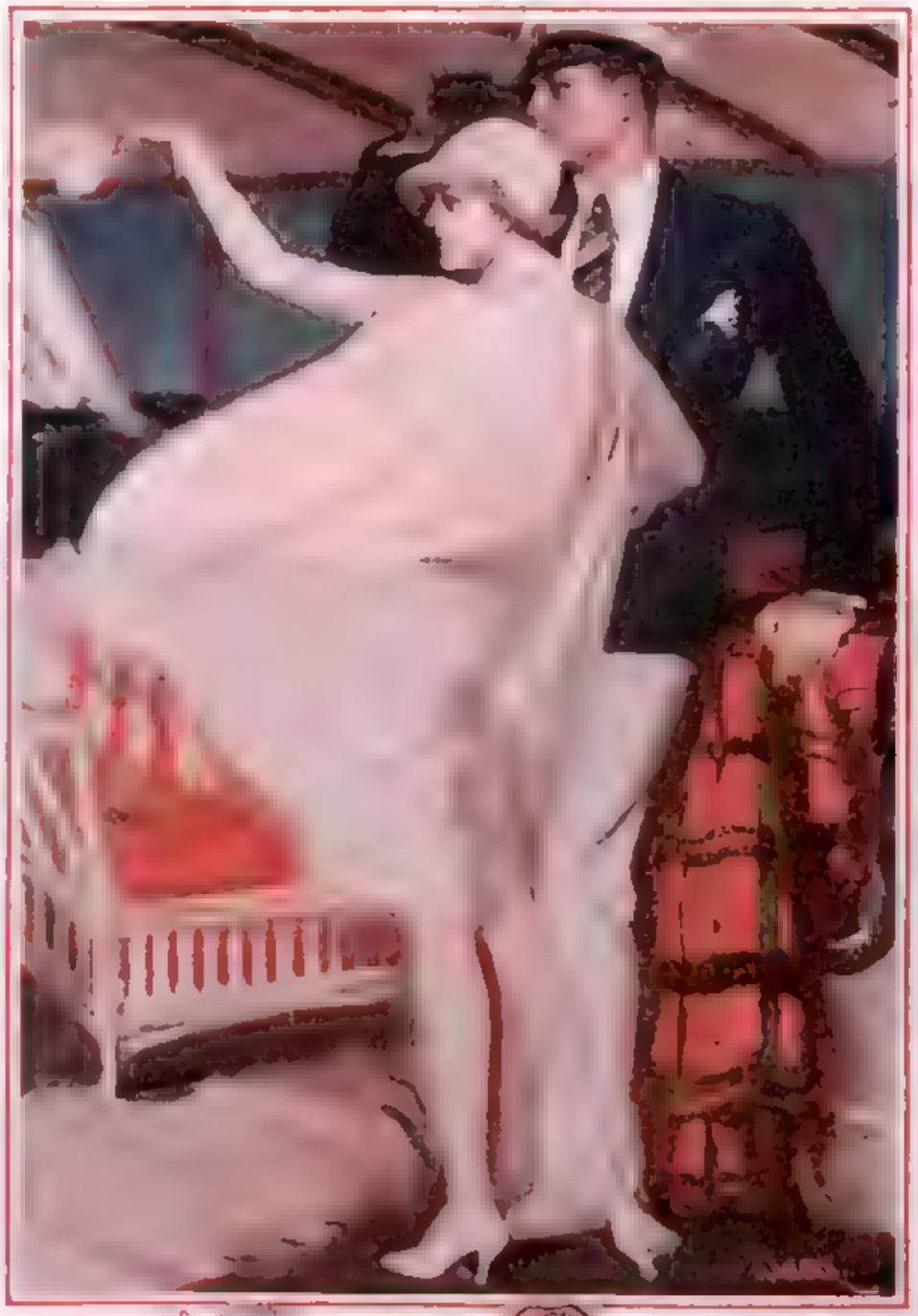

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Freezes FIVE POUNDS of ice cubes between meals.

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(Continued from Page 50)

As Ronny put the wire about him Andrew's right hand lingered on his shoulder and he said, "Nice work, old chap."

Ronny was warm with gratitude for that. His father was being splendid. His color was good. His voice was assured. He joked occasionally with Gloria or Mrs. Kinney, putting out a hand to help when he could. That was what it meant to have been a good sport all his life, Ronny thought. He simply did not know what fear meant.

Gloria's hair looked funny, wet and plastered about her forehead like that. She had lost her hat somehow, but she was game all right. She was singing a lot of old songs, making them all sing things like On the Banks of the Wabash and Waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Even Mrs. Kinney smiled with stiff lips when there was anything to smile about.

There was not much to do after Bill and Ronny got the wires fixed. They all hung there, the four with the wires, Ronny and Bill wherever they could catch hold of something, half supported by the wallowing fuselage, bumping and hanging in the flounder of water, watching to duck a taller wave crest, and talking now and then, little bursts of talk that ran from one to another of the soaking figures. Their words lagged or renewed like a slow pendulum of vitality.

Presently Bill, who did a good deal of scrambling about, shinned up so that he could hang from the upper wing frame and peer, long and earnestly, out over the wave tops. Mutely everyone watched him. Ronny, standing on the fuselage above them, noticed that the whites of their eyes shone a little. Bill had been looking steadily at the same place for several seconds. He drew himself up higher, shading his eyes.

"You're looking at something!" Gloria called suddenly.

Bill did not answer. The faces were tense and a similar light seemed to be upon them all—a light of pallor and suspense. They knew that Bill was looking at something. Ronny leaped up beside him.

At first he could see nothing but scalloped blue wave tops and the leap and flash of foam. Then, more to the right, he caught a steady flash that was a wave, but a wave breaking before a boat's bow. When he looked intently he could see, now and then, the gray pointed mass of the bow itself, appearing and disappearing. It was hard to tell how far away it was, or whether it was moving in their direction. Bill waited, motionless, and so did Ronny.

His father called suddenly below them, "For God's sake, boys, if you see something, tell us! And do something about it, can't you? Wave something! Shout!"

Mrs. Kinney shrieked suddenly, strained and off key, "Oh, make them hurry! Make them hurry! We can't stand this any longer!" And the other three all cried things, words and shouts mingled indistinguishably, a babel of sound at the water's edge, incapable of carrying, in that wind, more than a boat's length. Bill and Ronny waved their arms, waved Bill's coat, waved torn strips of canvas, and shouted as if a tension had given way.

Presently the breaking white from the boat's bow and the occasional glimpse of bow itself were gone. There were only the jagged lift of the wave tops and the foaming white of crests.

When Ronny really believed that the boat had gone, that he could not see it any more, that it had really failed to see them, or had ignored them, he stopped waving and let himself drop down to the fuselage. Bill dropped beside him and they stood looking down at the faces below them, the wet faces with the incredulous eyes raised to theirs. Ronny cleared his throat before he shook his head and said, "It went."

"You mean it went?" His father's voice was suddenly harsh and there were reddish veins under the salt water on his forehead. "You didn't wave hard enough! You didn't try to shout! The hounds—to leave us the dirty dogs! I'll have them arrested for it. I'll make them suffer for it, the dirty skunks, the lou——"

Gloria stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. Mrs. Kinney had gasped once or twice and her eyes had rolled in her plump white face, but Colonel Kinney had both arms around her.

"Hush, momma, hush," he said. "Never mind. That means we'll see others. The next one will come nearer."

There was then nothing to do but keep on waiting and keep on hanging on. There was no way of knowing what time it was, except that the blazing sun had moved slightly westward down from the zenith. The waves rolled as high, but it almost seemed as if the six had adjusted to their rolling, so that they did it automatically, knowing how high the highest would come. But the ferocity of the sun was an increasing agony. Ronny felt the sting of it under his wet shirt, along his tanned shoulders, and knew how much the others must feel it on the tenderer skin of their faces and shoulders. Colonel Kinney's bald spot glowed an angry crimson. He had lost his helmet long since. And Ronny tore a big piece from his wet shirt and made Colonel Kinney tie it over his head like a hood.

All Gloria's make-up had washed off and her cheeks were red with sunburn and her nose already blistered. Mrs. Kinney's pale face was bright rose color, and both women's lips were swollen and blistered from the salt water and the sun. Ronny tore other pieces from his shirt to tie over their faces, and the sun was instantly angry on the bared places on his neck and back.

It was a relief to dive into the water after a dropped cushion or to swim around a bit, after their various positions on the fuselage, and yet Bill was right when he warned him, in a low voice, not to tire himself. Ronny contented himself by hanging over the cockpit edge with one hand and letting his body float on the lift and drop of the waves. The sense of high adventure was burning steadily in him; the sense that here at last he was encountering an experience which he could remember all his life.

The waves that came racing at them from the southeast, with their curious impersonal violence, surprised him with their endlessness. It was amazing that there could be so many of them, hurrying and shoving forward, in their leaping up and down. As the blazing sun crept slowly down the long afternoon slope, so that it shone redly in their smarting eyelids, the light changed upon the waves, whitening their leaping tops, intensifying the dark sapphire of their hollows, shadowed in the trough with glossy black. It might have been a gloriously exhilarating sea to sail a boat over. But sunk almost to the chin as they were here, there was little gayety in it. Deep blue could be bleak, Ronny was learning slowly, and flashes of white sinister, just as the plane that had been so powerful and assured, taking off from water only that morning, floated here so incongruously; alien wreckage that just was able to support itself and their clutched and uncomfortable lives.

The silences were longer between the choppy snatches of talk. Gloria did no more singing. Ronny remembered, as if she had been some other woman, how she had looked that morning, waiting on the pier. That gay brilliant figure had practically no point of resemblance to this sodden one with the drenched, salt-matted hair, the pale swollen lips, the brilliant green silk only dank clinging fabric on the arms and shoulders, the nose and eyelids reddened. Her consciousness of charm, too, had gone—that powerful vibration.

Ronny looked at her now only with pity and concern for the pale woman, silent, with closed eyes and miserably clutching hands where the great emerald still flashed incongruously in the wet. Mrs. Kinney managed somehow to look more like herself, with her plump short figure in the soaked yellow silk clutched by her husband's arm, with a piece of Ronny's shirt tied over her head and forehead. There was in all the faces, it seemed to him, a growing look of withdrawal, of remoteness, as if each one were drifting away from their relations with others to the silent place where ultimately human life exists alone. When one spoke, it was with a forced utterance. A smile took more strength than it had and was more automatic. All their attention was centering, more and more, on the sheer act of endurance.

The sun, just above the western horizon, burned and flared upon their faces, under their blinking eyelids, and the blue waves changed slowly to a cold green against a vast rose-colored afterglow that held no loveliness for them. In half an hour it would be night, and there was no boat.

Ronny was thinking lingeringly of juicy beefsteak and baked potatoes and a steaming cup of coffee, or fried onions, or even just an orange. Anything to relieve this withering abominable taste of salt in the mouth. It seemed to him he must have swallowed quarts of salt water already, and his tongue and the lining of his mouth were blistered with it. The feeling of too much salt water swallowed was cold and uneasy also in his stomach.

Bill came floundering beside him. "Look here, buddy, le's you and me try to turn this bus around, so the plane'll be away from the wind. Maybe she'll ride better that way for the night."

Suddenly Ronny saw the night—the night. "Sure," he said to Bill, grateful for activity. But something about his heart was cold.

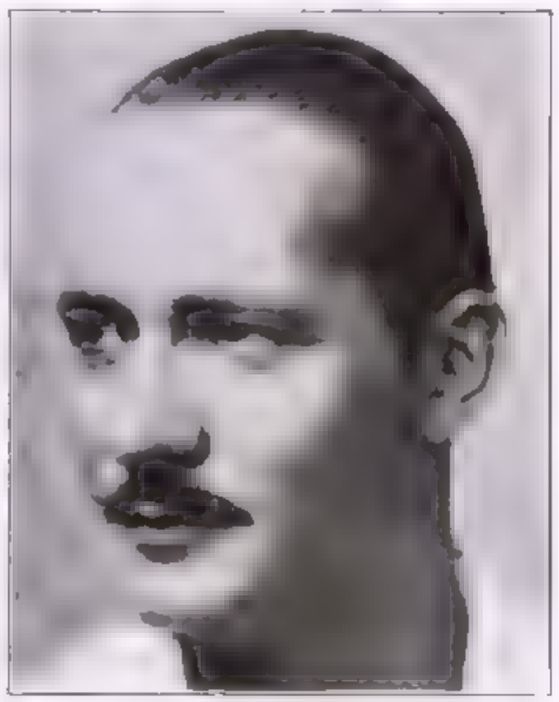
It was harder to swim than it had been. There was no longer refreshment in the swash of water over his body. The wind skimmed stinging hatfuls of spray over a wave top into their faces. When they reached the rudder they clung to it and breathed a trifle hard, planning their concerted effort. Presently they let go and began pushing, thrashing tremendously with their legs, breathing or gasping when they could. The huge thing was unwieldy and hard to start and, once started, the wind often caught and forced it back on top of them. Ronny's legs began to feel the strain of it and there was a pain in his laboring lungs. Floundering and struggling side by side there, Ronny found that he and Bill were staring grimly into each other's eyes, as if the very abstract intentness of the look, in such moments as their faces were clear of water, was some sort of permanence. And at the moment when they got the thing half about and the wind took it from the new angle, whirling it as they wanted it to go, Ronny caught a twisted grin on Bill's face, a grin and gasp of triumph that reached to him as a glorious thing. It was tremendous. It was unconquerable, he felt, grinning back as best he could as they both hung and panted on the turned plane. He felt warm all over, as if with a great achievement.

By the time they were ranged beside the others again, along the fuselage, the anxious pale faces turned to them, the bodies floundering and awash, the color had gone from the watery world. There was only a brief green streak of twilight where the sun had gone. To the east the waves were black against the tremendous looming purple of the night. Stars were quivering in the enormous rondure of the sky that overhead took on a strange metallic blue and cast upon them a faint luminance that was less than light and only a little less than dark. By it they could see their own dark shapes, the black parallels of the wings. On the black water the white crests flashed and lengthened and disappeared, ghostly in the dark. The waves snarled now as they leaped toward them. The hissing spray stung like thrown pebbles as it struck their blistered, puffy faces. There was a little relief in the darkness, for the sun no longer burned into their eyeballs, but in its place the phantoms of the black lonely water started about them and the blood went thin.

"I suppose now"—Mrs. Kinney's voice came suddenly and a little shrill, from the shadow she had become—"now that it's

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter



NORMAN KERRY
In the Wm. Beaudine Production
"The Irresistible Lover"
with LOIS MORAN

In our weekly letters which have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post for five years without a miss, we have always followed a conservative tone and eschewed the high-sounding adjectives. This time, however, we feel like breaking the rule, at least for once.

We feel like crowing a little because of the unusual list of pictures we have produced for Fall and Winter season. I have personally watched the progress of these pictures at Universal City with an eagle eye—and I can't help the feeling that this will be an extraordinary Universal year.

I don't know how many of you ever take any interest in your local theatre—that is, advance interest to know what it is going to show. But here is a good reason for speaking to the manager. Let him know that you will be watching for—

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," the magnificent spectacle on which we have been working for almost two years, and which will have its world-premier in New York in August. I am sincere in the belief that this will prove the most beautiful production this old, old story has ever had.

Watch for ***"Les Miserables,"*** the immortal classic by Victor Hugo which we brought to this country some time ago. Lovers of this great classic will be charmed when they see it on the screen.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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dark, nobody can see to pick us up, even if a boat did come?"

No one spoke. It was what everyone had been thinking, Ronny was sure. But it had not been spoken before in so many words.

Then Bill said simply, "It's not likely, Mrs. Kinney. But in the morning it will be different. They'll have heard from Bimini, and the boats will be out sure. We've been drifting a bit or they would have found us sooner."

No one spoke again. They set themselves, somehow, to endure the night.

Through the noise of the wind humming and shrieking in the wires and of the waves hissing and slapping against the wood, Ronny could hear few sounds which would indicate that human life was here, clinging perilously to what was almost wreckage. His arm ached dully and continuously as he held it tight over the edge of the cockpit, and his bumped and floating body smarted in places where the skin had been rubbed off. Yet he was growing queerly drowsy. His eyelids drooped and a hazy swimming took the place of thought within his head. He must even have dozed once or twice, for a sharp pain in his elbow roused him or a slap of choking water in the face, and he recognized miserably again, what, for a second of blur, he had forgotten—the lost floundering in the dark, the misery in him and in the figures about him.

Once or twice he heard Colonel Kinney speaking gently to his wife and her sharp whimper, as if she, too, had wakened abruptly from a wretched doze, perhaps one in which she had dreamed of warmth and safety and being dry, to the reality of the roaring and sinister dark. Once he heard Gloria swearing to herself, as if unable to stand it any longer, and then stopping abruptly, knowing that it did no good.

The stars were gold and silver overhead in the vast dark vault, and it seemed to Ronny that their tangled and glittering patterns were dragged slowly across up there, like a remote panorama for how many human eyes below them, raised in agony and mute endurance. Only decoration, after all. He must have dozed again, hanging by the other elbow, cheek almost in the water, for presently he started out of oblivion with a hand on his shoulder.

It was Bill, his voice low and humble.

"Look here, buddy," he said slowly and with difficulty, "we'll have to look out. They've begun to slip off. Mrs. Cargill's wire keeps coming unfastened and your father went down once. Coming up with him I hit my head a bit. Would you stick around and watch them while I catch my breath?"

"Hurt bad, Bill?" Ronny whispered anxiously. "Here, hang on to this edge. Hook your elbow over. Take your time, old man. I'll be on the job."

He swam slowly down the side, catching here and there at a foot. "Don't mind. It's me," he said hastily. He counted the dark heads and shoulders out of the ghostly foam. One, Colonel Kinney; two, Mrs. Kinney; three, Gloria; four, his fa—— that head disappeared even as he looked. Instantly he dived, groping downward in the strangling, rushing depths. There was only water in his frantic reaching fingers. Then he felt hair, a shoulder, caught at a thrashing arm. They came to the surface together, staring into each other's shadowy faces, gasping.

"Dad," Ronny whispered in agony, "did the wire come off? You must have let go. For heaven's sake, be careful. You can't tell when ——"

For a moment longer the bulk of Andrew Burgess hung and shook a little in the dimness. "Thanks—old boy," he said then. "Guess I wasn't holding on tight enough. Yet hanging on—hanging on's not much worth while."

"Hush, dad. Don't," Ronny whispered. "They'll hear you. Think how we'll talk about this when we get back. Just think of the experience of it."

His father said nothing. Ronny hung and watched the stars and tried not to think of those boiling black depths he had encountered, or of the queer tone in his father's voice, or of hot, yellow scrambled eggs. The wind played three distinct wailing notes among the wires, high when the plane was tossed higher on a crest, low and humming in the hollows. The jerk and ache along his arms helped to keep him alert now. He hoped that Bill would be all right. Then Mrs. Kinney cried out, either in a doze or waking from it, and Ronny ached with pity for her, because she sounded like a frightened child trying hard to be good. Ronny could hear the patient fatherly drone of Colonel Kinney's voice, trying to console her. His own father changed his position restlessly, and then Gloria, in one of those restless moments which passed among them all like a long shudder. The night crawled on.

There was no way of knowing what time it was and yet it might not be more than ten o'clock, Ronny thought. People ashore were just leaving hotels to go out for the evening, or dressing gayly for a dance. How strange it was—they here; those other people over there, hundreds of them, thousands of them, laughing and well fed and happy, walking around on pavements under bright lights. He could see them vividly, hear the murmur of their voices, the scuffing of their feet on sidewalks; and yet they could not think of the six here, even imagine them, or their helpless plight in the black devouring ocean, unless there were headlines in a morning paper. How queer things were.

And the stars far overhead moved slightly and slowly on their steady courses and the black water lifted and lashed and fell, lifted and fell, lifted and fell, and the wind hummed its three notes interminably. Ronny's head swam a little with a creeping weariness. His body was clammy inside and out and it was extraordinary how his arms could ache.

Then Gloria's wire went loose and she slipped down with a choked gasp and her head went under, and Ronny dived for her—dived with desperation, so that he crashed full into her, down there in the strong surge, and came up with her weight caught in his arms. She coughed and tried to swim a little and spluttered and tried to conceal from him that she was crying in sheer wet misery. Then he could not find her piece of wire. It must have gone down too. He put one arm around her and held her tightly while she recovered herself. Their wet bodies close together warmed each other feebly and he was grateful for it. Her shivering stopped slowly and she put out a hand to a strut and held on, so that he was relieved of her weight. He took off what was left of his shirt and tied it around her and around the strut, but warned her hoarsely not to trust it too much, torn and sodden as it was.

Then he dozed a little, locking his grip and jerking it tight again before it quite relaxed. It seemed to him that a second of real sleep, half a second of sleep, would be an oblivion so delicious that it would make up for everything. It was always just ahead—just ahead—and then salt water smacked in his face and he was wide-awake again and his father's head had disappeared, and he had to dive twice before he brought him safely back again and held him while he recovered from the longer immersion.

A fear that was not like any fear he had known, yet clutched coldly at his heart. Was it really a possibility—could it be possible?—that he might lose someone down there? Was death really so near to any one of them in this casual adventure?

The stars slid a little; the waters hissed; the wind screamed. Time was an interminable agony, welding impossible moment to impossible moment that crawled, crawled, crawled. Gloria slipped in again, and then his father, and then Colonel Kinney, losing his wire, and Ronny dived again and again. He had lost track of the number of times. He was not even sure which one it was he hauled heavily to the surface, clinging to him and coughing weakly. Now his right leg was getting cramped. The pain shot up the stiffened muscle, needlelike and searing. Suppose it caught him down there next, when he most needed all the strength he had? He was ashamed to rouse Bill, but he had to, and he heard his own voice, husky and humble, as Bill's had been.

Bill roused instantly and took charge. Ronny hooked his arm over the cockpit edge, and the doze that moved upon him was delightful. Yet it seemed only a moment when Bill was calling him again, exhausted, and the stars were altered and it was hours later.

As Ronny moved out to be among the others, and Bill hung, gasping, he counted them carefully, to make sure they were all there. His hands lingered on a shoulder, and he saw that it was his father. After a moment his father's voice came to him wearily. "Still—hanging—on," he said. "Don't go doing—too much now. We—depend on—you and Bill—a lot."

The night went like that, passing so slowly, with such a minute succession of incidents, of wretchedness, that it seemed impossible that it could ever end or change above a half-drowned world.

So that when Ronny, floundering on a wave top, with one arm holding up Gloria, happened to see in the east a streak of pale color he stared at it for a long time with puzzled, bloodshot eyes, wondering dully what it could be. The glow widened, the sky and sea around it turned pale gray. A streak of burning gold swelled into that. And Ronny cried out suddenly, in his surprise, "Look; it's morning!"

The tender light fell on faces sodden and strained almost beyond recognition. But even as the light grew white and radiant over the crested wave tops and the strange emerald of the waters, animation came into the faces and they were once more his father and Gloria and Mrs. Kinney and the colonel and Bill.

As if light were the supreme necessity, the supreme miracle, they sought it. It was hope; it was food; it was safety; it was life. A faint burst of animation, exclamation, broken words, feeble, husky laughter passed among them like a renewed pledge. They were once more capable of watching the sea to the west, where any moment now a boat might come. Yet no boat came. The flash of spray was only the edge of a higher wave. The drone was only the wind in the wires. Bill, lifting himself up with greater difficulty now, peered out above them over an empty sea.

Presently the reassuring warmth of the sun had changed to the agonizing glare of yesterday. Their faces were a raw crimson against which the wave edges were knife cuts. Their salt-crusted lips were swollen and cracked. Their eyes were bloodshot and inflamed. Ronny and Bill managed to find rags enough about them to make masks to tie over the faces of the four. Ronny and Bill dared not mask themselves. They had to be on the alert now, both of them. For now that the flash of hope was over and the sun glared nearer and nearer to noon, the others slipped down more easily into the blue depths. It was easier to find them there now, that was all.

It must have been afternoon when Colonel Kinney, slipping down almost without a splash, eluded Ronny's grasp. Beneath the surface the big body was only a whirling shadow which Ronny caught lightly once and lost. When Ronny's lungs seemed bursting he shot to the surface empty-handed, with despairing eyes for Bill's anxious look. One full breath and he was down again, fighting down amidst the strong heave and swirl of the waters, and Bill was with him. Twice they clutched each other fiercely. There was no other shape.

Gasping dreadfully the two hung together on the fuselage, staring into each other's eyes. There was nothing to be said. Ronny was thankful for the mask over Mrs. Kinney's eyes. She need not know yet. She was like a dead thing, hanging there, half held by the wire about her, with one hand locked about a strut. She clung as if by no volition of her own, but only the gripping tenacity of the life within her, straining to go on. The sun beat down upon them. The wind screamed steadily in the wires. The eternal water roared and hissed. No one had said anything for hours and hours.

It was late afternoon. "Ron," whispered his father feebly through his mask, "where's the colonel?"

"Gone," said Ronny after a moment. "I—lost him."

His father tore off his mask suddenly. Beneath it the contorted swollen features were almost unrecognizable. "He's lucky," his father rasped. "Why not? Why not?"

"Hush, dad," Ronny said patiently, "they'll hear you. There'll be a boat before long. There must be."

Andrew Burgess said nothing more. Ronny stared at the haggard, bitter face where the stiff gray hairs bristled about the chin. It smote through his numbed brain suddenly that his father—his splendid father—was an old, old man.

The sunset flared hideously down upon them. Another night came slowly from the west. And Gloria, tearing off her mask, leaned back abruptly in the rag that held her, and tore free. Her lips strained back from her gaunt face in a queer tense smile and she threw both hands over her head and went down suddenly, before Ronny could guess what she had intended. And below there was only the swirl and the silvery bubbles of his own and Bill's frantic search.

When they came back again it was almost night, and Ronny was shaken by a paroxysm of grief which he had not even strength enough to express in sobs. He remembered vaguely how beautiful she had been on that morning, ages ago, when he was a boy, before the flight began.

In that night his father disappeared. It was a night such as Ronny had never dreamed possible. He and Bill were left alone in all the lost world, hanging mute and feeble on each side of the faintly warm figure of Mrs. Kinney. Her wire still held. With the mask off, under the stars, her face was not so ravaged as the others. From time to time she moaned a little and they took turns in chafing gently her clammy hands and feet. She was something infinitely precious that they had left to care for, in the whirling chaos in their minds, in the roaring black about them and the high black over them, punctuated with the glittering smear of stars.

When the sun at last broke up the permanence of that night they blinked their salt-incrusted eyes at each other unbelievably, to see the sun, to see that they were still there—three nameless, shapeless beings, under the incredible light.

Ronny turned his head presently to see a boat come surging toward them with a great fan of spray at the bow—a boat with men in it, with young, dry, smooth faces looking anxiously at them, and waving. Ronny watched it come with no emotion whatsoever. He had always known that it would come. But now that hardly mattered.

When hands clutched and hauled him up, he fought them until he saw they had clutched also Bill and Mrs. Kinney. He felt himself in a dry boat, with something to drink burning his throat. But he felt nothing. There was nothing to feel. Until they told him, gently, that Mrs. Kinney had been dead for very many hours. Then he cried with terrible retching sobs, vaguely ashamed that Bill should see him so.

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WHITE HANDS

(Continued from Page 5)

movement of disdain as the woman in the fragile sheath of green silk languidly rose to her feet.

"Then I'll not wait for the fireworks," she murmured with studied unconcern as she gathered up her wraps and started toward the door, the voluminous white fox border trailing behind her like a tired wing.

Winslow was on the point of calling her back, of letting loose on her the accumulating flood of his anger, of telling her a few plain truths that might shock her back to reality. That, he remembered, was what he did with his equals, with the men of his business world, with the weaklings who failed him in emergency. But it was different with this slender and rose-tinted stranger, this undecipherable woman who still housed under his roof, this forlornly fragile figure that had grown up under glass. It would be as foolish, after all, as cannonading a canary, as setting a bear trap to catch a butterfly. And again, as he stood watching his daughter trail off into the silence of the house, he knew that feeling of frustration which creeps doubly bitter into the breast of a man of power.

He fell to pacing the rug between the soft-cushioned Chesterfield and the dark-wooded table where his daughter's forgotten gloves still lay, stopping, from time to time, to look down at his watch.

"There must be some way out," he muttered aloud, as he stared down at the Kadiak bearskin that lay at his feet. That skin, oddly enough, reminded him of a Blackfoot legend he had heard on one of his northern trips, the story of a great chief's son who lay sick unto death in his father's tepee and was told by the medicine man of the tribe that health would never be his until he slept on the skin of a bear which he had killed with his own hand. So the ailing youth, gathering what remained of his strength, went forth to seek his magical pelt. And according to the legend, he traversed long trails and threaded dark forests and climbed great hills, until, in the end, he met and slew the bear whose pelt he slept upon, a sound and hardened hunter who had long since forgotten his sickness.

Winslow, as he looked at the litter of cigarette ends and the thin glasses still tainted with their residuary streaks of orange juice and alcohol, wondered if there wasn't a moral to the story worth remembering.

II

WINSLOW, as he sat watching the clock, grew more and more wide awake with a slowly eddying indignation. His home, he felt, was no longer a home. It was only the empty shell of one, as lifeless as the bear rug at his feet. It was merely the carcass out of which the spirit had vanished, as foolishly impressive as the stuffed moose head over his mantel. It had been intricately organized, as a machine is organized, but it had failed to function. And he as a father was equally a failure.

He stared about, as the incompetent small mantel clock chimed three, as though in search of some central point against which to target a still unformulated indignation. He was reaching for his watch to corroborate that incredible hour, when through the quietness of the house he caught the sound of distant voices. There seemed to be two of them, one low and one light, and for the second time that night, as he listened, he heard a snatch of laughter, brittle and reckless. He knew then that it was Paddy, his younger daughter. He could hear her approaching steps, softer on the cushioning rugs, louder on the polished parquetry, and the heavier steps of the man who came with her.

Winslow was on his feet, with his watch still in his hand, grimly awaiting that unknown man—awaiting him with an accumulating ferocity that left the thick fingers holding the watch a trifle unsteady.

But the anger ebbed from his face as the two figures appeared in the open doorway. For the larger figure, he saw at a glance, was his old friend Peter Summers, and it seemed consistent enough that a family counselor so tried and trusted should be supporting the slender-bodied girl by an arm thrust under her elbow. Yet the thought that Peter Summers was a physician, a man of medicine to be called on in emergency, sent Winslow's glance back to his daughter, who laughed a trifle unsteadily at the fear so suddenly showing itself in her father's face.

"Hello, dad!" she said with an oddly blithe friendliness as she was led forward into the stronger fulcrum of light. And Winslow saw, as he stared at her, that she was more shaken than she pretended. About her left forearm he noticed a white bandage. And what he had first accepted as a tip-tilted white turban about her head proved to be a second bandage, made up of layer on layer of neatly wound cotton gauze. Nor did his alarm subside as his eye ran down the wavering figure and he caught sight of a small splash of blood on one light silk stocking. What mystified him most, however, was the forlornly draggled look, the general wet-hen aspect, of the overvalorously smiling girl.

"It's nothing to worry over," Peter Summers promptly explained to Winslow. "It's mostly cream puffs."

"Cream puffs?" echoed the perplexed parent.

"Paddy's car," announced Peter, as he pushed that young lady down into an armchair, "ran into a baker's wagon an hour or so ago. It was loaded with cream puffs, and Paddy got pretty well mixed up with them. When she came and rooted me out of bed, in fact, she looked considerably like a charlotte russe."

"Is she hurt?" demanded Winslow, with a quick glance at his daughter. She seemed alive enough, with her bright lips and her bright eyes and the aura of youth that even whipped cream and weariness could not altogether obliterate.

"Merely a scratch or two," retorted the man of medicine. "But I'd hate to say what her car looks like, and I guess you'll have to pay for a truck and twelve hundred cream puffs."

Winslow's movement was one of impatience. His frown deepened as he watched his daughter reach for a cigarette, which she held in her hand without lighting. And the familiar smallness and feebleness of that overwhite hand left his glance more somber than ever.

"It was rotten luck, really," the girl in the armchair was saying. "That Harlem beak told me he'd give me sixty days if I got in another road mix-up—and here I've gone and done it!"

Winslow's face hardened. "What was it before?" he demanded.

"It was a milk wagon. Now I've moved up into the cream class."

It was on the bigger of the two men that her laugh grated most. Yet the physician shrugged condoningly as their glances met.

"You'd better get to bed," commanded Peter, handing the girl a vanity case slightly stained with grease and road dust, "and stay there until I see you tomorrow."

She stopped for a moment to stare into his blithely troubled face. "The devil I will!" she said with casual effrontery as she picked up her things. But the starry softness of her smile took the barb from those four carelessly spoken words.

It was Peter, and not her father, who pointed toward the door, and the girl, although she made a face at him, started obediently enough to go.

"Me for the hay then," she murmured as she limped away.

"Good night, grafter," Peter called after her.

Peter, dropping into a chair, found it hard to keep his sigh from being an audible one. But he smiled defensively, and quietly reached for a cigarette as he caught the grimness on the face of the broad-shouldered man confronting him.

"What's the answer to all this?" was Winslow's sudden demand.

"I guess you've got it," was Peter's laconic retort.

Winslow flung himself into a chair. The other man watched him as he took out a cigar, bit off the end and struck a match.

"Then what's the cause of it?" exacted the older man, letting the match burn out between his fingers.

"You haven't been around much," the grave-eyed man of medicine reminded him.

"I've my work to look after."

"You've two grown-up girls to look after," amended the other.

"But I left that German woman, Frau Jenner, to keep an eye on them. They knew they had ——"

"But what control can an outdated old hen like that have over the girl of today?" interrupted the other, an obvious note of impatience in his voice.

"Are they any different from the girl of yesterday?" was Winslow's combatively curt inquiry.

"They seem to be," said the narrower-shouldered man with the frosted temples, and the silence prolonged between them.

"But, as you've said, my girls are grown up," proclaimed Winslow as he reached for another match. "I can't shadow them night and day and keep them from making arrant fools of themselves. I'd done what I could for them. I thought I'd started them off in the right direction. I did everything a father could. I gave them everything they asked for."

"Perhaps that's the trouble," suggested the quiet-eyed Peter.

"But they had a decent mother," contended the perplexed man of affairs, his mental gropings oddly suggestive of a penguin out of its element. "They had her care and influence for nearly fifteen years, and even after they lost that, I did my best not to coddle them. I tried to leave 'em open-eyed and self-reliant, able to paddle their own canoe. And this is what they've done with their freedom!"

Peter's frown was a contemplative one. "Perhaps they're not so bad as you imagine," he finally suggested. "You see, John, there have been some pretty big changes in the world since you and I were saplings. There's not much left of the home, as we knew it, and authority has rather taken a tumble, and our old-fashioned morality seems to be in an awful mix-up, and woman's been given her freedom and is a little dizzy over it, and today we call a leg a leg and revel in frankness and jazz life up until it looks like delirium tremens to us comfortably detached outsiders. And they're so hungry for sensation that they swallow it whole. But the world, you'll notice, keeps on going. It has a way of doing that. And this younger generation that's been keeping us up nights worrying over them seem to be developing their own immunities. They're much more hard-boiled than we were, John, and they seem to slide untouched through experiences that would have bowled the pre-Raphaelites over like ninepins."

"You can't play with fire without getting your fingers burned," maintained Winslow.

"But people in rubber gloves seem able to handle live wires," averred the other. "And this younger generation of salamanders seems to be growing its own new-age insulating matter. It's buckled up in a brittle armor of hardness that the old poisonous arrows simply can't get through. For these youngsters are a blamed sight more practical and prudent than we imagine. They even have a code of their own—a code mixed up with the love of good sportsmanship and a horror of cheapness and an avoidance of the stuff you can't get by with, as they're apt to put it."

"Well, I call it a mighty low-grade code that leads girls into street collisions and intemperance and negro night clubs and lets them drink and dance and run about with men who have about as much respect for womanhood as a black puma has for a ewe lamb!" Winslow, in the heat of his feeling, brought his sledge-hammer fist down on the end of the reading table. "And my daughters are not going to do it!"

"How'll you stop them?" asked Peter, one eyebrow up.

"I don't know yet," retorted Winslow. "But it's going to be done."

Peter's smile was wistful and without malice.

"There has, of course, been a trifle too much Liberty Bell in their little American lives."

"Then they can get ready for a Bull Run!"

Peter sat back, pensive-eyed, while that statement translated itself into reason.

"There's Jinny," he pursued, with professional calm. "She's really unselfish in her own way. But her way's all wrong. And she's still wondering why the thirteenth blue point can lose its savor. And there's Paddy. You christened her Patience, yet people insist on calling her Paddy. That's almost an explanation in itself."

"And another example of dignity being scrapped for Smart-Aleckry!"

"On the contrary," contended Peter, "it's more the modern tendency to bowl over the last of our ancient pomposities and scratch around for a few of the endearing intimacies that can keep these poor old overindurated lives of ours still livable. The young, you see, still have the trick of doing that."

"By bowling over milk wagons!" barked Winslow.

But the younger man disregarded the truculence in that cry.

"Your obvious mistake," he went on with a deliberately maintained patience, "is in reckoning these girls as ewe lambs. They're not that at all, not by a long shot. They keep, in fact, a mighty shrewd weather eye out for the main issue. But they demand life in some form or another. They want to function and work and show themselves worth while in the general scheme of things. It's a human enough craving. But civilization, or whatever you want to call it, has taken that chance away from them. Machinery today does about everything that once kept their grandmothers busy. Their sewing and baking and canning and preserving are all done in factories. They sit with empty hands, wondering ——"

"Ha!" barked Winslow as he rose to his feet. "Did you ever see their hands?"

"Whose hands?" inquired the more slender-bodied man.

"My daughters'," was the answer—"Jinny's and Paddy's. They're about as competent as a canary's claws. They couldn't build a fire and knead a loaf of bread if they were next door to starvation. They couldn't ——"

He stopped abruptly for some reason and stood staring somber-eyed down at the Kadiak bear rug beneath his feet, and Peter Summers could afford to smile at his solemnity.

"But we haven't so many battles left to fight with our hands in this our year eleven *anno Moscovis*," maintained the man in the chair. "That belonged to the pioneers—the pioneers we can envy but never imitate. They didn't have to sit down and worry about where to get busy. They had real building to do, something to work for."

Winslow turned on the other man. "Well, there's still the world's work to be done," he protested, "and somebody has to do it. You're doing it and I'm doing it—at least our share of it. But I can't see where this new race of young idlers and empty-headed and selfish-spirited sensation hounds are adding anything to your silver-plated civilization."

(Continued on Page 63)

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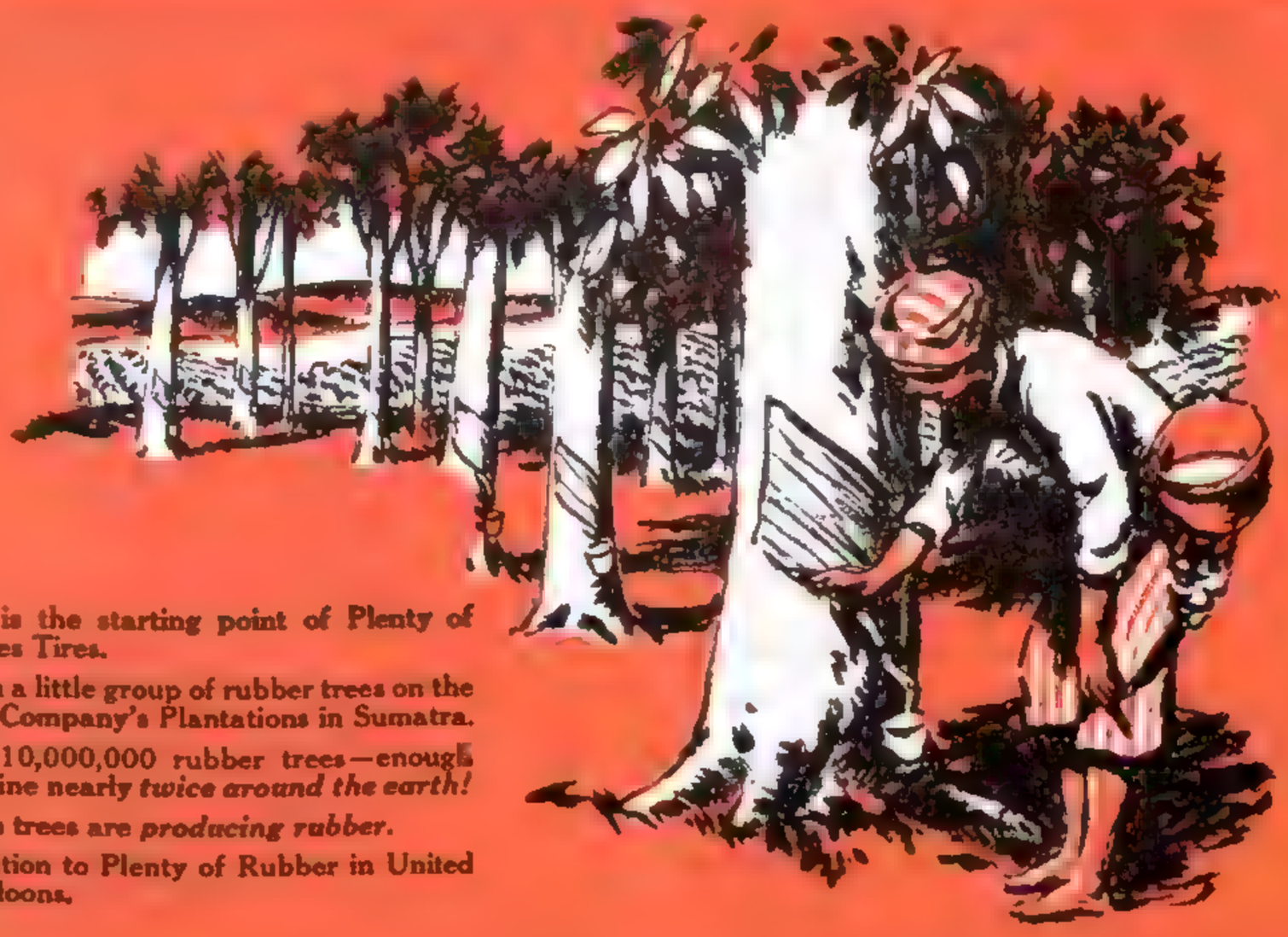

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(Continued from Page 58)

"Give 'em a chance!" murmured the suave-eyed man of medicine.

"They've had their chance," contended the rougher-voiced man confronting him. "They've had 'em, time and time again, and they've thrown 'em away. And the only thing left now is to take their chance from them—their chance of being slack and selfish and self-indulgent. The fact is, Peter, we've been too generous with the American woman. We've given her everything she's whimpered for. We've made her so soft and spineless that she knows no more about life, real life, than a poodle dog does."

"On the contrary," was the quieter-noted rejoinder of the other, "she knows too hanged much about it. But she doesn't seem able to adjust her knowledge to experience. She can't function the way the ten thousand ghosts of her ancestors keep telling her to function. She can't scratch down to hardpan. Take Paddy, for instance. You probably regard her as little more than a child. But Paddy could tell you things that would make your hair curl. And she's not a bad kid, remember. She's merely thwarted. She's vital and vigorous-minded and eager for experience, but she's merely marking time and stalling along with what this crazy self-defeating city life has to offer her, with jazz and fox-trotting and overspiced drama and overgeared excitement. She knows it isn't life—that it's only the imitation. But it's all she can get her hands on. She's even a trifle tired of it, I'd say. For, after all, there's nothing drabber than playing at a game you've really outgrown."

"And how about Janet?" demanded the grim-jawed father.

"Janet, of course, is more difficult," acknowledged Peter, after a moment of silent thought. "As I remember it, she's almost three years older than Paddy. She's a woman now. She's swung through the whole foolish circle and found there's mighty little to it. She's more hard-boiled, and yet she's more of an insurrecto. She's unsettled and discontented and all at sea. She's not merely bored, but she's bored with being bored, if you get what I mean. So she's doing what most of them do—she's trying to escape reality by running to queer cults and queer art, by playing about with queer partners and losing herself in queer movements. Yet she's a ——"

"You seem to know a good deal about her," interrupted the all-too-embittered Winslow.

"I've had my reasons for keeping an eye on Jinny," acknowledged the man with the salt-and-pepper above his temples. "She's a wonderful woman in many ways, and in another way, she's an unawakened woman. Frankly, I'm very fond of her. And to remain equally frank, I'm rather disturbed about her. You see, she comes to me with a good many of her troubles. There's just one, however, that she's religiously refrained from mentioning."

"And that is?" prompted the other, arrested by the prolonging silence of his guest.

"I'm afraid Jinny is rather dangerously interested in a marshmallow artist named Maury. They drift about together a good deal. He's the type, I suppose, who'd rather appeal to that aborted romantic imagination of hers. But I'm inclined to believe he's a rotter."

"Do you mean," demanded Winslow, "that she's thinking of marrying this man?"

Peter Summers' hesitation did not altogether escape him. "I'm afraid that marriage," he finally observed, "is a bit beside the mark. The fact is, Maury's already married, though he and his life partner don't seem to be traveling in double harness at the present moment."

The bigger man, who had fallen to pacing the rug again, stopped short and stood regarding the man in the armchair. The eyes in Winslow's lined and weathered face narrowed ominously. "So that's the sort of mess they're teetering over!" he cried with his uncontrolled grimace of disgust. "Well, if that's the best your civilization can show for itself, I'm going to yank them out of it."

Peter remained outwardly calm. "What can you do?" he inquired, as he dropped his cigarette in the ash tray.

"I can get them out of this muck," averred the grim-faced man of action, squaring his shoulders as he glowered down at the bear head that glowered back at him—"this muck that's keeping them soft and smothering the soul out of them. I'm going to throw them back a few centuries and let them find themselves. I'm going to put them where they can do some honest work or go hungry, where they'll get down to bed rock, where they can't be parasites and piffle their lives away, and I'll give those lily-white hands of theirs something to do!"

Peter looked up, disturbed by the passion in the older man's voice. But he refused to become entirely serious. "Well, look out you don't kill the lily when you transplant it," was his off-handed reminder as he rose to his feet.

"Oh, I won't kill 'em," retorted Winslow. "But I'll kill some of the poppycock that's taken root in their empty young heads. I'll teach them to scratch for themselves the same as I had to scratch for myself. I'll put them where they'll have to paddle their own canoe in more ways than one. And I'll show 'em what their grandmother was up against when she carded her own wool and tanned her own leather and knitted her own stockings and carried her own water and baked her own bread and justified her own existence by actually functioning in her old-fashioned world that wasn't ashamed of a little honest work. They have the habit of sneering at my big hands. They laugh when people call me a go-getter. But it's only the winners who win out, I've noticed. And now I'm going to give 'em a chance of showing what they're made of!"

Peter, who had picked up a watch-shaped vanity case of damascened gold and ivory from the reading table, stood regarding it studiously and then put it down again. "How are you going to do it?" he quietly inquired.

"Much simpler than you imagine," was Winslow's prompt reply. "I've a hunting lodge up on Lake Wapanapi. It's ten days beyond the railhead. In the middle of Wapanapi is an island called Adanak Island. That's the island where I tried to breed those Labrador deer twelve years ago and failed. Then I switched to Kamchatka sheep, and failed at that; but I brought over a Scotch black-face breed that could pull through the Canadian winter with a few months of turnips and hay feeding. There's fourteen miles of open water between that island and the mainland. On it there's a twelve-by-twelve log cabin with two sleeping bunks and a cooking stove. There's wood and water and berries enough to run a canning factory. There's some open land for growing turnips, and there's game and fish enough to feed an army, for anyone who's got the brain and gumption to get them.

"But there aren't any beauty parlors and padded limousines and saxophone bands and night clubs and pink teas and putrid farces. And, thank God, there are no men—no idle and empty-headed men. There'll just be a bale of blankets and a bag of flour and the few other things our friend the Indian faces life with. And inside of ten days those two girls of mine are going to take a high dive back to Nature. They're going to be put ashore on that island and find out what life is, and they're going to stay there until they work out their own salvation."

Peter, who had been studying Winslow with a barricaded eye, slowly shook his head from side to side. "It can't be done, John," he quietly averred.

"But it's going to be done," maintained the russet-faced man on the bear rug. "When I start a thing, I usually see it through."

Peter stood quite silent for several moments. "Anybody else on that island?"

"There's no one," was the prompt response—"no one, that is, except Pierre Pecotte, the old Cree who goes over every month or so to look after what's left of my sheep. And the only white man who goes near it is a sour-faced young flyer named Crowell—Casey Crowell. He fire-ranges over my timber limits for me in an old seaplane. He used to swing in there sometimes for the lake-trout fishing, but I'll keep him out of that territory for the rest of the season, and I'll see that old Pierre doesn't step into the picture until he's told to. For when this thing's done, it's got to be done right."

The man of medicine remained thoughtful. "I'm afraid you're going to have your troubles," he finally observed.

"I've got them already," retorted the other. "And now I'm going to see what a little trouble will do for other people."

"Do you happen to hate your own daughters?" Peter asked, after a moment of meditation.

"I don't hate them; I pity them. It would all be simple enough if I merely hated them. What I hate is incompetency I abhor waste; and all this is waste—worse than waste."

"And it's to be a punishment?" suggested Peter.

"No—it's medicine," retorted the other "It's like one of your emergency operations."

And he thought of Jinny, as he spoke, as a pantry mouse that had fallen into a cream pitcher and was being smothered in a sort of overcloying and fatal richness; and to keep her from drowning in that engulfing soft life, he'd lift her out of it—lift her out by the scruff of the neck, as he'd lift a half-dead mouse out of its imprisoning cream pitcher.

"I'm inclined to believe," observed Peter, "that the regenerative influences of the great open spaces have been slightly overestimated."

"Life is clean there," observed Winslow, "and hard."

"More so than in our cities?"

"In a different way."

"But the human soul, either above or below the Fifty-sixth parallel of latitude, is still the human soul, and I don't think geography is the answer to Jinny's problems—or Paddy's either."

"Then you know exactly what Jinny's problems are?" challenged Winslow. He spoke with an abruptness that held the other man silent a moment.

"I think," Peter finally acknowledged, "that I understand Jinny just a trifle better than the rest of you, and I rather think I could manage her just a trifle better than most of you."

"You don't seem to have got very far."

Peter did his best to hide his wince. "Perhaps I've had to plug a little too hard to suit Jinny. It's a struggle for even a genius to get established in this city. So you can imagine what it's like with a mere second-rater."

Winslow's glance held a touch of impatience. He was not, obviously, a believer in humility. "They tell me you're a mighty good surgeon," he maintained.

"That doesn't prevent me from being a mighty poor cavalier," amended the other.

"But why worry about that soft stuff?"

Peter shrugged. "It's the soft stuff that seems to make life harder for us," he casually evaded. "And men, you see, are such chivalric fools. They're always wanting to make sacrifices for a woman, especially a young and attractive one. Suffering for 'em, in fact, seems to be man's greatest pleasure."

"What's all that got to do with what I've been saying?"

"I don't know exactly," answered the patient-eyed Peter. "But I fancy you're going to find out."

III

AN INCREDIBLY old Indian in a much-patched war canoe with an outboard motor chugged slowly up to the boat

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

landing. On his face, withered and seamed like a winter apple, was neither surprise nor interest as he shut off his engine, swung about and veered in beside the framework of tamarack logs where the two young white women sat regarding him with morose and hostile eyes.

No word was spoken as the canoe was made fast and the bent old figure in the moose-hide shirt and the store trousers of rusty black creakily mounted the landing. If he noticed that the younger of the two women in the ridiculously thin stockings and short skirts was defiantly smoking her last cigarette, he gave no sign of that discovery, just as he betrayed no interest in the fact that the other woman, the one with the tragic and tear-stained face, was still quietly whimpering to herself. But the aquiline old eyes were quick enough in assessing the dunnage that lay piled along the wharf edge—the hand bags and blanket rolls and cases of canned goods and supplies that promised a good load for the war canoe—and he thoughtfully and silently proceeded to pile the oddly assorted luggage in the bottom of his canoe.

"Where do you suppose this old bone yard came from?" inquired Paddy, as she unconcernedly powdered her nose and inspected her face in a gold-framed vanity mirror.

Her sister Janet, who sat staring up the narrow bay, where the pine-clad headlands repeated themselves in monotonous ridges of misty blue, did not deign to answer that question. Instead, she flung a half-eaten tongue sandwich, crushed out of shape between her fingers, into the water beside her, and a sob, small but seismic, shook her forlornly relaxed body.

"He's no war-whooper, that Indian," proclaimed the younger girl as she tucked away her vanity case. "Not a feather on him! And that looks like the mainspring of an alarm clock sewed on his homemade windbreaker. Please learn from him, Jinny, how calmly it's possible to accept life."

But Paddy, getting no response from her self-estranged sister, turned a puckered brow toward Pierre again. "It's a pleasant morning in the pulp-wood country," she called blithely out to him.

That salutation, however, remained unanswered, and the girl stood for a moment watching the minnows feeding on what remained of Jinny's floating sandwich.

"Supposing it can't speak English," murmured Paddy as she turned back to the sinewy old figure struggling with the heavy cases. She stopped for a moment to scratch her leg where a mosquito had bitten her. Then she turned again to the old man in the moose-hide shirt. "Just who are you?" she imperially demanded.

The old Indian placed a wood ax in the bottom of the canoe before answering. "Me Pierre Pecotte," he eventually replied, without so much as a glance at the pale-faces above him.

"And what, kind sir, do you propose doing with our baggage?" inquired the girl in the tip-tilted gray turban. But Pierre, as he proceeded with his task, essayed no answer to that question.

"Do you understand English?" finally demanded Paddy, getting up from the case of canned milk on which she had been sitting.

"Me spik good English," acknowledged the Indian as he transferred the canned-milk case to his canoe.

"Obviously," said Paddy, with her first sign of a smile, "a regular cataract of English!" But her face grew solemn again. "Where is my father?"

"Him come along Wapanapi soon," explained Pierre, as he solicitously proceeded to trim his fragile-looking craft of birch bark.

Paddy, crossing to the landing edge, stared down at the loaded canoe. "And he expects us to ride in a tub like that?" she demanded.

Pierre declined even to face her. "You come along him," he impersonally explained. "She come along me."

Paddy laughed aloud at that. "Jinny, you're to go aquaplaning with this old jackal. Think of that for a new thrill!"

But Janet's face was grim. She was obviously thinking of other things. "If he wanted to get rid of us," she said with suppressed passion, "why didn't he gas us the same as they do with dogs?"

"We're not dead yet!" proclaimed Paddy. Her glance about the lonely northern sky line was a half-defiant one.

"That would have been more honest," persisted Janet, following her own line of thought, "and also more humane."

When she rose to her feet and strode moodily to the landing edge the waiting Indian quietly and impassively possessed himself of the duffel bag on which she had been seated and placed it in his canoe. But that movement was lost on Janet, who, having caught sight of a pair of golf bags in the litter of luggage; pointed at them with an accusatory finger.

"And why did he let us believe we were going on to Banff," she demanded, "when he knew all the while we were headed for this God-forsaken wilderness?" And Janet with a vigor quite new to her, slapped at a mosquito that was breakfasting on her arm.

"It wasn't really dad who said we were going on to Banff," Paddy reminded her sister. "That, old-timer, was your own private and personal hunch. He merely told us it was none of our business and that he happened to be managing this trip."

Janet looked about with a smoldering eye. "Well, we'll see how it ends when he tries managing me," was her tight-lipped ultimatum. "I've gone about as far as I care to."

Paddy inspected her with a ruminative eye. "What're you going to do?" she indolently inquired.

"You'll find out when the time comes," was the cryptic enough retort.

But Paddy gave scant attention to that speech. She was intent, at the moment, in watching a lone paddler in a pointed birch bark as he rounded the point at the throat of the bay and adroitly headed for the boat landing.

She saw, at a second glance, that it was her father coming back to them—her father in a smoke-stained Mackinaw and frayed corduroy breeches and high-laced hunting boots. He seemed so much at home in his treacherous-looking craft with its nose high in the air that a frown of thought settled in the girl's well-talcumed brow as she contemplated him.

"You know, Jinny," she said, as she crossed to her sister, "dad may not be so dippy about all this as we imagine. He gets a kick out of this sort of life. He's learned to kill and cook things. He feels like a Spartan when he rolls up in a blanket and sleeps on a rock. And look at him right now! He's as proud as a peacock over the way he's paddling that canoe."

But Jinny made no reply to that speech. Complete silence reigned on the boat landing in fact, as Winslow swung in behind the war canoe and beached his craft on the lip of sand beside the tamarack logs. He moved quietly, but his face was set in lines of determination as he climbed thoughtfully up on the landing and contemplated the three silent and motionless figures. All of them, he noticed, sat with averted faces, with no apparent sign of interest in either his arrival or his intentions.

"Pierre, how much will that canoe of yours carry?" he asked with a deliberated matter-of-factness.

"Him carry wan ton, easy," was the Indian's stolid-noted reply.

"Got everything aboard?"

"Yum!" And that guttural obviously was a word of assent.

"Then, Paddy, you come with me," said Winslow with a hand movement toward the smaller craft. "And you," he added, as he turned to his older daughter, "go in the big canoe with Pierre." But the woman with the smoldering eyes did not move. "Get in," her father quietly commanded.

"I'm not going," she said with equal quietness. But her glance, as she spoke, met and locked with that of the thick-shouldered man in the soiled Mackinaw.

"You're only making this harder for yourself," he said with a patience that was made more impersonal by the manner in which his eye followed his younger daughter as she stepped, teetering like a rope walker, into the beached canoe.

"I'm not going," repeated Janet, her face white with something suspiciously like hate. And even in that inapposite moment her father was compelled to admit to himself that there was something persuasive in her imperiousness, in her wayward beauty of line and coloring. But he was tempted, at that particular moment, to resent her very attractiveness. It seemed subversive and disarming and a threat to the question at issue.

"What do you propose doing?" he demanded. "Stay here and starve?"

"I'm not going to get in that boat," proclaimed the sullen-eyed young woman, ignoring the black fly so insolently singing about her face.

"Do you know how long you'll last out here, without food and shelter?" the man in the Mackinaw demanded of her. "This isn't the Ritz tea room you're up against now—it's reality."

"It's insanity," proclaimed Janet as she swung about on him. "It's insanity—the whole thing!"

"On the contrary," said the patient-eyed man confronting her, "it's a struggle back toward sanity."

"I'm not going," said the girl with the singularly white hands.

"You are," said Winslow, unbuttoning his Mackinaw.

"I'm not," repeated Janet, backing away from the threat in his eyes.

It was the voice of Paddy, from the smaller canoe, that broke in on that duel of silently contending glances. "Oh, for the luva Pete, Jinny, what's the good of grousing on the gangplank? If we're booked for the great open spaces, we may as well get aboard!"

"She's going to," proclaimed Winslow. For he was already aware of the gush of tears that had come to Janet's eyes—tears of frustration and helplessness touched with passion. "Start your engine, Pierre."

Yet Winslow's movements were betrayingly gentle as he led the tear-blinded girl to the landing edge. He even swallowed once or twice as he made clumsily solicitous efforts to nest her more comfortably amid the duffel on the canoe bottom, and he pretended not to hear her half-strangled protest that she didn't propose to be dumped in his old lake as though she were so much fish spawn.

"Take it easy, Pierre, so that I can keep up with you," commanded Winslow, as he reached for his paddle and pushed off, and almost side by side the two canoes floated up the narrow bay with the amber-tinted water flashing silver in the June sunlight and surface ripples tattooing musically against the taut thin shells of their birch barks.

"Why don't you let your old Indian tow us?" Paddy suddenly inquired. She had been staring lazily at the outboard motor kicking its way through the water a little ahead of them.

"I don't care to be towed by anybody," was Winslow's abrupt-noted reply.

"Of course," agreed the faintly smiling girl. "But aren't you making a lot of trouble for yourself?"

"A little honest work is good for us all," answered the man in the smoke-stained Mackinaw. He resented, from a person so young and pallid, that vaguely derisive tone which could so exasperatingly elude open attack. "Don't you think I'm strong enough to stand it?" he demanded as he threw an additional new weight into his measured strokes.

"There seem to be so many different ways of being strong," was the altogether unexpected retort from the prismatic-tinted young lady in the canoe bow. And that, apparently, gave her broad-shouldered parent a good deal to think about, for there

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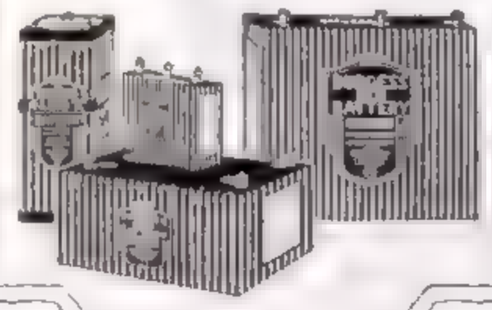

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was little further talk between them as they pursued their way along the ripple-singing water bordered with its translucent green shadows.

But the paddle strokes never stopped. That small rhythm of sound and movement, in fact, became almost narcotic as they circled out into a wider body of water that narrowed again into a strait studded with conical green islands. They crossed a small lake that merged imperceptibly into a twisting and winding bayou weaving its mysterious way through marshlands, where from time to time no opening showed itself to the untrained eye.

A gasp escaped Paddy's lips as they rounded a bolder headland, for confronting her in the clear northern light she beheld a wide-antlered moose knee-deep in the shallows. But she sniffed deeper as she became conscious, for the first time, of the smell of balsam on the air. The white birches along the bank, she noticed, looked as slender as dryads. And when a loon laughed, out in the deeper waters, she found something amusing in the sound. But her face hardened again as she stared northward into the lonely vista of the pinelands, where tier by tier the blue-misted hills and valleys repeated themselves in endless succession. It was the light, she assumed, that made her eyelids heavy. And it was the never-ending ripple of the water against their bow, she also assumed, that brought a faint lethargy of relaxation to her febrile young soul and made it hard for her to keep from slumping indolently back against the canoe thwart.

"Feel any better?" Winslow curtly inquired as he noticed the telltale droop of her head. He was paddling steadily and determinedly and his face was wet with sweat. But about that face hovered a vague aura of exaltation.

"Not a bit," retorted Paddy, and she maneuvered a frown that bore every aspect of a fixed hostility.

"You will," proclaimed her father, as he fell to paddling again.

"Should you be working as hard as you're doing?" she asked out of the silence that had fallen between them. Her solicitude, he could see, was not without its touch of scorn.

"It'll do me good," he said with an enforced heartiness. "It will harden me up a bit, and that doesn't hurt anybody."

"It won't blister your hands?" she ventured with paraded concern.

"They've been hardened by honest work," he reminded her, as he shifted his position in the canoe bottom and threw an added vim into his strokes. For by this time they had debouched from an island-freckled estuary into the open water of Lake Wapanapi, with a gentle land swell rocking them along as they quartered westward toward what was obviously Adanak Island.

Paddy made a pretense of no vast interest in that island as it lay before her, low and blue-misted along the horizon. But as the steady paddle strokes brought them nearer and nearer the mottled-green valleys and the black-fringed hills under a high-arching sky of robin's-egg blue, she essayed more than one covert glance at the rock-fringed bays, at the receding inlets framed in pebbly white beaches between the ever-diminishing cliff points where pineland and water met.

Her face hardened, however, when she noticed her father's slightly saturnine eye fixed on her.

"You know, dad," she said out of the silence, "this is a pretty rotten deal you're giving us."

"What do you know about it?" he demanded with unexpected savagery. He was obviously bracing himself for certain ordeals of his own. For she looked disturbingly small and frail and feminine against that background of empty woodland threaded with its empty waterways.

"I don't know anything about it," asserted Paddy. "And that's why it seems rather like a newfangled way of walking the plank."

Winslow, as he paddled stubbornly on, stared at the deep-loaded canoe ahead of them. "That high-spirited sister of yours has talked considerably about starting out on her own hook. Well, I'm starting her—starting both of you. You're going to face the business of feeding and clothing yourselves, of keeping yourselves alive with your own hands, and maybe they won't be so lily-white a couple of weeks from now!" And, having spoken, he stopped paddling, staring at her with an air of carefully fabricated wrath.

Paddy, instead of answering him, looked studiously down at her hands. Then, with what seemed a shoulder movement of disdain, she opened her vanity case and proceeded to powder her nose.

That movement, trivial as it was, seemed symbolic to the man in the canoe stern. It reiterated the girl's preoccupation with petty personal adornment, her generation's placid overemphasis on the accidental and the decorative, and it gave him, at a time when he most needed it, a new resoluteness.

"The day will come when you'll thank me for this," he said, as he resumed his paddling.

"Will Jinny?"

Winslow paddled with renewed vigor. "She'll learn to knuckle down."

"And if she doesn't?"

"She'll find out that everything comes at a price."

Paddy gazed at the broken shore line in front of them. "I don't see," she ventured, "how jack pine and juniper are going to change her much."

And Jinny herself, as she sat in the bigger canoe with the impassive Pierre, must have been thinking very much the same thoughts. For as she drifted closer to the blue-ridged island before her she studied with an increasingly clouded eye the lonely shadows of its shore line. To do this, however, she was compelled to twist about from time to time and peer over her shoulder, since she sat with her back to the canoe bow, facing the old Indian with the steering paddle in his hand. She even found it necessary, as she shifted her position, to move a little to one side the ax which lay almost under her in the canoe bottom.

But as Pierre once more shut off his motor, to permit the smaller canoe to catch up with them again, she stopped short in her inspection of that bright-bladed ax and lifted her eyes to the bronzed and withered old face of the Indian. It impressed her as a barricaded and singularly remote face, as vaguely animal-like and inaccessible, as divorced from her and her world by countless centuries of time. But as the canoe lost headway and veered a trifle from its course, she turned and studied with an equal intentness the blue-shadowed and broken shore line of Adanak Island. A faint shudder passed through her cramped body. Then, as she took a deeper breath, her eyes suddenly hardened.

"You said you understood English?" she demanded of the silent figure in the boat stern.

"Yum," came in a retarded grunt from the motionless Pierre.

"Then understand this," his white-faced passenger said with studied precision: "I don't want to go any farther. I want you to turn back." Pierre made no response to that command. Nor did any change show in a line of the withered old face. "I want you to turn back," repeated the girl in a voice both louder and lower-pitched. If the narrow-eyed Pierre noticed the white fingers that reached out for the ax handle he gave no evidence of what he had seen. "Turn back!" commanded the girl with the ax in her hand. "Do you hear me? Turn back or I'll sink this through your hull!"

Pierre remained immovable. No emotion showed on his face. Nor did he move as the girl beyond the dunnage pile braced herself and lifted the ax head high in the air.

"Turn back!" she repeated.

This time there was a shriller note in her voice. But Pierre, glimpsing the smaller canoe over his shoulder, merely stooped down and started his engine, and as the small bronze propeller once more threshed the lake water it was plain that he was heading straight for the island.

A gasp of something more than anger escaped Janet's lips. In it were defiance and self-pity and the quick-blooded recklessness of final issues forgotten. When she struck she struck with all the strength at her command. She sank the heavy ax head through the trivial thin ribs of swamp elm and the flimsy tissue of gum-smeared birch bark, staring at the open wound where the dark lake water leaped and bubbled up about her feet.

The craft was heavily loaded and the water boiled up into it with incredible quickness. But the outboard motor remained running until the bow, sinking low, lifted the bronze screw clear of the lake surface.

Paddy, from the smaller canoe close behind them, watched with a widening eye the strange maneuvers of that unstable larger craft. She saw it diminish fantastically along the water line. She saw it lurch and go down, bow first, with the two oddly intent figures still leaning against its thwarts. She saw it vanish as though a Gargantuan mouth had opened and swallowed it up.

A cry, throaty with terror, broke from her as she rose unsteadily to her feet. "They've sunk!" she shouted, as she kicked off her inadequate suède slippers. "They've sunk there, and Jinny can't swim ten yards!"

Jinny, in fact, didn't seem to be swimming at all. She was floundering and strangling between a floating blanket roll and an abandoned paddle, as Pierre, for reasons all his own, struck stolidly out for the shore. She was gurgling and gasping for help, clutching for something to hold her up where the bottom had fallen out of her world, where the engulfing water was denying her the ever-attenuating right to breathe.

Paddy, in that emergency, lost no time in hesitation. She heard her father's quick cry to wait, as he swung the canoe about, but she disregarded it. She dived headlong from the narrow thwart. She dived promptly, reckless of consequences, no more conscious of the fact that she had overturned the canoe in her leap than she was conscious of the coldness of the water.

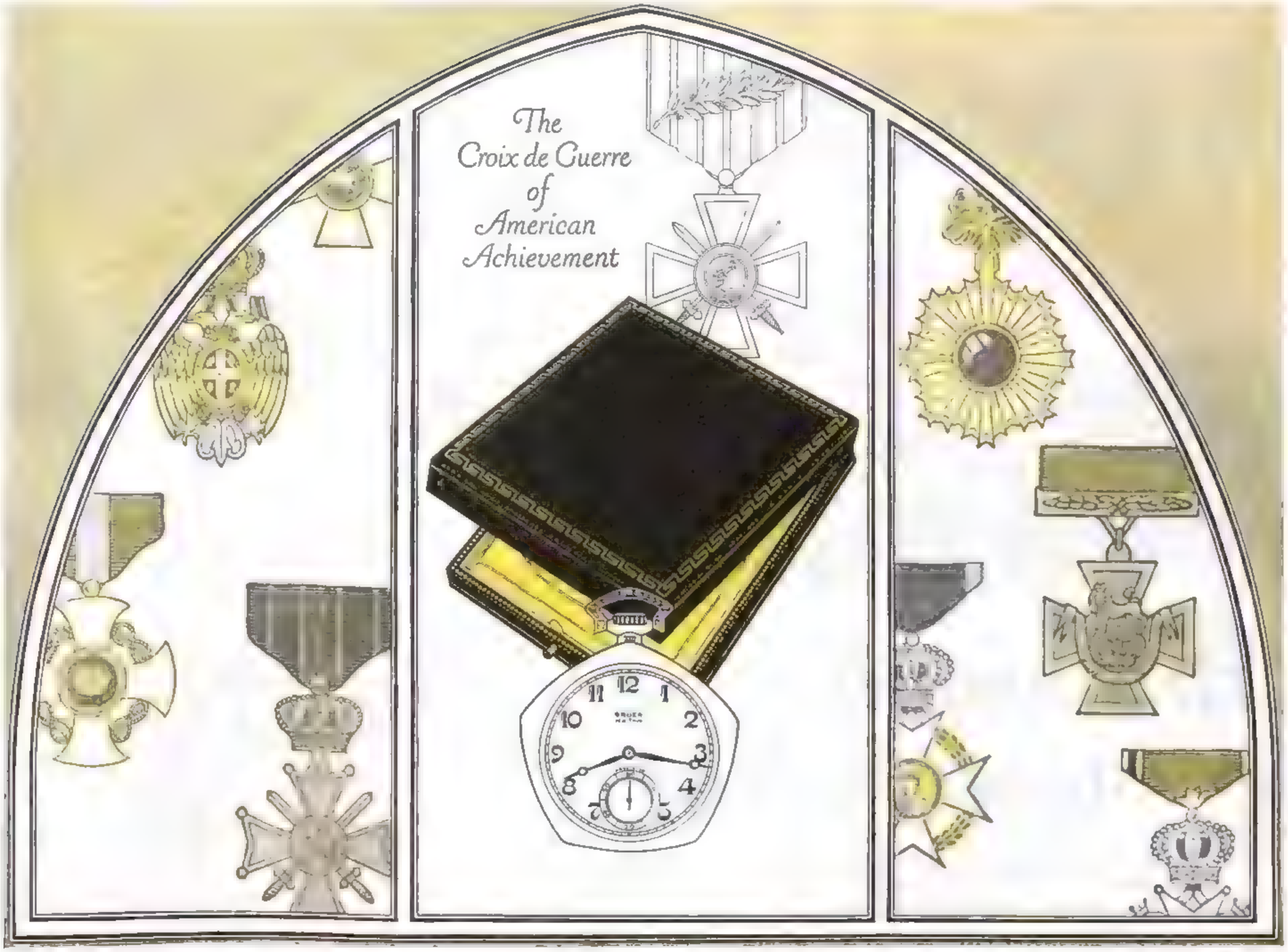
It was not until she had her fingers clutched in Janet's matted short hair and was holding the drooling mouth well above the water line that she became aware of her father's struggles, close behind her, as he fought to balance the overturned canoe and hold it bottom up with enough air belled in its body to keep them all afloat. He called to them to hold steady and directed the half-submerged keel ridge between them, showing them how to hang saddle-wise over the boat bottom as he balanced their perilous float and slowly propelled it toward shore.

By the time Pierre had waded out to receive them Paddy was no longer swearing softly to herself and Janet was no longer coughing and gasping. An odd silence fell over them as they felt gravel under their feet and stumbled ashore and sank down on a sloping floor of lichened rock meagerly warmed by the noonday sun.

Winslow did his best to keep his teeth from chattering, as Pierre, still stolidly deliberate in his movements, swam out and salvaged his paddle and then the blanket roll that floated beside it. Then the owner of the island turned and looked at his daughters, sitting limp and wet and helpless on their wide shelf of rock; and he forgot his own sodden clothes in the wave of disquiet, and something more than disquiet, which swept through him at the sudden thought of their helplessness, of their sheer feminine inadequacy before the forces of Nature.

"Well, you haven't made it any easier for yourselves," he said with self-defensive brusqueness, as he rose heavily to his feet

(Continued on Page 69)



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*Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp. Released by Paramount.

(Continued from Page 66

and took off his water-soaked Mackinaw. He wrung it out as best he could and laid it flat on the sun-steeped rock.

He sat watching it for another moment of silence and then turned and studied Pierre, as the latter slowly unlaced the waterproof covering about the blanket roll and shook out the fleecy Hudson Bay four-pointers. The Indian, he noticed, had taken his hunting knife from his belt and from the center of two of the blankets was cutting a round hole almost a foot in diameter

"All same squaw," he muttered, as he placed the two blankets between the wet and shivering white women.

It was then, and then only, that Winslow understood. His daughters would have to wear that ample covering of wool until the water-soaked finery that once adorned them had been dried out by fire or sun. They would have to put their imperious young heads through a hole in a blanket and find cover and warmth in that primitive garment, as their betters had done before them. They had made their nest, and now they could lie in it.

"This is some jam!" he heard Paddy say through chattering teeth.

"It is," promptly agreed her father.

"A regular bedtime story for the bunny rabbits," mocked the morose-eyed girl as she started pulling off her wet stockings.

"For which you have only yourself to thank," averred Winslow, as he remembered how all their paraphernalia of civilization had gone to the lake bottom with the war canoe. They had flung themselves a trifle farther back along the trail of time than he had intended. But even that would not prove altogether contrary to his intentions.

"You'd better go into the bushes there and get those wet clothes off," he proclaimed. He even plumed himself on the stoic unconcern with which he said it.

"And then what?" demanded Paddy, whose moist hand had been rather hungrily investigating the softness of the big four-point blanket.

"Then Pierre will show you where your cabin is," was her father's studiously impersonal retort. "And what you do after that is entirely your own affair. For here is where I fade out of the picture."

Janet, as she rose slowly to her feet, turned and inspected him with an eye of glacial coldness. "I think," she said with the utmost deliberation, "that you have gone completely crazy."

Winslow's laugh was a mirthless one. "Then we'll see who gets back to sanity first," he proclaimed, as he motioned the old Indian to his side. "Pierre, show them what they need to know about that camp. Show them—but see that it ends there. I'll come back and pick you up at the Point here in three hours. In three hours, remember, I'll be here with the canoe. Is that clear?"

"Yum," assented Pierre.

But when, later in the afternoon, Winslow met the old Indian under the lee of the Point and digested the latter's brief report of how the two paleface women had been installed in the little cabin between the hills, the anxious-eyed white man hesitated about leaving Adanak Island. He changed his plan, in fact, to the extent of retreating to a secluded bay between the jack pines, and there building a fire and dining on the meager bacon and bannock which Pierre had smuggled out to him. And when the shades of evening had deepened into the darkness of night the still anxious-eyed father, under cover of that darkness, guardedly picked his way through the broken hillsides and the still ghostlier pinelands until he came in sight of the lonely little cabin of spruce logs in its nestling hollow of verdure.

No sound came from within and no light showed from the small window. So he worked his way through the underbrush and crept as quietly as he could still nearer the silent cabin. He moved a trifle stiffly, for his immersion that day had brought a touch of creakiness to his knee joints. He remembered, as he stood there in frowning perplexity, that a man of his age couldn't go around in wet clothes for three hours without finally paying for it. When, in fact, he was on the point of picking his way still closer to the wall of the silent wikiup, his body was shaken by a loud and resonant sneeze.

He was startled, a moment later, by a second equally abrupt sound—by the sudden report of a shotgun and a flash of fire from the near-by window square in the spruce logs. As he turned about, intent on seeking shelter, a second report brought a charge of duck shot singing uncomfortably close over his head.

He no longer hesitated. He retreated without either dignity or loss of time to the deeper shadow of the woodland. There, leaning against a sheltering spruce tree to regain his breath, he gazed somewhat ruefully back toward the hunting lodge that held his embattled daughters.

"They'll do!" was his mutter of quiet conviction as he turned and groped his way stumblingly out through the tangle of underbrush. As he deciphered a tortuous path back to the lake shore where Pierre awaited him, he heard a growl of thunder from the west.

"Um bad weather t'morrow," proclaimed the old Indian.

And when, seven hours later, Pierre paddled him back to the lower boat landing it was raining thinly but steadily. Shore lines, in that thick weather, looked both desolate and indistinct. But when Winslow finally made out the tamarack crib he was surprised to see young Drake, his secretary, awaiting him in the uncertain gray light of that rain-swept morning.

"I've had quite a time getting to you, sir," said the bespectacled young man.

"What's wrong?" demanded Winslow.

But Blake had to wait until the pulpwood king had finished his fit of sneezing.

"The Coldwater dam broke yesterday and we stand a chance of losing seven million logs."

There was a silence of ten full seconds. "Can we get out today?" asked Winslow.

"Yes, sir, by having an engine and caboose run us down to the main line this afternoon. That would give us time to have the Eastern Limited flagged at Pickerel Falls."

Winslow tucked away his handkerchief. "Good!" he said, as he clambered out of the canoe. "I'll dictate the telegrams on the way down. And remember, Pierre," he added, as he turned back to the bronze-faced old figure in the canoe, "you're to keep an eye on those girls of mine. Don't make things too easy for them. I can't say I want 'em to starve, of course. But keep your distance and tell 'em nothing. You understand?"

Pierre removed the antique black pipe from his withered mouth. "All same squaw," he repeated, as he steadied the canoe for the heavy-bodied man to step ashore.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 12)

full-rigged ships. His work was in demand all over the thirteen original bailiwicks, but there came a time of industrial saturation, when the supply exceeded the demand. No innkeeper wanted a full-rigged ship if his tavern was not near the ocean. All the marine hotels already had them. The artist had the stubborn pride that all monomechanics have in their work, and he refused to paint either lions or unicorns. For a few years he made a scant living touching up the wind-dimmed ships floating in front of the tidewater hostelries, but even that came to an end, and he trudged the lanes and pikes looking for new taverns to adorn with his handiwork. Starving and exhausted, he sauntered through Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and finally dropped like a battered plummet in the snow outside an inn located on Second Street, Philadelphia. The same bright window that disclosed the merrymakers inside the tavern also illuminated the shadowy outlines of a sign swinging outside in the wintry drafts. The hopes of the weary artist rose, and drooped again when he saw that the sign was decorated with the fading portrait of a black horse.

But needs must when necessity drives, so he staggered inside the inn and lunged into a great chair by a table. Beckoning to the rotund proprietor, he said, "I am an artist. In return for a night's lodging and food I will paint on your sign the finest full-rigged ship ever seen in the colonies."

"My sign needs a bit of freshening up," the innkeeper remarked after some meditation. "But this is the Black Horse Tavern, and a full-rigged ship would not be appropriate. I will give you food and lodging, however, provided that you first mix your paints and freshen up the black horse, for I have been noticing that he is very faint indeed."

"I am a painter of full-rigged ships," said the artist, "and I refuse to desecrate my profession by portraying a black horse."

"A black horse or no food," the innkeeper reiterated.

"A full-rigged ship," rejoined the proud artist.

"A black horse or no lodging," was the answer; and after an hour's bickering the artist surrendered to the insistence of the host and the clamoring of his own stomach. He mounted a ladder held by the innkeeper, and with his brushes in one hand and a pot of paint in the other, prepared to touch up the sign by the light of the window and the faint glow of a snow-reflected moon. His fingers were chill and his wrist was numb, but just before he placed the first improving daub on the sign he looked down at the innkeeper and remarked, "All right, I'll paint your black horse, but I warn you, before I'm through it's going to look more like a full-rigged ship!"

The early American tavern was the meeting place for the patriots of the Revolution. Samuel Adams and Dr. Joseph Warren met nightly at the Green Dragon in Boston. Whig and Tory patronized the Crown and the Exchange and hatched plot and counterplot over their mugs of ale or cups of coffee. Burns' Coffee House, just off Bowling Green, was the first in New York City and was the incubator where the Liberty Boys hatched the eggs of rebellion. Paul Revere often joined Adams and Doctor Warren at the Green Dragon to retail information of the marching of British troops. If General Gage had been a patron of the Green Dragon he could have prevented the removal of cannon which were smuggled away from the zone of royal jurisdiction. When the King's tea was used as flavoring for the Atlantic Ocean, much too early to help Tommy Lipton's four challengers win the cup, the patriots became coffee drinkers. Colonial coffee was parched in skillets in the open fireplaces and mashed into powder by means of a wooden mortar and pestle. It was bitter and black, but much sweeter than tea with taxes. And when the royal tithe collectors came around for their imperial tenths all the patriots stood up and yelled, "Beans!"

Here is a recipe for Boston beans compiled from the accumulated research of the centuries:

Select carefully one pound of pea or navy beans. Soak in cold water overnight in a big earthen crock. Drain them off in the morning. Add fresh water and heat them, taking great

Continued on Page 72

MEN. Here's How to make marr-velous Home Made Candy

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Did anything ever taste so good? Nothing but Oh Henry! For that's the way to make Oh Henry! That's the way we made it in the beginning, in our own little kitchen—and folks found Oh Henry! so good that we had to magnify and multiply and increase our kitchen hundreds of times to make enough Oh Henry! to go round. So when you want home-made candy, all you have to do is say the word, Oh Henry!

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American design. American lines. American endurance for rough American roads—proved on General Motors' great American proving ground and built by American workmen using American precision-production methods!

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Low, graceful, fashionable lines emphasized by sweeping full-crown fenders.

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All new Duco colors. All new upholsteries. Enough refinement features to be an announcement in themselves.

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In the chassis—new factors of reliability and endurance—factors that people have long hoped to get—but never in a car of Oakland's price.

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A longer, deeper, heavier frame, more rigidly braced. ★ ★ ★

A new and softer clutch. A new and smoother transmission. New elements of steering ease. 4-wheel brakes for safety. Smaller wheels (19″), larger tires (29x5.50), a longer wheelbase (117″), and an exceptionally low center of gravity for better roadability.

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And a new engine that represents a new interpretation of American performance standards!

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An engine of 212 cubic inches displacement—the largest used in a car of Oakland's price.

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Power—smoothness—snap and silence that will be the talk of all America from this day hence. ★ ★ ★

Embodying a combination of features never before employed in any automobile engine:

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—a 78½-lb. crankshaft, counterbalanced and incorporating the Harmonic Balancer—a crankcase of bridge-truss construction—Oakland's famous rubber-silencing principle—and a new combustion chamber design from that great source of automotive progress, the General Motors Research Laboratories.

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And what a galaxy of new features! A gasoline pump that supersedes the long familiar vacuum tank—a new and efficient system of crankcase ventilation that makes oil changes a matter of months, not weeks—triple engine protection by gasoline, oil and air filters—

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—and such factors of luxury and convenience as tri-clustered instrument panel, decorated with bas-relief silver platinum engraving and including a gasoline gauge—large new corrugated steering wheel—colored garnish rails and enough others in addition to make this advertisement read like an equipment catalog!

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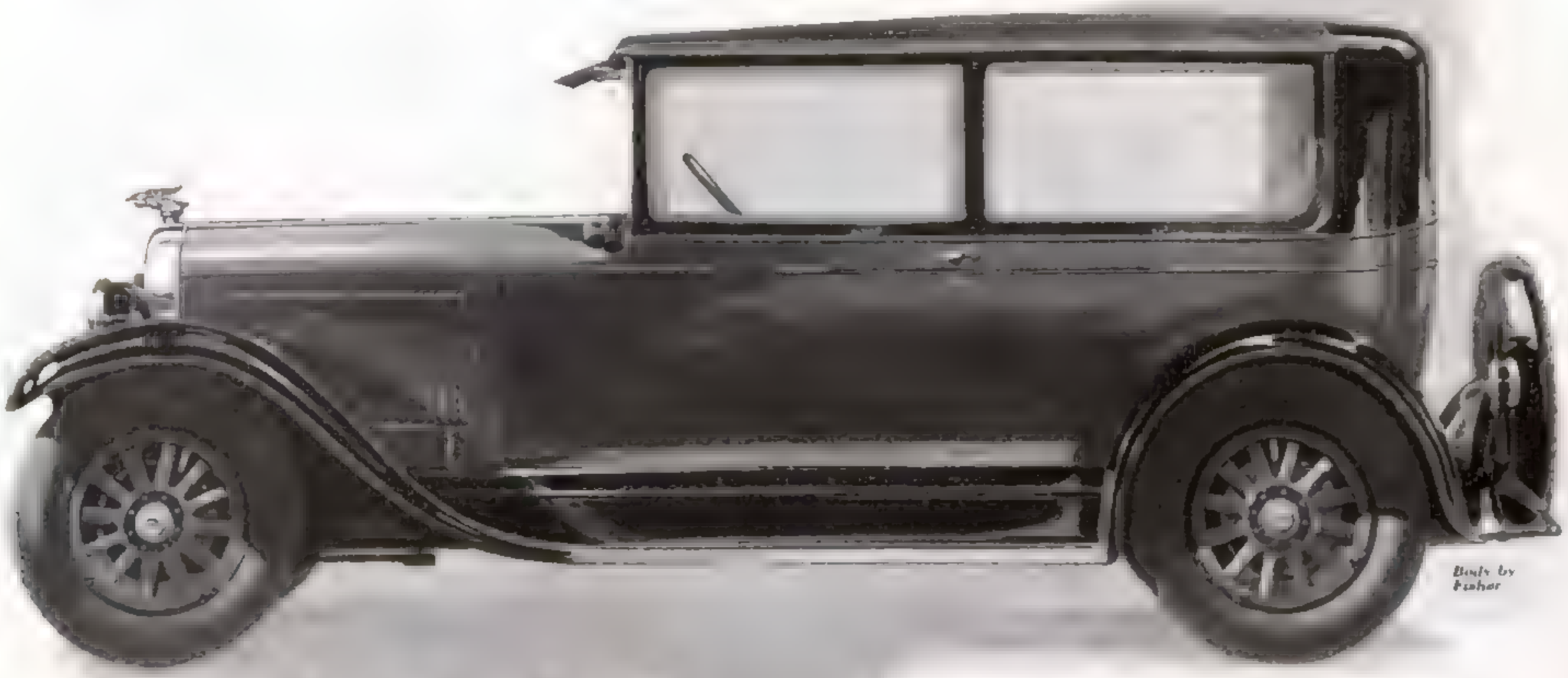

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(Continued from Page 69)

care not to allow the water to come to a boil. This is to prevent the skin of the beans from bursting. You can determine when the preliminary cooking of the beans is sufficient by examining them to see if the skins will burst easily. A slight touch of the fingers or even a vigorous breath blown on them will break the skins. Drain off the warm water and allow cold water to run over the beans. Cover the bottom of an earthen pot or casserole with a layer of beans, then place a small piece of the rind of fat salt pork over them. Do not pour all the beans into the pot at the same time, as the idea is to season each layer of beans and rind until the crock is full. The seasoning consists of a spoonful of mustard, a little pepper, a spoonful of salt, half a cupful of brown sugar and one cupful of pork chopped into small bits. Add a little of this seasoning to each layer and build up until the crock is full. Then pour half a cupful of molasses over the top and add enough water almost to fill the crock. Spread a few slices of salt pork over the beans. Place a lid on the crock and cook slowly for about seven hours. Shortly before the beans are cooked, remove the cover and allow them to brown.

A night and a day are essential for the correct preparation of beans. The Boston housewife starts very early on Saturday morning to cook them, for they are the New England Sunday breakfast. The culinary coat of Boston arms consists of a bean rampant upon a field of brown bread. I favor the old standard New England recipe for brown bread. The ingredients are one cupful of rye meal or barley flour, one cupful of granulated corn meal, one cupful of Graham flour or oat flour, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of salt, a short tablespoonful of soda and a short cupful of molasses. By short spoonful or cupful I mean about three-quarters full. Some Down East chefs substitute two short cupfuls of sweet milk for the sour milk, while still others discard both sweet and sour milk and use plain water.

Sift and mix the dry ingredients, add the molasses and milk, stir until the whole is well mixed, then turn into a buttered mold and steam three or four hours. The cover of the mold is always buttered before it is placed on the mold. Then it is tied down with heavy string, for when Boston brown bread starts to rise it is like the Ohio River in the spring freshets. If New England cooks grew careless with their string the streets of Northeast America would be running knee-deep in dark sienna bread. The mold should never be more than two-thirds full, for an overstuffed cannon will surely burst its shell. I have seen Vermont cooks clinging to the lids of molds while the irresistible brown bread slowly forced its way to the roof.

Any empty tin receptacle will do for a mold. After you are sure that the lid is securely tied down place the mold on a trivet in a larger kettle of boiling water, which should never rise more than halfway up the mold. Add water as needed and steam for at least four hours. If the lid has not been tight it is possible that the bread will need drying out in a warm oven for a few minutes. The oven should not be too hot.

Hard-Boiled Eggs à la Rector

People with big feet tread on a lot of toes. So I want to assure New England housewives that I have not deliberately stolen any private and long-guarded recipe for beans or brown bread. Long usage has lifted the copyright on all foods and a good recipe is common property. New England has the consolation of knowing that it enjoyed these recipes long before the rest of the world realized what it was missing. To prove that I can be at least as grateful as a trade rat, which substitutes some article for the one it has stolen, I will give New England my recipe for hard-boiling eggs, which consists of keeping the eggs in boiling water until their shells crack. The passing years have moderated me to a great extent, for around 1900 I would not only have confiscated these two recipes but I would have also added "à la Rector."

I have a letter from an old lady in Virginia upbraiding me for stealing her private signals utilized in the making of pigs in blankets. I am sorry to inform her that her patents have expired and that she made the mistake of not stopping her competitors 100 years ago. If you allow people to walk across your property for twenty years, that privilege becomes their eternal right by the law of prescription, meaning custom and long usage. Anybody can make brown bread or play Faust on the piano, provided they can either cook or play. Time has released them both to the public.

I once read a very learned article in which the writer elaborated a series of deductions which proved that history would have been changed if Cleopatra's nose had been longer; that the spinning of a spider web across a small cave outside of Mecca was responsible for the Moorish conquest of Granada, and the annexation of a Mediterranean island resulted in the downfall of French royalty. The writer could have gone further and deduced that the Cape Cod oyster is entitled to be known as the American national bird. Coupled with the fish and the beaver, we cannot deny that it caused the American Revolution.

A Cast-Iron Bubble

We will parade the exhibits before the jury. The French and English had always been at odds over the fishing industries of New England and Nova Scotia. Premier Pitt raised a popular army of 20,000 American colonists who marched against Quebec and Louisburg, with a couple of neat sidesteps toward Ticonderoga and Duquesne. When Louisburg, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, fell, the dream of French domination in America was over. The conquest of Montreal in 1760 removed the last traces of the colonists' enemies to the north. With nothing to fear from foes across the Canadian border, the colonists turned their faces east and were free in twenty-one years. England had obliterated an enemy whose menace had knit the colonies to England with its protecting fleet. Not bad for an oyster! Still, we do not think that it would inspire respect on a flag.

In the history of the world there has never been a fishing field to compare with the coastal waters of New England and Nova Scotia. And never was there a breed of men like the gaunt giants who put out from Gloucester, Boston, Rhode Island and Maine to defy storm, fog, pirate and the hooked finger of fate. All the imaginative romances of the Seven Seas pale before the simple facts concerning daily happenings among the gleaners of the Grand Banks.

Just about sixty years after John Law's Mississippi Bubble had burst right in France's face, just about the same time after the South Sea Company's balloon had been punctured with all England hanging to its guy ropes, New England launched a bubble with a cast-iron skin—the Western Atlantic fisheries. They are still fishing there, for it is the magic aquarium that never grows empty. And on the Grand Banks was raised a brood of human sea lions who were to wrest the supremacy of the seas from the Old World. Weeping over the American mercantile marine is no new industry, for we have been crying over it for many years. But there was a time when the Yankee merchandising fleet swept the seas. And that time was when Salem turned its thoughts from the witch of the land to that witch of the sea—the clipper ship.

The romance of New World food started on the wharves of Salem when Philip English, who was to be accused later of witchcraft along with Mrs. English, left the Isle of Jersey and settled in that deep-water town around 1670. Before 1700 he owned twenty-one vessels, trading with Bilbao, Barbados and the ports of France. He became the richest man in the northern colonies in spite of the epidemic of witchcraft, the binding restrictions of jealous English competitors and the French privateers who gobbled up the Salem ketches on the Spanish Main. As early as 1690, the ketch Fellowship, captained by Robert Glanville, bound from the Vineyard to Berwick-on-Tweed, was benevolently assimilated by two French privateers and hustled to Dunkirk. Witness a Salem ship-news note of that period:

(1695) The ship Essex of Salem, Captain John Beal, from Bilbao in Spain, had a battle at sea and lost John Samson, boatswain. This man and Thomas Roads, the gunner, had previously contracted that whoever of the two survived the other he should have all the property of the deceased.

There was a time when the Salem wharves were packed high with fruit, raisins and nuts from the Mediterranean, pepper from the Dutch Malays, salt from Cadiz, coffee from Arabia, palm oil from Africa, wine from the Madeiras, teas and silk from Hong-Kong, sugar and molasses imported from the West Indies, tallow from Madagascar, cotton from India, ivory from Zanzibar, rubber, wool and hides from South America and whale oil from every degree of latitude and longitude. The commerce grew through the years, and from 1800 to 1810 the Salem customs authorities collected duties amounting to more than $7,000,000.

Nathaniel Hawthorne saw a little of the fading glory of Salem, for he was surveyor in the customhouse there from 1846 to 1849. He came from a line of Salem captains who had carried the American flag to Java, Sumatra, Japan, Madagascar, Fiji Islands and Africa for the first time. He wrote of his ancestors:

From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarterdeck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire.

The fingers of Salem men have grasped in vain against the slime-garnished rocks of the South Seas, the ears of Salem men have listened to taps played by the wild bugles of uncharted reefs, the bodies of Salem men have withered in the cells of Algeria, Spain and France; they have been slashed by pirates and eaten by cannibals, blown to bits by privateers and crimped by British men-of-war, but they lived to man and equip forty privateers for the War of 1812. The Salem frigate Essex, Captain David Porter, rasped and scraped every English commercial sail off the Pacific Ocean before she was defeated by the Phœbe and Cherub at Valparaiso.

Captain Devereux of Salem actually traded with Japan fifty-two years before Commodore Perry is supposed to have broken the first crust of Nipponese isolation. An item in his log reads that he bartered for lacquered ware, tables, desks, tea caddies, "packed in boxes so neat that in other countries they would be considered cabinet work." His boat was the forerunner of the famous Yankee clipper, which reached its climax in the Flying Cloud, the Northern Light, the Westward Ho and the Newburyport, built semi-clipper; the Dreadnaught, which went from New York to Queenstown in nine days and thirteen hours in 1860. The Lightning hung up a record of 502 64 statute miles in twenty-four hours, which was 100 miles a day faster than any steamboat operating in the year of the record, 1854.

Seagoing Food

Yet there came a time when Salem shipping gradually diminished in bulk until it practically vanished from the sea. What embargo, war, storm and pirate had failed to do was accomplished by a boy and a teakettle. The boy's name was James Watt.

I have never gone down to the sea in ships. I went there in a flivver to learn what these deep-water crusaders ate when they carried the flag of America over the rim of the unknown. Yet seeking the food they ate acquainted me with the deeds they spun across the flooded valleys of Atlantis, which was food enough for me; and food enough for any other landlubber who thinks that he is taking an ocean voyage when he trundles aboard 50,000-ton warehouses, erroneously known as transatlantic ships. As amazing as were the deeds of the Salemites, I found that their trips were mere skimmings on surf boards compared with the voyages of the whalers of New Bedford, who thought nothing of taking a century-end trip of two, three or four years.

I was fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction to Zephaniah W. Pease, scion of a long line of Bedford whalers, who has written many books and articles on the New England whaler. He told me that the food of the whaler had always been a timely topic of spontaneous verbal combustion among the men who signed on for the long cruises. Owing to the terrific duration of the trips, the menu was confined to provisions that could stand extremes of heat and cold for long stretches. In other words, the food had to be seagoing as well as the men who ate it. The ship chandlers of New Bedford furnished the finest kind of plain provender. I quote Clifford W. Ashley, author of The Yankee Whaler, for the list of eatables considered essential for a voyage:

Flour baked into hard bread, packed flour, kiln-dried meal, mess beef, prime beef, pork hams, molasses, vinegar, lemon sirup, pickles, mackerel, tongues, codfish, sugar, butter, coffee, cheese, rice, dried apples, raisins, beans, peas, corn, potatoes, onions, cabbages, tea, chocolate, crushed sugar, mustard, black pepper, Cayenne pepper, ginger, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, saleratus, pepper sauce, table salt, sweet oil.

In addition, there was lime juice to combat scurvy, and wines, brandy, gin and rum were included under medicinal stores. The food of the cabin was the same as the food of the forecastle. The crew grumbled at all times over the monotony of the fare, which is characteristic of seamen the world over, but it meant nothing except that there was a dearth of subject matter for conversation in the forecastle. The only difference I ever saw in the food was that the cabin meals were served on a table and included butter.

The old whalers never clamored for butter after their ship had been at sea a couple of good, hot summers. After butter has plowed across the equator it grows a beard, becomes too strong to spread on bread, is a little too soupy to be axle grease, and is enough to make the cheese makers of the Alps call for a new deal.

Bullet-Proof Angel Cake

The two main items of food were hard-tack and salt horse. Hard-tack is a square cracker. The whole secret of its value was the manner in which it was baked. The purveyors of this indispensable concrete delicacy were Watson of New Bedford and Butterick of Fairhaven. The ingredients were flour and water. The technic of mixing was not important. You could agitate it with an ax handle or tickle it with a feather without changing its disposition a bit. It was fired in brick kilns like Trenton pottery and emerged as elastic as the corner stone of a public library. Every particle of moisture was extracted during the baking process and the hard-tack was packed in air-tight casks after it had been tested by a series of sledge blows on a specially chilled anvil. If it showed any dents, it was placed back in the kiln for more heat. The makers prided themselves on their ability to construct reënforced hard-tack that would make a buzz saw consult a dentist. It was made to defy mildew and biscuit weevils, and the bakers were so successful in their efforts that an ordinary wood borer would starve to death on a whaler's slab of hard-tack.

There is an authenticated case of a whaler staying out for four years and coming back to New Bedford with a surplus supply of this angel cake, which was examined by the port authorities, pronounced seaworthy and immediately shipped for another two-year cruise on a different vessel. Try to get that mileage out of a modern soda cracker.

Salt horse is nothing more or less than corned beef that has been educated by travel. It was served with hard-tack three times a day. If there were any vegetables on board they were served also; but a

(Continued on Page 77)

Build on the SAFE *side*

You put a sleepless fireguard in your home when you build your interior walls of Sheetrock. Broad and thick, ceiling-high, rigid, non-warping, *permanent,* every sturdy sheet is processed from fireproof gypsum rock. Time has tested it. The best builders endorse it. It is sold by responsible dealers, and it is plainly marked Sheetrock for your protection.

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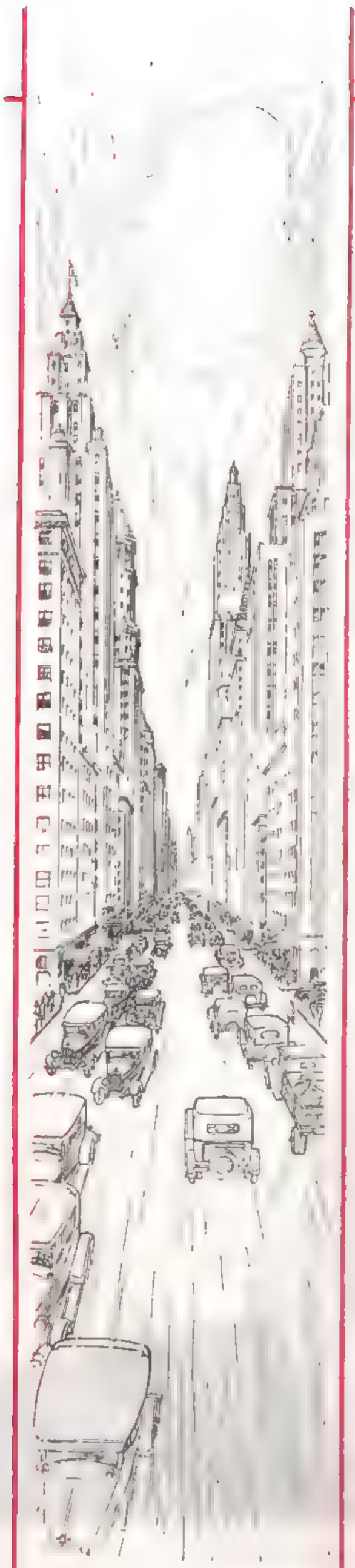
Why *changed* motoring conditio

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"European-type" desi

How it raises new

During 1926, American manufacturers exported 380,000 automobiles—thousands to Europe.

During 1927, the advertising of many of these same American manufacturers bears witness to a "European" influence at work in America. Several car makers tell of their "European-type" engines and body lines.

What is meant by "European-type" engine design? This: Smaller engines. Higher compression. More revolutions per minute.

For several years these characteristics of design have been growing factors in American motors. Together with other changed conditions they have raised new lubricating problems. Who understands them best? Who is best prepared to supply the necessary oils?

Here are facts of the utmost importance:

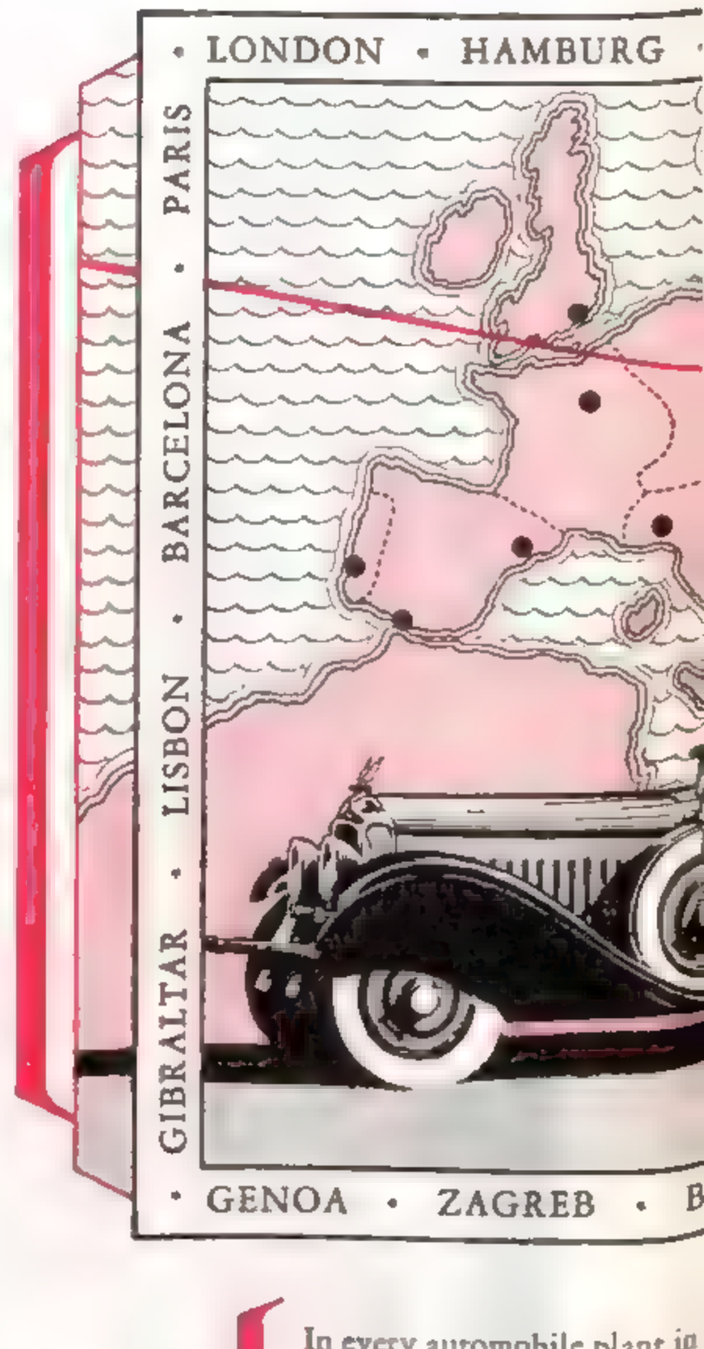
Gargoyle Mobiloil is by long odds the most popular oil in all Europe. In France. In England, too. In Germany. In Italy, Austria, the Scandinavian countries.

Why? Because of Mobiloil's demonstrated superiority in high-speed, high-compression engines!

A staff of Mobiloil engineers is at work in every country in Europe. For years these Mobiloil engineers have been in personal touch with the leading European motor-car builders.

Their first-hand knowledge of the lubricating problems of European engines is shared with the Mobiloil Board of Engineers in America.

In the automotive world today, this world-wide experience in lubrication stands alone.



In every automobile plant in engineer is known. As in representative of the world entific lubrication. (Dots on marketing Mobiloil.)

GAR

Mob

Make the

VACUUM OIL COMP

Other branches and distributing

ns demand a new margin of safety

No. 10

gn—a growing trend lubricating problems

Europe the Gargoyle Mobiloil America, he is the respected recognized authority on sci- the map indicate main offices

GOYLE

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art your guide

Other problems

The 1927 Mobiloil represents the very peak of Mobiloil performance. Continuous improvements give Mobiloil a greater margin of safety than ever before.

Start! Stop! Accelerate and away! Today's congested traffic puts an entirely new burden on both your engine and your lubricating oil. Your 1927 Mobiloil meets the need with an ample engineering margin of safety.

Mile after mile—mile after mile. Today's improved country roads invite faster travel for longer stretches. A gruelling test for lubricating oil. Your 1927 Mobiloil more than meets the need.

Today, changed engine design puts new strains on lubrication. Your 1927 Mobiloil retains its body and quality under this added strain better than ever before.

The correct grade of Mobiloil for your car—for any make or model—is clearly indicated in the 1927 Mobiloil Chart. This Chart is printed in part on this page. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at any Mobiloil dealer's.

In using the grade of Mobiloil advised for your car, you are fully protected against the new lubricating needs of today's high-speed, high-heat, high-compression engines—and the 1927 high-speed country highways and slow-speed congested city traffic.

The 1927 Mobiloil is the best oil we have ever made. The oil with the engineering margin of safety. *The cheapest per mile and per year.*

Put it in your crankcase.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn								
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Austin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other models)			A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 70	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland 51			A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Diana	A	Arc	A	Arc	A			
Dodge Bros. (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Durant Four			A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar (4 cyl.), 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (other models)	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Erskine	A	A						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Falcon	A	Arc						
Federal FW, X2, X5, X6, L	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" UB6, J	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal Knight 80, 21	A	Arc						
" (other models)	B	Arc	B	A	B	A	B	Arc
Flint	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T 40, T 50, 1, 2 ton	A	Arc						
Gardner (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gray			Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
International 5 SD								
" 4, 6 cyl. 10	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan Siz	A	Arc			Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Kissel 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" 8 cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile								
" (Model 8 & Jr. 8)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon 8 cyl.	A	Arc						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Page	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 50, 80 and 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic 11A, 19, 20, 2, 3, 5 ton					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 25-6, 5 ton	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9					Arc	Arc		
" 21, Bud. Stewart	A	Arc	A	A				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight Closed	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
White 15, 20 & 20D, ¾ and 2 ton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

ANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

warehouses throughout the country

Built As Only Chrysler Builds

CHRYSLER "50"

Coupe, $750; Coach, $780; Roadster (with rumble seat), $795; Sedan, $830; f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax . . . Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan . . . All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

Designed by the same engineering genius that planned the great, new Chrysler "62", the "70" and Imperial "80"; sharing in the economies of volume production that enable Chrysler to purchase finest materials at lowest prices; built in the same plants, by the same quality craftsmanship, with the same modern equipment, and under the same methods of painstaking accuracy as the Chrysler cars of highest price—

It is obvious that the Chrysler "50" presents advantages *no other car* of its class enjoys.

Ride in a "50"; compare its performance, its appearance, the comfort of its full size. That's the simplest and most convincing proof of the tremendous advantages of its intimate association with fine-car manufacture. Any Chrysler dealer is eager to extend the opportunity for such a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 72)

whaler could always depend on his salt horse keeping a triple engagement every twenty-four hours. One day a week, usually on Thursdays, there was salt codfish. Saturday was distinguished by baked beans, and Sunday was observed with canned fresh beef—sometimes.

All meat was horse meat to the sailor. A whale steak was white horse. The salt horse was dug out of a keg known as the harness cask, because meat to the sailor was leather. Salt horse was always soaked in fresh water to remove some of the salt. Drinking water was shipped at New Bedford in sufficient quantity to last a voyage and was very often carried in old casks which had served as decanters for whale oil. Sailors who complained about the smoky flavor of their water supply soon got a reputation of being fussy. Meat balls made of Hamburgered porpoise and fried in sperm oil in the try-pots were much prized by the whaler, who varied the monotony of his diet by slicing himself a nice steak from a fifty-pound albacore. The dogfish, of the shark species, was another dish. It has often been chopped up and served as scallops in certain restaurants far removed from New Bedford.

By this time you are justified in thinking that a whaler would bite anything that didn't bite him first. He could also raid the nests of the booby birds on Ascension Island and make himself a fine booby omelet. The Galápagos, a group of islands west of Ecuador, were his pantry for the land tortoise, for the New Bedford diner thought nothing of sailing 5000 miles from his dining room to the kitchen. These tortoises would often weigh 1000 pounds on the hoof—or rather, on the flipper—and were hoisted on deck with tackle and derrick.

Lobscouse was a hash of salt beef and hard bread mixed with onions, potatoes and other vegetables. Plum duff was a sort of marine dumpling.

This was the diet of the rope-muscled, cable-sinewed citizens of New Bedford who commuted between the two Poles, ate with their sheath knives and whose wall motto was A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat.

Fortunes in Oil

There were many times when the whale validated the latter half of that motto, and the anxious shipowner of New Bedford never knew whether he was prince or pauper until he saw his craft return to the harbor. The Old Morgan was the greatest of whaling vessels.

It is now pensioned for life, resting on a huge concrete base on the estate of Colonel Green. The Young Phœnix made $1,000,000 for her owners in a spectacular career. The bark Lagoda netted a profit of $651,958.99 in twelve voyages between 1843 and 1886.

Jonathan Borne, general manager and part owner of twenty-four vessels, spanning a business career of fifty-three active years, kept books which, when audited, fixed the aggregate sales value of his catch of whale oil for the entire period at $7,986,103.08. To prevent you from rushing to an oculist I will state that the first figure in that sum is a seven.

While the boys in the back rooms of the whalers were picking daintily with crowbars at ten-pound whale steaks, let's see how the owners were faring on land. Mr. Pease showed me an owner's diary for the year of 1823. The shipowner's name was Joseph R. Anthony, and he had no grumble coming, for he had roast beef, "a rarity at this season." Also stall-fed wild pigeon and partridge, pie, fried oysters, venisoned mutton, souse and sausages, "ate strawberries in James Arnold's garden, attended a corn-pudding party" and a cherry-and-cucumber party, had radishes "from the seed that grew this year"; and don't forget the "apples which grew on my English Royal dwarf received from France this spring. It was in bloom when set out. The color, red and white, and very fine flavour."

Not so bad for a man who had no appetite. The closing paragraphs for that feast day include references to casks of wine which were placed in the cellar to settle, Madeira and port, which he bottled himself. The whalers who had joined Mr. Anthony's navy to see the world probably never saw his cellar, which was another world and had no navy.

Although Mr. Anthony made no mention of it in his diary, the owners played smart billiards when seeking a crew. They usually advertised in the Boston papers for young men who were desirous of enjoying a tropical cruise in smiling waters. Applicants were advised to report on the wharf arrayed in white duck clothes. The hardest work on the boat was the polishing of brass, and good meals were guaranteed, topped off with mince pie—now and then. The period of time between now and then was three years. Once aboard the lugger, the only thing brass about the boat was the wages. The steaming try-out pots were tropical enough to please anybody. When a whale was killed the whole crew worked night and day until they dropped. Grog was served, but only as a stimulant. The first real feast on shipboard was a question of months and possibly years. Sometimes it was postponed forever. It occurred when the ship had obtained its first 1000 barrels of oil, and it consisted of doughnuts.

An Agreeable Voyage

But the New England youth didn't go to sea to become an epicure or a gourmand. He was a sailor from birth and had oarlocks on his first cradle. The more inviting the advertisement looked, the more dangerous the cruise. And there weren't any mamma's boys or teacher's pets falling for the broadside which appeared on the tavern doors and town halls of Salem in 1777 and which concluded with the following bait:

> Any Gentlemen Volunteers who have a Mind to take an agreeable Voyage in this pleasant Season of the Year may, by entering on board the above Ship Ranger, meet with every Civility they can possibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the first Opportunity being embraced to award each one Agreable to his Merit. All reasonable Travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

Every lad knew what the Ranger was and every young fellow knew she was commanded by John Paul Jones, Esq. An agreeable voyage in the pleasant season of the year meant chasing English commerce right up to the mouth of the Thames and then a game of hide and seek with King George's irritable admirals. But John Paul had no trouble filling his quota, for the ratio of fighting men in New England was twelve to a dozen. They were the original marines on land or sea. A Salem man attained the honor of being granted a final resting place in the Confucian Temple at Sung-Kiang. His name was Frederick Townsend Ward, organizer and commander of the Ever-Victorious Army of the Chinese forces. China still burns incense to the man who fell while chasing the rebels out of Tsz-Ki.

To be born on the New England coast meant a rightful heritage of adventure, and very few of the lads stayed on the farms. The Colonial navy was recruited between high and low tide on the Yankee coast. The whalers became gunners overnight and there was never a dearth of stout fighters. An estimate by James Arnold, who owned the garden where Joseph R. Anthony ate strawberries, indicates that there were 650 vessels, grossing 193,000 tons and manned by 16,000 officers and men, active in the sperm-oil industry.

To equip these 650 whalers for one voyage would require an aggregate of 100,000 barrels of flour at six dollars a barrel, 32,500 barrels of corn at seventy cents, 6500 bushels of beans at one dollar and twenty-five cents, 1,300,000 pounds of tobacco at eleven cents a pound, 65,000 bushels of potatoes at thirty-five cents a bushel, 650,000 pounds of rice at three cents, 325,000 pounds of cheese at eight cents, 325,000 pounds of butter at the very economical price of seventeen cents a pound, 3900 barrels of vinegar, averaging three dollars a barrel, 404,000 pounds of sugar around eight cents a pound, 404,000 pounds of coffee at ten cents, the enormous quantity of 592,000 gallons of molasses and 312,000 pounds of dried apples.

Then there had to be enough salt pork, beef and hard-tack to last the voyage. There are very few financiers of today who would have the courage and vision to risk their wealth in fitting out vessels which were to tag the corners of the earth and might return after three years with thousands of dry barrels.

Although the meat of the whale is acceptable to the Laplander and the Eskimo, very few of the New Englanders cared for breaded blubber cutlets. There are records of shipwrecked crews subsisting on scraps of whales left over from the try-pots and some veteran denizens of Nantucket and Rhode Island claim to have enjoyed a nicely browned sperm steak. The old monks of Dunfermline were fond of porpoise hash and had a great porpoise grant from the king.

Personally I prefer good old Rhode Island clam chowder, and I have this fairly representative recipe which I picked up on the trip: You will require one quart of hard clams, a three-inch cube of fat salt pork, one sliced onion, one short cupful of cold water, four cupfuls of potatoes chopped in small cubes, two cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of scalded milk, one cupful of scalded cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter and eight common crackers.

A Lobster Out of Water

Put the onion and the pork in the cup of cold water and cook for about ten minutes. Drain it off and save the liquid. Parboil the potatoes for five minutes and drain off. Add the liquids that you have drained off the onion and pork to the potatoes, the hard part of the clams that have been finely chopped, and also add two cupfuls of boiling water. When the potatoes are nearly done add the tomatoes, the soft part of the clams, the milk, cream and butter. Season with sufficient salt and pepper. Split the crackers, soak in cold milk to moisten and reheat in chowder.

There are several kinds of chowder. Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island all claim to be the center of the chowder industry of America. I have tasted clam soup in all the Northern states and can testify that each community shares in the honorable mention.

The finest lobsters in the world are found in the Atlantic waters from Cape May to Nova Scotia, being most abundant off Massachusetts and Maine. At one time the lobster fishermen trapped giants weighing from sixteen to twenty-five pounds, but Diamond Jim Brady and the original Florodora Sextette speedily exterminated these monsters, and now the average lobster weighs about two pounds. A lobster is a coarse feeder and therefore hard to digest, but is seldom tainted or diseased. It is a safer dish than crab meat, and correspondingly more expensive. The freshness of lobsters is determined by the weight. The longer the lobster has been out of the ocean, the lighter it gets. There is more shrinkage in lobsters than in any other sea food.

Swordfish Steaks

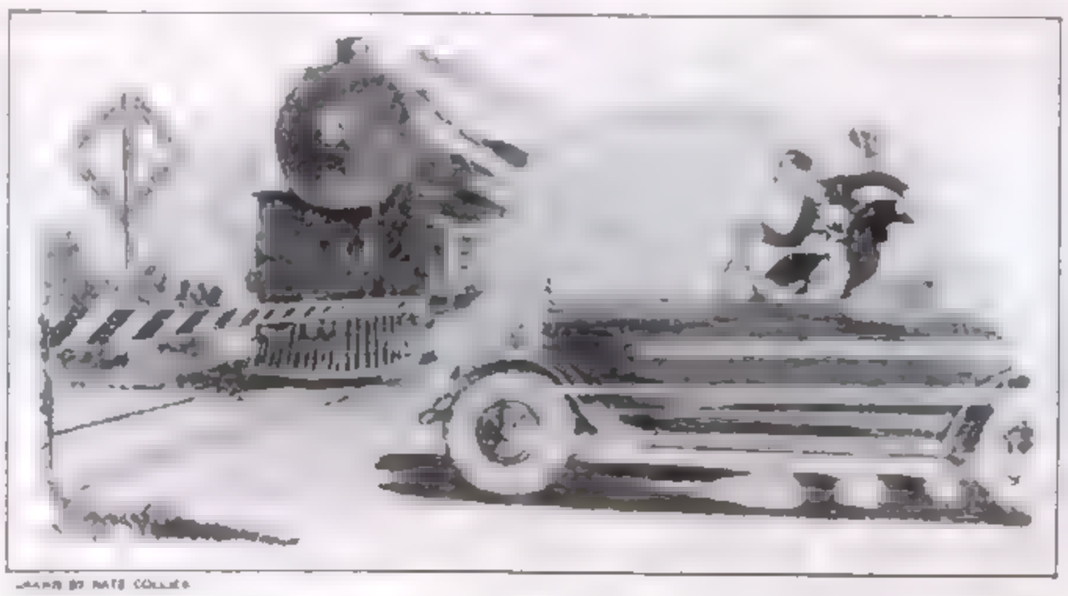
The chicken lobster was a popular dish until laws were passed prohibiting their sale unless they were at least ten inches in length. Otherwise the king of crustaceans would be as extinct as the passenger pigeon and the mustache cup.

New England is especially fortunate in its variety of fish, both salt and fresh. Black bass, bluefish, flounder, haddock, halibut, herring, mackerel, perch, smelts, pickerel, shad, trout and the illustrious cod. There are many others, but I couldn't sample them all on a week-end trip.

Swordfish is an unknown delicacy in many sections of this country but very popular all through New England. Broadway frowns upon it. A swordfish's eyes are where its ears should be, which makes it easy to attack from the rear or head-on. It also has the foolish habit of sleeping on the surface of the water in the glare of the summer sun. The harpooner stands in the pulpit on the end of the bowsprit and has no great difficulty in spearing the fish. I lanced one off Block Island about twenty years ago. Off it scooted, dragging several hundred feet of rope attached to a red keg. We had no trouble in catching it, but marketing it in New York was something else again. We tried it out as swordfish steaks at Rector's restaurant in 1905, but the diners shunned it. At the end of a week we had sold one order of swordfish and we were forced to give the rest to the help. Though swordfish is slightly darker meat than halibut, it is the finest fish I have ever tasted. If you ever get down around Boston way try a swordfish steak.

The whalers ate swordfish, porpoise and mackerel, although there is a maritime superstition about eating any fish that hasn't got scales. The scaleless fish is supposed to feast on the bodies of drowned sailors. Probably the heroic stories related about swordfish stabbing and sinking Atlantic vessels with all on board has something to do with the unpopularity of this pugnacious swimmer.

It's about time to apologize for specializing entirely on the coast of New England, but the romance of the sea almost made me forget that the farm lands of New England are as fine, if not finer, than those of other localities. The rolling country is magnificent and the Mecca of motorists in the summer months. The food is very good at the wayside inns and every one of the taverns has a history longer than the tail on a kite. After eating a New England boiled dinner, you wonder why the whalers didn't coal up on them, for one N. E. boiled dinner is guaranteed to last any traveler for the rest of his journey, even though he goes to the ends of the earth.



She (Learning to Drive): "And What Do I Do Now, Dear?"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE FORDSON

SOMEWHERE, in every industry of America, there is a place where a Fordson mobile power unit will pull or push, lift or carry *at less cost than any other power unit in existence!*

More than half a million Fordsons are lowering the costs of production, operating and handling at a thousand varied tasks the world over . . . from hauling scenery in a great metropolitan theater to carrying two-ton castings in a foundry!

They are hauling trailers . . . grading and scarifying roads . . . hoisting mine cars . . . digging ditches . . . laying pipe-lines . . . shoveling excavations . . . skidding logs . . . driving belts hitched to every sort of a rotary machine . . . sweeping and sprinkling streets . . . loading every conceivable product into every conceivable sort of a vehicle . . . and hauling it away!

. . . and doing every operation to which they may be assigned with speed, unbelievable economy and utter reliability.

The Fordson stands by itself . . . a compact, fool-proof, trustworthy, economical power unit, capable of handling big loads at a rapid rate.

And the imagination . . . the foresight . . . of American industry has adapted Fordson power to its own problems.

Somewhere in *your* business there is a place where the Fordson will not only pay its own way, but will earn substantial dividends besides . . . the reliable, efficient sort of workman upon whom you can build new standards of production!

Within striking distance of every Fordson tractor in America . . . and most of those abroad . . . is a service agency where trained mechanics and extra parts are available at a moment's notice. The cost of mechanical work and parts alike is in keeping with Ford standards . . . held as low as the world's most modern manufacturing organization can hold them with the world's most modern methods.

Ford engineers are ready . . . and eager . . . to help you adapt Fordson power to your industrial problems. Write us, describing your pulling, pushing, lifting and carrying needs, and let us suggest an efficient, economical method . . . a Fordson method . . . with approximate costs.

Tradition — the enemy of industrial efficiency -

WHERE industrial practices are concerned, we have, for years, set ourselves a creed which refuses to fear the future or venerate the past. . . . Tradition is inimical to industrial progress.

We have never made changes merely for the sake of *making* them . . . nor have we ever hesitated to make a change once it was a demonstrated improvement. Yet in our own plants we have hardly a manufacturing method in force that was considered the last word in efficiency in 1921!

Never has American industry been so keenly competitive. Never has the manufacturer had to strive so persistently to cut his costs. It has become a case of speed up . . . or fall by the wayside.

For a striking example, turn to the man who learned the lesson of lowered production costs from the manufacturer . . . and applied it to his own problem . . . the farmer.

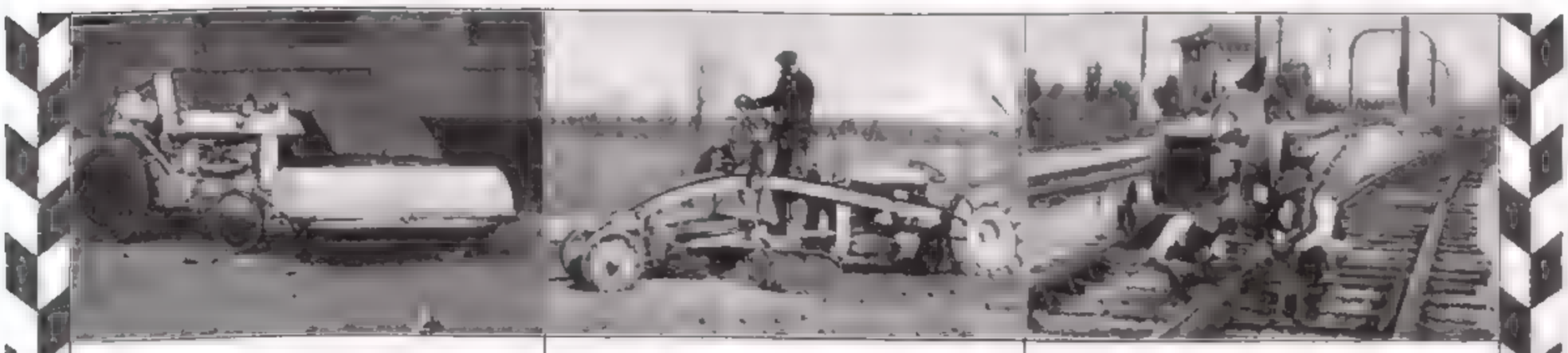
While tradition still rules the farming industry, as a class, American farmers in California . . . with the highest paid farm labor in the world . . . raise *rice* and sell it at a profit in *China* and *Japan!*

The manufacturer who will succeed under present-day conditions is he who will accept the new demands of economical production as a challenge to his imagination.

It is with these demands in mind that we present the Fordson industrial power unit. It is an example of these very methods, for we have produced what we believe to be the most economical power unit in existence at a cost that permits its wide and general use in the reduction of industrial production costs.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A CHALLENGE TO THE IMAGINATION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY



1. *"For four years the streets of San Antonio, Texas, have been swept by 14 Fordsons. During that time we have needed but one general motor overhaul!"*

2. *This grading outfit, powered by a Fordson, paid for itself, tractor and all, in the first three months it was used!*

3. *For this fast emergency rail repair outfit, the Fordson provides not only motive power but working power as well.*

4. *"We handle a larger tonnage with our Fordson than with a five-ton truck . . . and our total investment is only about half!"*

5. *This steel company loads and hauls long, heavy steel joists with fast, economical Fordson power . . . year in and year out!*

6. *"Our actual expense for loading and hauling logs with the Fordson has been 62c a thousand feet . . . against an estimated $6 with steam!"*

Why are men turning to "The Better Shave?"

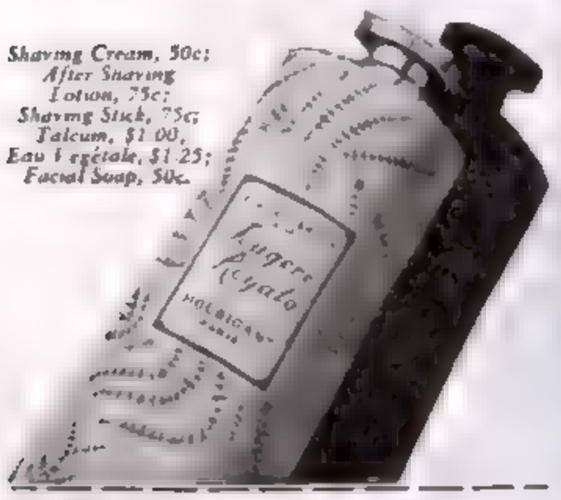
THERE must be something unusual about a shaving cream that makes thousands adopt it and tell others, when it's been in drug-stores only a few months. There *is* something unusual about Fougère Royale Shaving Cream; that's why it's called "the better shave".

This cream takes the irritation and annoyance out of shaving. It is soothing to tender faces. It makes a copious, quick lather, and eliminates razor-pull and scraping. It gives you an easy, satisfying shave. Fougère Royale has the invigorating odor of the Royal Fern. Get it at your druggist's or send the coupon below for a trial tube.

Fougere Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is a boon to tender faces, soothing and restoring moisture to the skin. It is new, but most good druggists have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal



Shaving Cream, 50c; After Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c; Talcum, $1.00; Eau Végétale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept P-13
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

Name _____

Address _____

FOR A SCRAP OF BLUE RIBBON

(Continued from Page 19)

My Sunnybank Sigurdson collected twelve points toward his championship before he was a year old. He won under several judges but only one of his shows happened to be a three-pointer. He spent the next six months, off and on, looking for another three-point show. The time was summer, and in summer collies are not plentiful at shows.

For instance, we drove seventy miles to one show, only to find there were too few collies there to score a single point. Another, eighty miles distant, was only a one-point show. And so it went. The young dog had won something like twenty-two points in all, before, at Tuxedo, he was fortunate to win in another three-point show; which gave him his championship. That was nearly four years ago. Yet more than one splendid collie that competed against him in 1923, is still striving for the vexingly elusive combination of points which shall confer a championship title. Sigurdson was lucky.

At a Pasadena show I met a jubilant breeder who announced proudly to me, "I've been showing dogs steadily for nine years, and today I got my first champion!"

To finish up the procedure of shows: I said all breeds were judged separately at first. But at most of the larger shows, now, the regular breed judging is followed by what are known as Variety Classes, in which the best dog of each of the various breed classes competes. The Variety Class winners are then judged together to determine Best in Show.

At the Westminster Show at Madison Square Garden, in New York, this Best in Show judging occurs always on Lincoln's Birthday. The giant building is jammed with spectators for the classic event, and the spaces around the central judging ring are chockablock with breeders.

As each dog is inspected the fanciers of that breed break into more or less raucous applause. The final decision is sign for an ovation, and it makes the front page of the next morning's newspapers. Some of the ringside applause, more than once, has had a serpentine subnote. Not every dog fancier is an ideal loser, and breed loyalty sometimes verges on unsportsmanly fanaticism.

For a novice breeder to take his untried dog to a show like Westminster is on a par with a likely young amateur heavyweight challenging Gene Tunney. But Tunney would pay no heed to the challenge, while in the dog game every such challenge is accepted. So your untested chum dog is permitted to take his defeat.

Two Ways to Win

Again and again, though, some novice has mastered the needful knowledge of what constitutes a good show dog and has bred or bought such a dog and has done sensational winning with him. But even then the odds are heavily against him, not only at Westminster but at every show, big or small. For usually it is not enough to have a fine dog in order to win; just as the novice buyer of a great race horse seldom has the skill and experience to guide his mount to victory. The novice horseman can hire an expert jockey. So, if he chooses, can the novice dog man sometimes hire a professional handler to condition and train and show his dog. Personally I do not care for that kind of thing.

I have known dog handlers who are honest and kind and nonboozeful, and who are gifted with the skill to bring out all a dog's best points. I have known others whom I do not consider expert or reliable. Most of them, I believe, are all right. A very few are inspiredly good at their trade. A few more are not trustworthy. It is as in every other line of work.

But to me a dog is a pal, be he champion or crossbreed. I see little honor in buying a high-quality dog and then turning him over to a professional handler to care for and to show. I would rather win a fourth-prize ribbon with a dog I had bred and trained and groomed than to get Best in Show with a dog which owes his victory to my check book and to a handler. That is not meant for an exalted sentiment, but as a mere preference which many others share with me.

Perhaps it is foolish, or perhaps it is sportsmanship. I have not tried to analyze it. But if you don't mind, we'll go on that basis in our talk. If you prefer to win in the other way, you are wasting your time in reading this. All you need do in such case is to buy the costliest dog within the range of your purse and give him to a handler to show and keep for you. The bills will be continuous and a bit high, but that brand of competition implies cash in large quantities and very little else. So don't complain of the cost.

In Training for the Ring

However, if you are interested in bringing up your own dog and in conditioning him and in teaching him his very needful ring manners, and of sharing with him his triumphs and defeats, perhaps this article may be of much use to you; for it is along a line I have been dabbling with for many years and which I have found keenly interesting.

To begin with, before you plan to take your chum dog to a show, have someone who knows something about the breed look him over and tell you frankly whether or not he is worth showing. Do the same with any dog you buy for possible show purposes. Educate yourself in the points of the breed before you do any showing. This education is absurdly easy, for there are dog shows somewhere within reach almost every week in the year. Their lists and dates and locals are printed in all the dog papers or may be obtained at the office of the American Kennel Club, 221 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

I assume you know what breed you plan to specialize in. Stick to the benches of that breed at every show. Be a pest, if need be, by asking exhibitors to point out to you the requisite show points. Usually, the breed's judge is willing to give you any information, if you speak to him after his work is done.

Watch the judging, and then ask him later wherein certain dogs excelled certain others, or what were the latters' flaws. Watch not only the judge's work in the ring but that of the skilled exhibitors. See how they move their dogs, how they pose them, and so on. Some day you are going to be showing a dog. It is well to learn by observation every trick and motion of the art. Many a dog has won over a slightly better dog because his handler had greater skill in showing him. In brief, "get your eye in." It is not difficult. Learn to size up the good and bad points of your breed's representatives. That is the first and foundation rule of the lot.

Perhaps your studies and the opinion of experts may convince you that your own dog has show possibilities; or else you will have learned enough about points to pick out a show pup for yourself. Often a really fine young dog will sell for a low price at a show whose judge did not chance to like his special type. Or you can choose a promising show-type pup from any of the breed's reliable sale kennels.

Now begins your real work.

A horseman does not go out into the pasture and lasso the first good-looking grass-fed colt he sees, and ride him in a race the same day. You are heavily handicapped if you take your dog into the ring before you have become his trusted master and before you have taught him the few important things he must do there.

If you will let me be personal, I'll tell you how we do this simple ring training at Sunnybank. I don't claim it is the best way. There may be many better ways. Yet I have found it effective, and so have people to whom I have explained it. In every Sunnybank kennel yard there is a square block, perhaps three feet wide and long and six inches high. It is a model of the judging block used in the show rings. In a space outside the kennels there is another such block.

From puppyhood the show dogs are taught to stand on these blocks, to mount them at command, to pose there. There, too, they are fed titbits and are patted and talked to. They learn from the first to associate the blocks with food and praise and general good times. They look on a block as a friendly place of which they have no fear and on which they feel at home.

If you have noted the struggles of an untested puppy's handler to make his dog get up on the block at a show and to stand easily at attention there, you may see the value of this training. Many a contestant is scared and cringing and at his physical and mental worst when he is made to stand on the unfamiliar square of wood at the judge's order.

From the first our Sunnybank collies are no more afraid of a judging block than you would dread an armchair. It is part of the puppy-yard furnishings. It is a prideful spot whereon to stand and catch morsels of food and be praised inordinately for nothing at all. Usually they make for the block gayly, of their own accord, when they are led into the ring, and they pose on it expectantly, waiting for the pleasant time which they have learned to associate with it.

Next, we teach them to stand alertly, as if for a judge. This is done easily enough by showing them a bit of animal cracker or by squeaking some rubber toy they are fond of. They come to attention with raised ears and with the right expression of eagerness which is called for in the ring.

A Dress Rehearsal

When they have been thoroughly broken to the leash, we lead them around in a wide circle whose center is the block—still as part of a game they enjoy—and then let them mount the block, one by one, and stand there on the alert.

Thus they have unknowingly mastered the parade wherewith nearly every judge begins his inspection of a class. When first they take part in this parade in a show ring, it is an old and pleasantly familiar task to them. They do not lag, or bolt, or yank back on the leash as do so many ill-prepared show dogs; but are at their best.

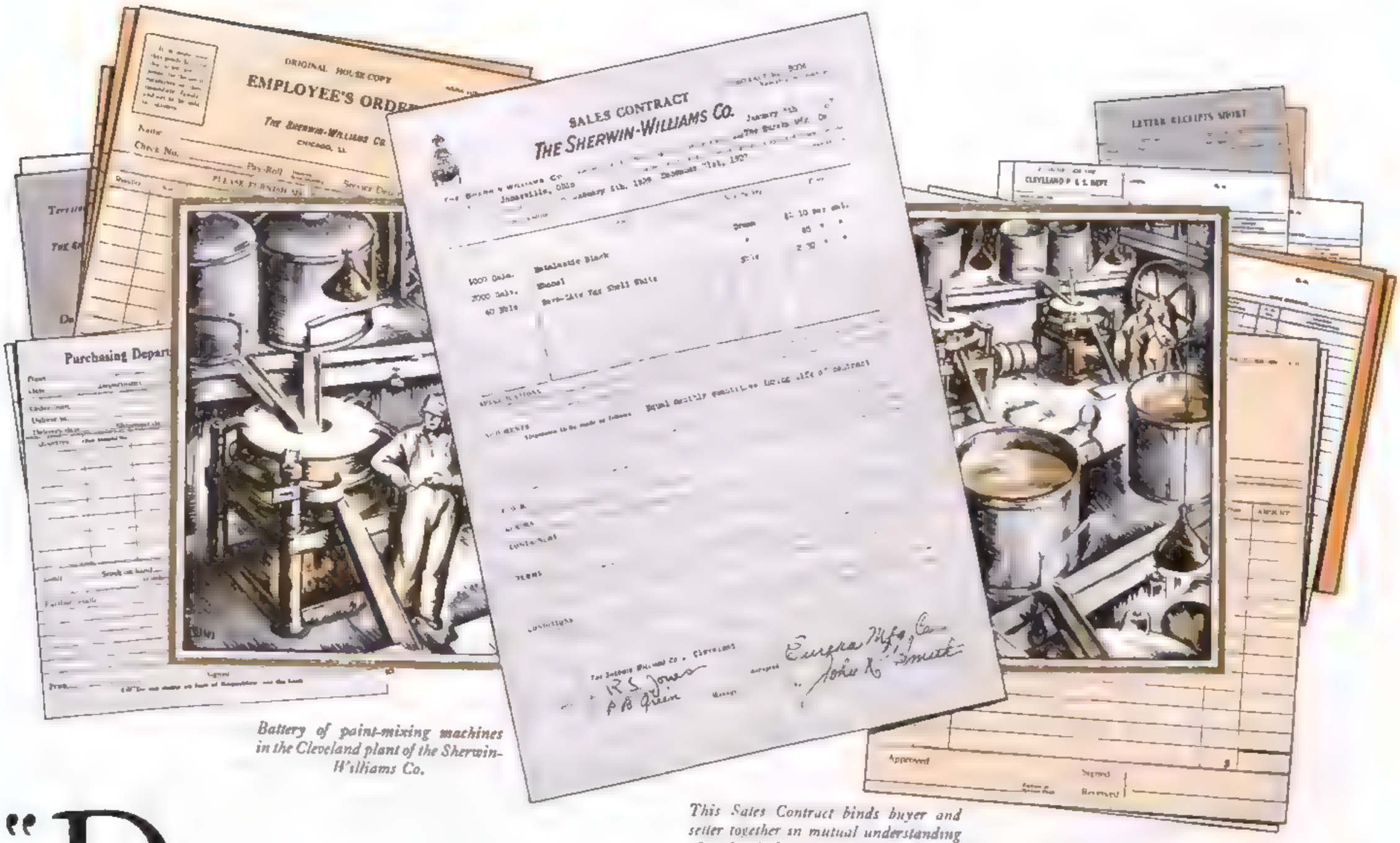
If one of them has a flaw in action or in stance, we try to correct it bit by bit in this training period; months before the time to show him. As a rule we can do it. Many an otherwise first-quality dog has lost his chance at a blue ribbon because some uncorrected fault of pose or of gait has led the judge to think him unsound.

When our pups have learned to parade and to stand at attention on the block, we go through the performance with a dozen guests looking on and with some stranger to act as judge. We encourage the guests to talk and to move about the imaginary edge of the imaginary ring.

The impromptu judge handles the dogs, runs his fingers over their ribs and backs and faces, chirps to them, crouches down in front of them to examine their expressions, and so on, and in every way puts them through the kind of treatment they may expect when they go to a show. We let the pups see this also is a game and that it is nothing to be afraid of. The judge awards them by liberal bits of food and by petting and friendly talk, while he is handling them.

Seldom do we need more than one or two of these rehearsals to teach our pups not to be confused by the motion and chatter of the ringside spectators, nor to flinch from the liberties taken by the stranger who

(Continued on Page 83)



Battery of paint-mixing machines in the Cleveland plant of the Sherwin-Williams Co.

This Sales Contract binds buyer and seller together in mutual understanding of each other's responsibilities. It prevents costly misunderstandings.

"Printed Forms *protect buyer and seller*" . . . says The Sherwin-Williams Co.

THE job of distributing a line of ready mixed paints in every corner of the world sounds like a complex business. Contact must be made and kept with thousands of retail outlets (large and small), industrial concerns, railroads, steamship lines—in fact, with every type of paint user.

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They are tastefully lacquered in soft pastels, thoroughly equipped, beautifully appointed and look far costlier than they actually are.

The new motor is admittedly remarkable. Better than anything—regardless of type—in the low price field! Simple, powerful and quiet—with almost unbelievable smoothness and flexibility.

Hot-spot manifold—standard gear transmission—five-bearing crankshaft—single disc clutch—balloon-geared steering—new type cylinder head—new oiling and cooling systems and many other vital refinements distinguish this greatest of four-cylinder power plants.

Drive one of these cars today and appreciate its amazing flow of power—its remarkable quietness and its unusual smartness of design.

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 80)

plays the rôle of judge. It is all happening in their own home and among that home's accepted visitors. They learn quickly to take it as a matter of course and to revel in the attention paid them.

When, in after days, they go to their first show, there is nothing alarming to them in the railbirds or in the ring parade, or in the direful central block, or in the handling given them by the judge. All of it has happened often before. They are playing a long-familiar scene. They see no need of crouching bewildered, or of shaking, or of shrinking away, snarling, from the judge's outstretched hand. Indeed, they follow that hand's motions hopefully, waiting in vain for the titbits given so lavishly by the rehearsal judges at Sunnybank.

Then comes the question of conditioning and of grooming, of "putting down," as the latter is called. It is more important than many novices seem to think. I have seen dogs led into the ring with matted or ill-tended coats, dingily dirty, and with unwashed eyes. The effect is much the same upon the average judge as are a job applicant's unshaven face and soiled collar and muddy boots upon an employer of office help.

We do not wait until the day of the show or even until the month of the show before conditioning and putting down our dogs. A brief but hard daily brushing, a guarding against hair tangles, the right proportions of diet and exercise—these are simple things when they are done as part of the day's routine. But their neglect is almost impossible to make up for, if one waits until the last minute.

In preparing a dog for the ring on the day of the show, remember that every hair counts. If he has been made used to grooming by daily experience, the ordeal means little to him. Take him into the ring as clean and as well groomed as it is possible for him to be. More depends on this than you may realize. Keep him facing the judge, whenever you can, and keep him always at attention. The judge may be sizing up your dog at the very time he seems wholly engrossed in one of the other competitors. That is an old judicial trick. The only way to block it is to have your dog at attention and at his best every second he is in the ring. Remember, the judging is not over until the last of the class ribbons have been given out.

After the Fun is Over

There is another thing to bear in mind—one of several other things: If you allow yourself to get confused or hurried or annoyed during the judging, there is every chance that your mood may communicate itself to your dog. That is not a fanciful theory, but backed by hard facts. If you work your dog in the ring as you have worked him at rehearsals, and if you keep lazily calm, he will almost always go through his maneuvers without a flaw. If your own nerve goes to pieces, his nerve is more than likely to do the same, and he is liable to lose.

When you decide to enter your dog at some show, find out from the dog papers or from the American Kennel Club the name and address of the show's superintendent. Apply to him by letter or post card for a premium list of the show. He will be more than glad to send you this, as the success of his show depends largely on the number of entrants. He will also be glad to put your name on his mailing list and to send you premium blanks of all future shows under his management.

Read carefully the rules printed on the entry blank, and especially make note of the date for the entries to close. The blank is simple to fill in. Enter your dog for whatever class or classes you think him likeliest to win in, and send back a check or draft for the fee, along with the filled-in blank. In a few days you will receive a ticket for the show as well as a tag with your dog's assigned number. That is the whole easy process of entering for any show.

If your dog never has been shown, and especially if you are not certain of his excellence, you would do well to enter him only in the Novice Class. This is for competitors which never have won a first prize. Usually the competition is least stiff there. More than once the winner of the Novice Class has also been winner for the entire show. There is no advantage in spending money to enter your dog in more than one class, unless the Cash Special offered in some other class attracts you to take a gambler's chance at it.

Probably there never yet was a show whose superintendent was not assailed all day long by cooing requests such as: "May I take my dog home now, please?" or "I can't get home till after midnight unless I catch a five o'clock train. Can I take my dog out at 4:30?" Naturally it would be very pleasant to take your dog to a show and then, as soon as the judging is ended, to start back home with him. It is stupid to sit or stand around for six hours after the fun is over—especially if you have won nothing—waiting for the closing hour. Bitterly is every superintendent assailed by novice exhibitors for his heartlessness in rejecting their pleas.

Vicious Pro Tem.

But look at it from the other angle: You are a collie fancier. At some trouble to yourself, you have come to some show in order to see the collies exhibited there. You arrive at one o'clock in the afternoon and you pay a dollar admission and fifty cents more for a catalogue. You go directly to the collie benches. They are empty. All the exhibitors received permission to take their dogs home as soon as the judging was over, and the judging was over at noon. Carry it a step further: All the exhibitors of all the breeds received the same permission. You get to the show at one o'clock in the afternoon and find an empty building. All the people who cannot get there in working hours flock to the show at night. They find not one dog left there.

That is not ridiculous. It is precisely what would happen if the superintendent should allow people to take their dogs home as soon as the judging is over. Sheer sportsmanship ought to make you willing to leave your dog on exhibition for the benefit of those who pay to see him. Sheer necessity forces the superintendent to deny your request to take him away.

Any of the major superintendents will bear me out in saying that this whining plea: "Can I take my dog home now?" is the chief nuisance connected with the dizzily hard job of managing a show. The nagging request is not confined to novices, either. More than once, in earlier years, I have made it myself, to my shame.

Now here is another side to your plan of carrying your dog to a show—a sentimental side, if you like, but one with a big cash angle to it: Remember that you are risking his life at every indoor dog show to which you take him. Often the risk is slight. But it is there. A dead dog may well be part of the price you pay for a scrap of blue ribbon—or rather for the privilege of competing for it.

Though a rule of the American Kennel Club forbids the showing of any dog from kennels where there has been a case of distemper within a certain space of time, yet too often the rule is disobeyed. Exhibitors bring dogs which have been exposed to the hideous disease or which are in the first stages of it. The infection spreads. Wholesale deaths follow. After one New York show a few years back, there were more than six hundred deaths from distemper. Seldom is there a major show, I think, which is not followed by more or less of it. A sick or a sickening dog goes to the show. He touches noses with the dogs in the benches at either side of him Someone comes along and pats him, then pats other dogs, and kindly distributes germs of distemper all over the show.

That is a risk you must face when you show your dog. You may win a blue ribbon. You may win a purple rosette. The dog can win nothing he wants, and he may die. This in spite of every possible precaution taken by the bench show committee and the vets and by the rulings of the American Kennel Club. Yes, it is a very real risk.

Of course you may minimize this hazard by sane precautions. For one thing, as with humans, a tired or run-down dog is more prone to infection than a dog that is fresh and in fine condition. Again, there are certain building-up medicines which I believe will help to strengthen resistance. Also, by seeing that your dog does not come into actual contact with any other dog, or drink from a pan that has been used by any other dog, you cut down the risk.

Always, at Sunnybank, we carry along new drinking pans to a show, and fill them ourselves from running water. That is a simple thing to do and it may prove to be a life-saver. We give our dogs a special course of conditioning before every show we take them to. Then, as soon as the show is over, we swab out their mouths and pads with grain alcohol and rub flaked naphthalene into their coats, and give each of them two tablespoonfuls of castor oil. I have found this treatment effective.

Moreover, we will never take grown dogs to a show which lasts for more than a single day. We don't allow any stranger there to pat them or so much as to touch one of them. We bench them together. Usually we make two more entries than the number of dogs we take along, so as to leave an empty stall at each side of our Sunnybank entrants. In this way no strange dog can touch noses with them or come close to any of them. It is better to be fussily careful than to hazard the life of a good pal.

To the Westminster Show in Madison Square Garden, in 1923, we took Sunnybank Sigurdson and his brother, Sunnybank Explorer. They were eleven months old, and thus came under the classification of Puppy. According to A. K. C. rules, a dog is a puppy until he is a year old. According to the same wise ruling, a puppy need stay only one day in a show, no matter how many days that show may last. Our two pups were lucky enough to do a good bit of winning that day. Many people crowded around the double-size stall where the two were benched together. I tipped an attendant to put up in front of their bench a savage-dog barrier—a thick wire screen which protects spectators from dogs with vicious tempers.

Folk gazed wonderingly at the supposedly fierce brutes which must be prisoned behind bars lest they rend the public. Sigurdson and Explorer spoiled the grim effect somewhat by trying to shake hands with their admirers through the barrier, and by romping together like two huge golden kittens. But nobody was able to caress a handful of distemper germs into their shaggy coats.

The Quality of Sportsmanship

For decades scientists have been at work, off and on, seeking some sure preventive and cure for distemper. During the past two years real progress has been made, here and in England, toward evolving a remedy for this supreme canine scourge. Distemper serums have been in use for a long while. These may or may not be effective at times. I have proof positive, as have thousands of other dog men, that they are not infallible. Often they have been useless in curing or preventing the disease.

Yes, you are risking your dog's life—if only to a negligible extent—every time you take him to a show. At an outdoor show the danger is cut down to almost nothing; especially where the benching is sanely arranged, as at Tuxedo and at Noble and at several others of the foremost outdoor exhibitions. The clean air of such shows is a mighty antidistemper aid.

I may be mistaken, but I think there is a lack of true sportsmanship among some dog-show exhibitors. I have found graceless losing, backbiting and pettiness among some of the exhibitors of dogs. At one show

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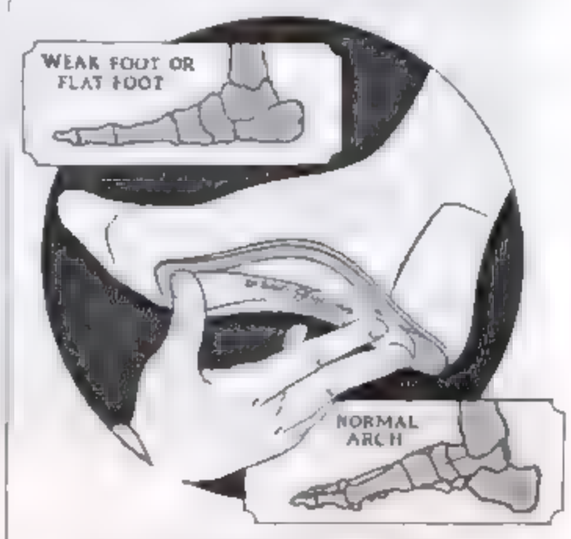

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I saw a man whose dog received only a lesser ribbon instead of the expected blue, strike the judge across the face. At another I saw a man tear up his third-prize yellow ribbon and stamp on it. At another I saw a woman shake wrathfully a second-prize red ribbon at the judge and threaten to jam it down his throat.

I have seen a score of these wretched examples of bad losing, and I am sorry to say that several of the most virulent offenders were women. Here are a few important truths for you to bear in mind every minute you are in the ring:

First. Nine judges out of ten are wholly honest. Two out of three are competent. At least nineteen out of twenty are sober. Thus there is an overwhelming chance that you are showing under a judge who is not bribed and who is not an ignoramus and who is not blind drunk.

Second. There is no law compelling you to show under that particular judge. You are notified in advance who is to give verdict on your dogs. By showing under him you imply that you believe he is square and expert and that you are ready to submit to his rulings. Don't yelp afterward that he has robbed you.

Judges of Dogs, Not of Owners

Third. In a horse race or tennis match or ball game or prize fight, any child can tell, usually, which contestant has won. But in a dog show the decision is wholly in the brain of the judge. True, the judge must follow the accepted standard of the breed. But three different judges may have three different slants as to that standard. Also, three different judges may admire three different types which conform only more or less to the standard. The old maxim about "the eye of the beholder" applies to dog-show judging more than to any other sport.

Though Judge A does not care for your good dog's type, Judge B may admire it greatly. Your dog may be badly beaten today, and he may win next week against the very dogs which have defeated him. That has happened innumerable times. Exhibitors learn to know which types certain judges prefer, and to show dogs of the desired types under those judges.

Fourth. Yale and Harvard and Princeton are likely to have better football teams than are colleges whose students are only two or three hundred in number. The big universities have ten times as many candidates to choose from. So the big kennels—kennels owned by men or women of wealth and judgment—may contain from sixty to a hundred high-quality dogs. Other things being equal, there is a strong chance of the big kennel sending to the shows a better collection of dogs than can the owner of only two or three. The big kennel's owner has not bribed the judge. He has had no need to. He has been able to take along the pick of his seventy-odd show dogs; those that happen at the time to be in prime coat and condition, and so on.

This does not happen always, or even in the vast majority of cases. If it did, the game would be wholly in the hands of a few people of wealth. Again and again some small breeder will sweep the boards at Westminster and elsewhere, defeating every big kennel and annexing every worthwhile award.

At Westminster, within the past decade, a poor carpenter who owned three home-bred dogs won the most sensational victory I have seen, routing the costliest imported dogs of the same breed and overthrowing the entrants from some of the richest kennels in America. This has happened repeatedly in my own experience.

In most cases the judge sees only the dogs, not the handlers at the far end of the leashes. He judges the dogs, not their owners. Let your dog be scrupulously clean and well put down and let him show an easy familiarity with ring manners, and the judge will not care whether Gyp the Blood or John D. Rockefeller is showing him.

It is not always easy to make your dog show at his best if he is a chum and not a mere kennel-raised animal. The kennel-raised dog has been taught little except to strike the right attitude in the ring—when he is hungry enough. Starve him for twenty-four hours and he will stand at eager attention and will stare with gluttonous wistfulness at his handler. Many a dog has won a blue ribbon on expression, when in reality he was only ravenous for the bit of fried liver he smelled in his exhibitor's hand.

Foreign dogs, imported at high price, are likely to be better trained along this line than are our home-breds. But there is a catch in this. Often and often I have seen some dog from Great Britain or from Germany stand statuelike in the ring, or go through the parade with a majestic grace, and yet be worthless as a stud or as a matron.

A large number of splendid dogs have been exported at times to America from various European countries. But along with them hundreds of pastworthy matrons and studs are foisted on Yankee buyers. These dogs have been sold to Americans at top prices after their usefulness has departed. I am not speaking of rumors I have heard, but of instances which I have taken the trouble to prove and which I am willing to back by figures.

Think several times before you pay a high price for a foreign dog. Remember, if he or she still were of use, his foreign owner probably could make much more money by keeping the dog at home than by selling the once-great stud or matron to you. In my own Sunnybank kennels is a high-quality collie matron, bought at a stiff price from a foreign professional. She is a beautiful dog and a delightful pet. But she is worthless for the purpose for which I bought her. I can cite no fewer than fifteen such instances among collies of both sexes owned by friends of mine and bought at top cost from Europe.

There is no special advantage in adding the word "imported" to your dog's name. My experience has been that as good dogs of any recognized breed can be bred and bought here in the United States as can be imported from Europe. Fifty years ago it may not have been so. Today most assuredly it is. This is another way wherein the novice dog breeder may save money.

After His Reward

There are magnificent dogs of every breed in Europe. But the European breeders are not fools enough to send the best dogs of their kennels to America while they can still make a good income from them at home. When the poor brutes are pastworthy, it is pleasanter and more profitable to sell them at top prices to a Yankee sucker than to shoot them.

Some dogs enjoy a show; some dogs hate it. Our old Sunnybank Lad was so miserable in the noise and smell and jostle of dog shows that we stopped exhibiting him. Sunnybank Gray Dawn, on the contrary, in his ring days loved show-going. It exhilarated Dawn to the point of drunkenness.

As we entered the ring I would slip off Dawn's collar and leash—as I used to do with his sire, Bruce—and give him the signal to march in the parade. Thence, another signal from me would send him proudly to the block, where he would stand alert and vibrant, showing at his very best. He seemed to rejoice in the acquiring of a blue ribbon.

Once, at the Tuxedo show, where Dawn won triumphantly in his class, I pinned his ribbon on the chest of a five-year-old child. From then on Dawn remained at her side until she gave back his ribbon.

It is hard not to brag when one's dog wins. It is harder not to palliate the mishap when one's dog loses. On my kennel stationery is the motto: To Win Without Boasting; To Lose Without Excuses. I offer its wisdom to every novice exhibitor. But please don't ask me if always I am able to live up to it.

I have spoken of teaching your dog to show well in the ring. This is a thing you cannot do at the last minute. It must be a matter of long practice. Here is an instance:

My golden collie, Sunnybank Sigurd—his kennel name was Treve, and he was the sire of Sigurdson and of Explorer and of my gallant little blind collie, Sunnybank Fair Ellen—was the most temperamental dog I have owned. Not once in all his three years of life did he eat an entire meal of his own accord.

Wolf! Wolf!

His chuck steak was cooked and cut up for him. Then began the struggle. If I turned my back for a moment, the plateful of cut-up meat would vanish. But it would not vanish down Treve's furry throat. Carefully he would hide every piece of it under the edge of the plate.

My superintendent, Robert Friend, hit on a way to make him eat. Friend would call loudly: "Wolf! I'll give it to Wolf!" Instantly Treve would attack the plateful of meat furiously, to save it from the onslaught of Wolf.

Treve had fourteen of the fifteen points needful to his championship. He had won his two three-point shows and he had won under more than three judges. One more point only was needed. He was about to go "out of coat." If he did not win that extra point at once he must wait for many months.

I took him to the Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club show at Noble, Pennsylvania, on June 10, 1922. The day was hot. People pressed around his bench to chirp at him and to pet him. By the time he was called to the ring he was cranky and tired and dejected. He plodded into the ring with head a-droop, moving like a sick cart horse. There were first-rate collies in the same class, and he walked among them with awkward sulkiness.

Cooper was judging—a man who liked to see a collie at its eager best. In vain did I try to make Treve brace up. Then, as the dog slouched miserably toward the block, Robert Friend called loudly from outside the ring: "Wolf! I'll give it to Wolf!"

Instantly Treve underwent a magic change. Every inch of him was on the alert. He lifted his classic head, with the true look of eagles, scanning the ringside for his chum, Wolf. Judge Cooper took a long look at him, then awarded him the blue ribbon of his class.

Ten minutes later, as Treve came into the ring for the Winners' class, Friend called the same staccato words. Treve posed magnificently, as his dark deep-set eyes hunted the railbirds in quest of the absent Wolf. He was glorious in his loftily fiery pose. Cooper handed me the purple rosette which made my dog a champion. By the way, in less than one short year, Cooper and Wolf and Treve, all three, were dead. By a clever trick my superintendent had changed certain defeat to shining victory, and Treve paced out of the ring, Champion Sunnybank Sigurd!

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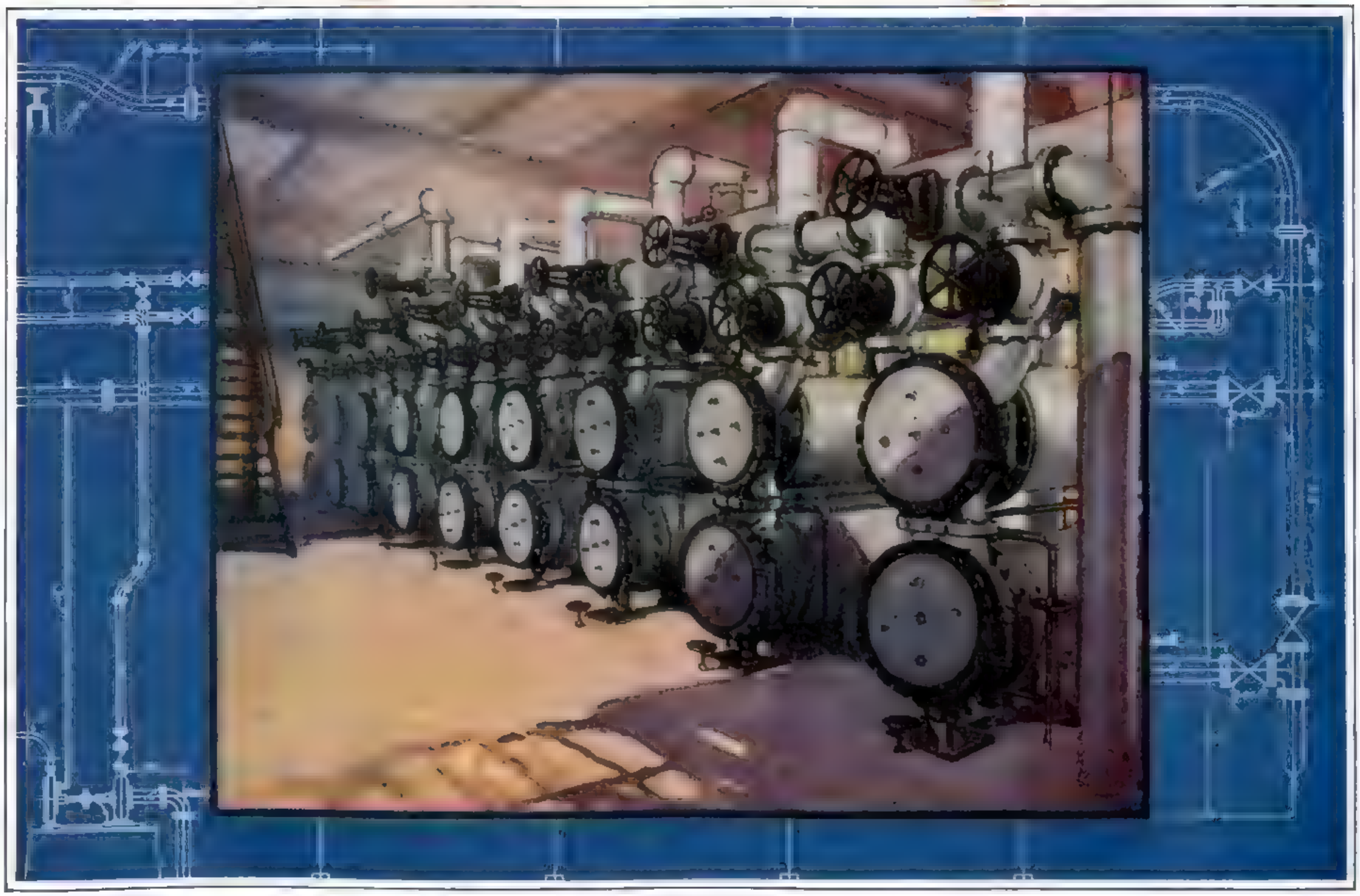

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STOP THIEF!

(Continued from Page 15)

Then he darted round the end of the car and set out to see what awaited him in his room.

II

O'DAY drew up in front of the Whitehill Building before Dunton, still at supper, had yet set forth for Goldman's pawnshop; whereupon his passenger climbed down and both men took the elevator to the Koster floor.

They were met by the senior partner, a bright-eyed, nervous man with graying hair; but the junior partner, whose heavy frame suggested a career in hardware, was also present, as was likewise a diamond cutter named Van Dusen, a small man, employed by them as foreman. Van Dusen wore a bandage about his head.

Moriarty, from the detective bureau, was in charge for the police. He welcomed Donovan warmly. "This is what we've done," he began: "We've found out when it happened and who was here, and how it was pulled off and what was stolen. All they lost was rough diamonds, which have to be cut before they're much good. I sent out a notice to some of the pawnshops. We looked for fingerprints too."

"How did it happen?" asked Donovan.

"The old stuff. This bandit bird waits for the older brother to fade out of the picture on an errand. That leaves the younger brother here alone. He comes in pretending he's a customer, and finds the younger brother alone in the office and hangs him onto his gun. Then he ropes and gags him and sneaks open the door into the cutting room and splashes a sandbag over the foreman's bean. He's alone too. All he has to do then is cut into the big cake and vanish."

"He didn't pretend he was a customer," corrected young Koster. "He pretended he might become one."

Donovan accepted Moriarty's statement, but said, "We insurance men have to ask our questions. When do you want my forty—tonight or in the morning?"

"Tonight," said the older brother positively, speaking for everybody.

"Your brother was the one who was robbed?"

"My brother. I had left early to see a customer on the South Side before he closed"

"He was alone when you left him?" asked Donovan.

"Alone in the outer office—yes. Van Dusen was in the cutting room. We were working short-handed this week and had laid off everybody except the foreman."

"Did your brother see the bandit?"

"He saw him, but not clearly. Van Dusen didn't see him at all."

"When he came to himself the bandit was gone," explained the younger brother. "But he wouldn't have seen him anyhow, because his eyes had been bandaged. Mine had been too. All I saw of him was when I first looked up. He ordered me to turn with my back toward him and stand that way."

"Describe him for me, will you?"

"He shook me up so, poking his gun in my face, I didn't look at him for particular marks."

"Probably he had none. Was he as tall as you?"

"He looked tall - yes."

"Dark hair or sandy?"

"Sandy hair"

"Black eyes, or gray or blue or brown?"

"He had gray eyes."

"Did this tall bandit with gray eyes and sandy hair wear a mustache?" asked Donovan.

"He did not; he was smooth-shaven. He wore a blue suit and a soft gray hat."

"The police have all that," Moriarty interrupted. "I had his description broadcasted."

"I know. This is just for me. If you don't mind, I'd like him to go over the robbery again—just for me also."

"Tell him what you told me," said the older brother, "without leaving off one thing."

The younger Koster went on evenly: "This tall stranger came in, as I said, and inquired if we ever cut diamonds for other people. He talked like a million dollars. Then suddenly I saw the pistol and heard him order me to turn around where I stood. I couldn't have reached the buzzer possibly."

"What did he do after you turned around?" asked Donovan.

"First he tied my hands behind me with a rope. Then he bandaged my eyes so I couldn't see and stuffed a towel into my mouth so I couldn't make a sound. Then he walked me into that corner there and laid me on the floor and tied my heels to my wrists with the rope. I couldn't do a thing."

"After he had trussed you up, what did he do?"

"I don't know. He walked so softly I could hardly hear him."

"Did you hear him open the door into the workroom?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"Where is the rope he used in binding you?"

"That is it," replied Koster, pointing to a length of rope on the floor.

"I told them to leave it just as it fell when the watchman untied him," said Moriarty.

Donovan glanced down at the rope, then continued his questions: "It has a freshly cut end. Did this bandit come with his rope lengths already cut?"

"He tied me up, then cut off the rope to use the rest of it on Van Dusen. I felt him cutting it."

"You heard him open the workroom door. What sound did you hear after that?"

"I didn't hear a sound for a while. I think he must have been creeping up behind Van Dusen."

"Van Dusen sat with his back to the door?"

"He was sitting that way just then."

"Later, what did you hear?"

"I heard a kind of thud, but I didn't know what it was."

"That would be the sound of the sandbag he used on Van Dusen," said Moriarty.

Donovan turned to the foreman, who had been nodding his bandages assentingly. "You heard no sound yourself, Mr. Van Dusen?"

"I may have heard the door open or something, but when I'm working I don't pay attention to such sounds."

"The next you knew, you say, was when you awakened with your hands and feet tied. How were you tied?"

"My wrists were tied together behind my back and my ankles tied against my wrists."

Donovan glanced at his watch, but so absently that the action seemed unrelated. "Do you have any idea what time it was when you were struck down?"

"About a quarter of five, I figure. Mr. Charles Koster came in at a quarter after four and said he was going out to the South Side, and I can remember about half an hour after that."

"Did you look at your watch when he came in?"

"I looked at the clock on the wall."

"I left the building at seventeen minutes past four," the elder Koster interrupted. "I looked at my watch because I was catching a train."

"Suppose we go into the other room," Donovan suggested.

He did not especially look for the clock as he passed through the door, but his eye picked it up and he noted the time it registered. The room into which he passed contained long benches on which stood ranks of sawing machines and other benches on which stood batteries of automatic polishers. A layman would have made nothing of it, but Donovan knew the purpose of every copper disk and every shaft.

"Where were you sitting, Van Dusen?" he asked.

The foreman pointed out his stool. "He crept up along this alley. There's the rope he tied me with, on the floor where he laid me out."

"I had them leave it as it was, like the other rope outside," said Moriarty.

Donovan examined the rope, but did not touch it. "The cut ends on the two pieces seem to match. It's easy to tell the pieces apart. This rope is shorter than the other, and it has blood on it, probably from a cut he received when he fell." He turned to Moriarty. "I agree with you that these pieces of rope may prove important. Couldn't you mark them with tags and preserve them as exhibits?"

"I'll take them with me," replied the officer.

"I've asked all the questions I can think of. Tomorrow I may have others. Have you any questions, Colonel O'Day?"

"None tonight," replied O'Day.

The telephone bell rang sharply in the outer office. The sound was not expected - the hour was late, the situation one of strain. The older brother started for the instrument to answer the call.

Moriarty stopped him. "Let me answer it," he said.

The members of the group stood listening to the officer's one-sided conversation.

"Yes, it's Moriarty talking. . . . You've located the bandit, you say? Goldman's pawnshop? He has his nerve, dragging out his rough diamonds so soon. . . . Just a minute." He turned to the younger Koster. "They have our man in a pawnshop out northwest. The wagon hasn't gone yet. What shall I tell them?"

"It can't be possible! It must be another man."

"Rough diamonds, they tell me—and he offered Goldman all he would buy."

The two partners exchanged glances. Donovan thought they looked worried. The younger brother opened his lips as if to reply, then decided against the effort and remained voiceless. The older brother burst into a harsh exclamation.

"Now who ——" he cried, then instantly throttled his query and likewise stood silent.

"Thieves are fools, all of them," observed Moriarty. "Nobody can understand the things a thief will do."

Donovan pointed out on behalf of the insurance that someone who knew diamonds ought to be present, if for no other reason, in order to report what stones were missing among those recovered.

"The insurance wants you to hold him at Goldman's until one of the Kosters gets there," Moriarty told the telephone.

The older Koster offered to stay and close the shop. He could not identify the bandit. His brother knew the stolen diamonds. "Run along, all of you. I'm going to bed."

"We shan't need you, nor Van Dusen either," said Donovan. "If your brother and Moriarty and O'Day and I run out it will be enough."

The younger Koster nodded his assent. Moriarty hung up the receiver. Donovan, seizing O'Day by the arm, dragged him into the corridor as if to hurry the others. This was not, however, quite his purpose. The others did follow quickly, but he was able to speak six words in private, and when the party reached the street O'Day pleaded fatigue and drove off alone.

"I thought O'Day was going with us," the younger Koster grumbled.

"He was, but he changed his mind."

Koster shrugged his thick shoulders, but made no pretense of liking the desertion. He would have deserted also, but by this time the taxicab had driven up and Moriarty required his presence.

The party arrived at Goldman's before the police had begun to dribble back from their search for Dunton. The pawnbroker greeted them with the essential facts. The bandit had been there, had offered a number of rough diamonds for sale, but had escaped through the back door with a stolen coat just as the police drove up. He was tall, had gray eyes and sandy hair, and wore a new gray coat that did not match his old blue trousers and still older hat. The police were outside now combing the alley for him. Moriarty left to join in the search. Donovan and Koster tarried for a question or two. Koster seemed worried and fretful.

"You say he stole a coat from you. What did he do with his old coat?" Donovan asked.

The pawnbroker lifted his eyes. "Gave it to the Salvation Army—threw it away—how do I know?"

"What's that blue coat lying yonder?"

"It may be the very one. I didn't see it."

The three diamonds, folded away in their scrap of white paper, were found more by instinct than by a systematic search. Donovan went straight to their pocket.

"Are these your diamonds, Koster?" he asked, displaying them on his palm.

"They look like them—yes."

Donovan lifted them to his nostrils. "Odd how a long-forgotten scent will raise images in a man's mind. They have an odor of balsam. Did your diamonds smell of balsam, Koster?"

"I never tried them to see."

"He carried something in his pocket, maybe," Goldman suggested.

Donovan did not reply, nor did he just then go on with the search, but stood thoughtfully regarding the diamonds.

He was still standing so when Koster burst out nervously: "Look in his other pockets!"

The key was dragged forth from the last pocket to be examined. It bore a ringed tag stamped with a room number and the name of a hotel.

"No further diamonds," said Donovan.

"His key!" cried Goldman. "It tells you where he lives! The reward is to me, because I called the police!"

But to the pawnbroker's amazement Donovan tossed it to Koster. "No further diamonds," he repeated evenly. "No letters, no papers, no handkerchiefs bearing a laundry mark we can look up—not a clew in the world as to who is the thief. Give the key to Moriarty when he returns. If he asks you where I've gone, tell him home for the night."

"Aren't those good diamonds?" asked Goldman.

"Good diamonds. I'll take charge of them."

"I believe I'll go home also," said Koster.

"Better wait for Moriarty. He may want you to visit this hotel with him, to look for the rest of your diamonds."

And with that Donovan turned on his heel, as the phrase is, and strode through the door into the night. Whereupon Goldman said fervently, "If he's a crazy man, then I'm a pawnbroker."

III

UPON reaching his room Donovan hung up his hat with a grimace of distaste, threw his pistol into the top drawer of his desk, his flash light into the bottom and sank into his chair. He was beginning to wish that he had called at the hotel of the key tag, or even that he had sent O'Day to Goldman's.

This time it was his own telephone bell that rang sharply. "That will be O'Day," he thought, crossing to the instrument.

But the voice on the wire was not O'Day's, nor any that he had ever heard.

"Is this Mr. Donovan?" asked the speaker. "Horribly sorry to disturb you at this hour of the night, but what can I do? Tomorrow may be too late. I can reach your place in twenty minutes. Will you see me?"

(Continued on Page 88)

BESIDES style number 3760, there are many Allen-A hose in chiffon, service sheer and service weights—all silk, and silk to hem—in all the newest shades. Priced $1.50 to $3

A
NEW SERVICE SHEER SILK HOSE
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Pure silk of clearest weave where it shows . . . with an invisibly reinforced lisle foot for extra wear . . . *In all the smartest shades!*

In this lovely new Allen-A hose *long wear* has been built, without sacrificing any of the beauty or chic appearance demanded by smartly dressed women.

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After Gay Days

sunburn's martyrdom

soothe it instantly

THE clean smell of the breeze—the caress of cool water on bare feet: Years fall away under the summer sun . . .

Wherever you go, there is no need today for *sunburn* to steal the happy hours. Days of prickly discomfort, feverish nights: you need suffer these no more.

For sunburn, as for *any* burn, now you can find *instant* relief. With the same remedy physicians prescribe—the surgical dressing you'll find in the kits of outdoor people from coast to coast—Unguentine.

At the first sign of tell-tale redness, spread on Unguentine liberally. At once healing begins, antiseptically. You are safeguarded against sickening toxic poisons. Whole days can be saved!

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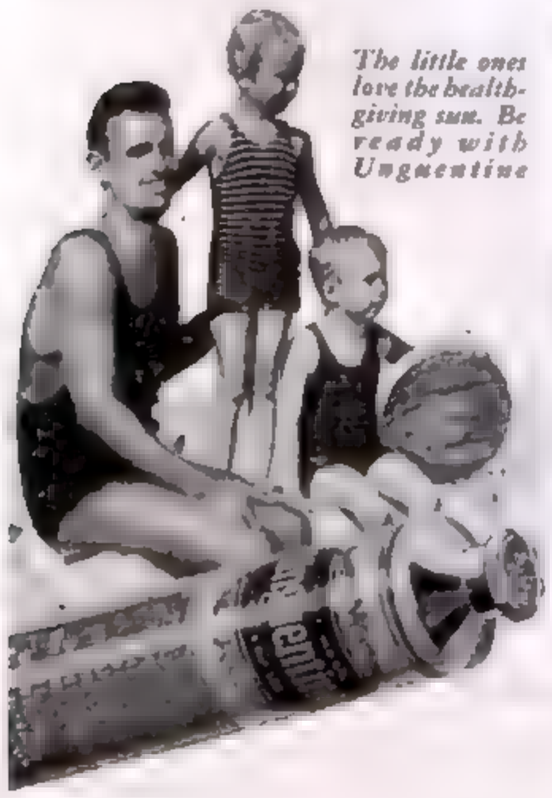


The little ones love the health-giving sun. Be ready with Unguentine

(Continued from Page 86)

"What about?" asked Donovan.

"Diamonds."

"Who are you?"

"Nobody you ever knew," replied the voice.

"In that case I will see you," said Donovan.

The next five minutes he spent with his lights and chairs. His pistol he replaced in his pocket. Then he arranged with the night man downstairs to see that his expected caller found his door. After that he took up a book and tried to read M. William Shakespeare, His True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and His Three Daughters.

"Diamonds. Nobody I ever knew. One diamond mystery isn't enough for one o'clock in the morning, but I must have another."

The stranger arrived on the minute, under escort of the night clerk. Donovan's quick first glance showed him a man above the average in height, easy-mannered, but dressed in the rough clothes of a day laborer. He noted a moment later that the man had sandy hair and gray eyes.

"Please sit here across the desk from me," said Donovan, "so that we can talk. You have the advantage of knowing my name."

"An advantage held by many," replied the stranger, "and by me for a long time. My name is Dunton. I couldn't very well tell you over the telephone."

"Why not?"

The man calling himself Dunton shrugged his shoulders. "It would make a long story. If I speak of the law of the land, you may catch my drift."

"Let it pass. What's your errand tonight?"

"I need your help," replied Dunton bluntly. "I called tonight to obtain it."

"I should think you might need somebody's help after running off with Goldman's coat."

"What Goldman?"

"The man to whom you offered your rough diamonds."

"Oh, the pawnbroker! How on earth did you hear about that? No matter. The newspapers will have it. But please let me say at once that I didn't run off with his coat. I left it outside his back door in the shadow. When a man's in a hurry he can't be bothered with a coat."

"How many diamonds did you show Goldman?"

"Four; but I didn't give him all of them to handle."

"Here are three of them," said Donovan, laying the packet on the desk.

"Now you startle me," said Dunton, extending his hand.

"Suppose we let them lie for a moment while we talk about this other thing. You spoke of obtaining my help. Where did you get that idea?"

"I should pay you for the service. You're in a position to help me. Why not?"

Donovan did not at once reply. "What have you?" he asked at last, a little wearily.

For answer, Dunton whipped from his inside pocket the two lengths of bark-covered wood he had recovered from his hotel room.

"Purpleheart?" asked Donovan, suddenly interested.

"You know the wood? It's tough and pretty and has a pleasant odor. I like to have it by me."

"I've seen it only once. A Portuguese had a length of it he used as a bottle for diamonds." He remembered the errand and the inquiry. "But I interrupted you. You were about to explain your interesting call."

"Let me show you first what I have."

Dunton removed the wooden plug from one of the lengths of purpleheart, then the crumpled packing underneath, and poured out what lay behind upon the desk. He poured carefully, from behind the mask of his cupped hand. The contents of the container proved to consist entirely of rough diamonds. Some of these were large. Donovan guessed they would weigh seven or eight carats. Others were exceedingly small. In color they ranged from snowy white to jet black.

"What color do you make that larger stone?" Donovan asked, to see what the man would say.

"That's what I'd call a bon," replied Dunton promptly.

Donovan pointed to another—a small, tinted stone. "And this?" he asked.

"Fazenda fina, I'd call such stones."

"Those small bright fellows?"

"Vitrie, aren't they?"

"Some of your diamonds are jet black," said Donovan then, almost eagerly. "What are they?"

"Carbonado. I think you're trying me out."

"That purpleheart stick came from Brazil, or near it. You use the Brazilian classification in speaking of your diamonds. Yet you yourself look English."

"Do I?" Dunton steered the boat back into the channel. "That's one lot. The other doesn't differ much."

"What's your proposition?" asked Donovan.

"It sounds bald the way I put it. You can sell these diamonds without trouble. I can't. You are known. I have no position. If I could get you to sell them for me ——"

"I could do that," said Donovan.

"I would expect to pay you well."

"How much?"

"Would 10 per cent tempt you?"

Donovan leaned back in his chair as if reflecting. His face lay in shadow, Dunton's in the light. After a little he began thinking aloud: "The usual arrangement for a service of that kind is share and share alike."

Dunton flushed, then began nervously herding his diamonds back into their wooden bottle. "I couldn't pay any such price as that. I'd hold them until I died before I'd pay 50 per cent."

Again the note of more eager interest crept into Donovan's voice. But all he said was: "Don't put them up just yet, Dunton. I'd like to make a rough grading."

"Why?" asked Dunton.

"I spoke as I did to see what you'd say. You're a stranger to me. There wouldn't be much point in looking closely at diamonds I felt were stolen."

"Do I act like a thief?"

"Put the question to yourself. A stranger calls me up between one and two in the morning to arrange for a secret conference. Then he shows me a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rough diamonds and asks me to help him sell them."

"You think I am," said Dunton.

"No; for a thief would have been glad to split even."

"Where would a thief have stolen such diamonds?"

"Haven't you heard? The Koster firm was robbed of a quarter of a million in rough stones early last evening."

"Who robbed them? Do they know?"

"A bandit of your height, complexion and dress. The police broadcast his description."

Dunton sprang to his feet. "Then that's why the pawnbroker acted as he did, and that's why the police were called."

"That's why," said Donovan.

"If they catch me now ——"

"You'll be asked to explain these rough diamonds."

"They'll not believe me!"

"Where did you get them?" asked Donovan.

"I mined them out of the ground in Brazil, as you guessed. I ran into a rich pocket near good water and beat out the jungle fever. But I can't prove it."

"Haven't you your tax receipts?"

"Somebody got wind of the diamonds and stole my baggage," replied Dunton.

"What made you run when you saw the police?" persisted Donovan. "You didn't know of the Koster robbery. You didn't know you were in danger."

"I knew I did not look like a man who owned diamonds, and I knew I had diamonds with me, besides the rest in my room at the hotel. Shouldn't you have run, in my place?"

"I should have run," Donovan dryly agreed.

"Why, I had less than four dollars left in my pockets! Another reason was, I'm in this country without a passport. Never mind how I entered. I'm English. When I reach Canada I shall breathe easier."

Donovan himself drew a deep breath. "As you say, you need my help. You made me a business proposal; now let me make you one. I will vouch for you and your diamonds to an honest agent—but not for 10 per cent of the proceeds. My fee will be a good dinner somewhere. What do you say?"

"Oh, but I must pay you!"

"Those terms or none," said Donovan.

Dunton looked across the desk at him with a frown, as if again he meant to refuse. Donovan, however, read him differently.

"Don't say it. Tomorrow we'll make Goldman give you back your diamond. Meanwhile it's late—too late to be walking the streets with a pocketful of diamonds. Better leave them in my safe."

"Only too glad," said Dunton, then turned a little blindly to the diamonds, having no more words he could speak.

"Listen!" Donovan sat straighter. "I thought I heard the elevator. Don't be disturbed. I'm expecting Colonel O'Day, an insurance man here—my chief, in fact. He's a well of silence."

Suddenly the doorbell began purring. Donovan sprang to his feet to answer the summons.

"Hide the diamonds!" he said, from an instinct of caution.

Dunton, startled, saw that he would not have time to gather up the scattered stones. He therefore clapped his hat down over them. Then he thrust his two lengths of purpleheart into his pocket out of sight. His host waited for him to resume his earlier posture, then opened the door.

Instead of O'Day, the caller proved to be Lieutenant Moriarty, flanked by two policemen.

Moriarty stepped forward. "I see you beat me to it," he said, as his glance swept the room. "Dunton, you led us a chase, but we got you. Never call a taxi when you want to duck from under."

"Got me for what?" asked Dunton.

"You're wanted for robbery," replied the officer.

"Please don't resist," said Donovan softly.

Dunton looked at him, then at the advancing policemen, and extended his wrists for the handcuffs. "I'm in your power."

"Yes," replied Donovan, as the click of the steel was heard. "But did you hear that other sound? That was the elevator again. I think I have another caller. Will you open the door, Moriarty?"

The next moment O'Day's booming voice was heard. "Well, Donovan," he cried, "I'm here! We've made the grade!" He caught sight of Dunton and the handcuffs. "Who's been arrested now?"

Donovan smiled his relief. "Colonel O'Day, this is Mr. Dunton, who has a few diamonds to show you. But that will be later."

"Roughs?"

"Yes."

"Ours?"

"He says not."

"How soon?"

"As soon as I can arrange a proper audience."

"Let's go!" cried O'Day.

Whereupon he crossed the room and gravely took the prisoner's hand, as any man might do upon being introduced to an equal.

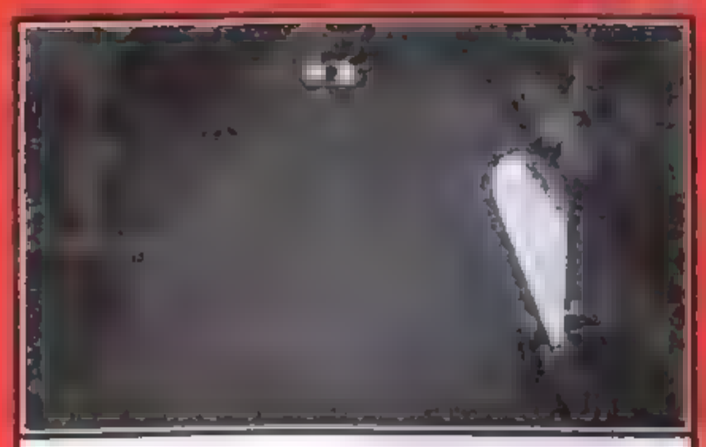
IV

WITH the exception of O'Day, who had arrived beaming, and of Donovan, who never lost his sleep without adding to his happiness, those present formed a scowling company. Those present included the pawnbroker, Goldman, who had been routed from his bed in a spitting temper.

(Continued on Page 91)

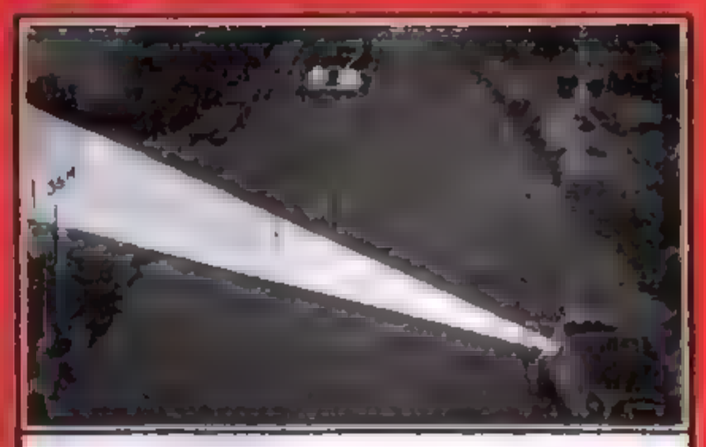
STEWART-WARNER
DRIVING LIGHT

A New, Exclusive Principle—Light Shuts Off Automatically When Directed Toward Approaching Drivers—A Safety Device For Use On All Cars, In All States. Here Is How It Works.

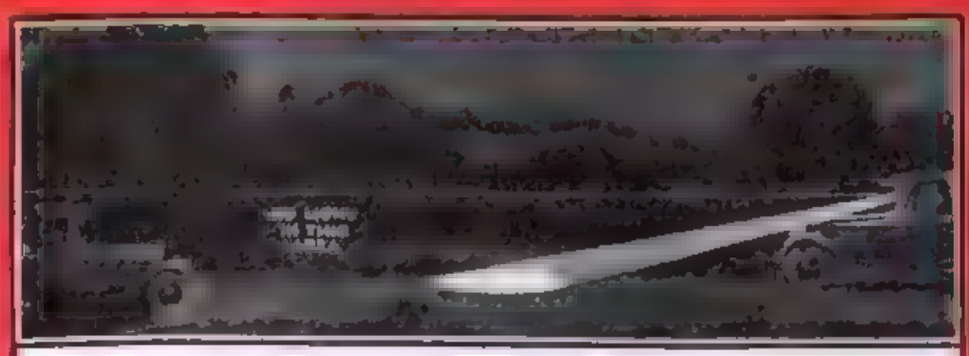


When directed to the right of the road center, the piercing beam illuminates the road edge with a "ray like day."

When turned to the left of the road center, into the area indicated above, at a height where it would blind approaching drivers, the light automatically goes out.



Turned to the extreme left, out of the blinding area, the light automatically turns on again.



When directed to the left of the road center, the light automatically goes out before it travels down the road far enough to be of danger to an approaching driver.

And does not turn on again until thrown high enough into the air to be out of the danger zone to the driver of an approaching car.

$8.00 Complete For All Closed Cars

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A PATENTED FEATURE OF THE STEWART-WARNER—DEMAND THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY—IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION

WE all know that roads today are too crowded to permit the constant use of bright headlights. Hence the necessity for a good Driving Light—to flood with light the edge of the road, where headlights give practically no illumination.

Also, you want a Driving Light that will not shine in the other fellow's eyes. Here's one that *can't;* the light is automatically and electrically shut off when thrown into this area. This new Stewart-Warner device gives you all the advantages of a high-grade Driving Light, *plus* this big exclusive safety feature.

The beam of the Stewart-Warner Driving Light pierces the darkness far ahead—and floods the road with a "ray like day"—with no danger to drivers of approaching cars. You can conveniently read road signs and house numbers without leaving the car.

You will like the ease with which this Light can be operated—the way it holds steady on bumpy roads—and the brilliant light ray that is all *light,* not a spotty glare. Constructed of brass throughout—dirt and moisture proof—lens easily removable for changing the light bulb. Finished in lustrous black enamel and nickel. Furnished in two models; with the restricted beam, or without.

This Stewart-Warner Driving Light will give you the same satisfaction that Stewart-Warner Speedometers, Bumpers and other Products are today giving sixteen million motorists.

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This model is for installation at a low point on the car—on the bumper bumper bracket, tie rod or other convenient place. Its light ray, projected through a special prismatic lens, floods with light the road edge and dangers that lie ahead. At all times it provides a light that cannot [illegible] oncoming drivers. For all cars with Stewart-Warner Bumpers

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Short . . . squat . . . broad-shouldered, up the grade it rumbles. In its wake, ton upon ton of sparkling anthracite.

From *heading* where they mine the coal to *tipple* where they dump it for shipping, the mine locomotive must have brute power all the way. And brute power is there . . . furnished by an Exide Battery.

Keep this picture in mind when you are considering a new battery for your automobile. For if Exide engineers can build satisfactory batteries for this punishing service, it is logical to believe that they can build an equally rugged battery for your car.

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Point 1. *Product*—The manufacture of Exide automobile batteries dates back to 1911, when an Exide started and lighted the first electrically equipped car. The Exide was a quality battery then, and through the years it has steadfastly maintained this reputation.

Why the battery that hauls your coal should start and light your car

Today millions of car owners use the Exide because it can be depended upon to last an unusually long time and to cost little or nothing for upkeep. And the Exide built for your car is made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. This leadership plainly indicates that the public has found Exide Batteries to be batteries of decided merit.

Point 2. *Service*—When you want an Exide, you can buy it anywhere. And after you've bought it you can secure quick and efficient service whenever you need it. There are more than 8000 competent dealers throughout the United States who sell and service the Exide, and no matter where you live you'll find one within easy calling distance.

Point 3. *Price*—For a quality battery, the Exide sells at an exceptionally low price—frequently for lower prices than batteries of lesser reputation. This low initial cost, coupled with the Exide's long life and low cost of upkeep, makes it a positive economy.

* * *

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(Continued from Page 88)

"Quit it!" Donovan had snapped, cutting off the abuse. "Be at my door with the rough diamond you stole or a policeman will be sent to fetch you."

Lieutenant Moriarty had not quite understood O'Day's report. He scowled because he did not see the sense of going behind the facts.

"We've got the bandit. What more do you want?"

"The two marked pieces of rope," Donovan had replied.

"And there they are! Did you think I would throw them away?"

"All I need now is a few questions and somebody to ask them of, and perhaps the rest of the diamonds."

Van Dusen scowled because of the blow he had received at the hands of the bandit.

"Half-past two, and bother the headache," Donovan had told him. "Call a taxi and ride off the headache. I'll leave it to you. You have a good excuse."

"I'll be there!" Van Dusen had replied.

The night watchman, whom Donovan had not yet interviewed, had proved less tractable. He scowled because he resented the offense to his routine. "I can't come. I'm on duty," he had protested.

"The agent of the building is sending you another man."

"I know nothing about this holdup except I untied the two men I found."

"Please come anyhow."

"I won't!" the man had cried.

"Agent's orders," said Donovan, closing the discussion. "You'll be notified direct. Half-past two."

The Koster partners likewise sat with a scowl upon their features. They scowled because they imagined things.

"Will O'Day be present?" the younger Koster had asked. "And will you?"

"He will and I will."

"Are you telephoning now from your place?" Koster had inquired then.

Donovan, standing in his own room, had evaded the question, thereby causing Koster to make false inferences.

"Sorry to rout you out, but the police have run down a suspect. Further diamonds have been found. Identifications are needed."

That had been soon after O'Day's arrival. Now they were here, every man who had been summoned, and every man scowling. Donovan, acting as host, sat behind his desk, with Moriarty at his right elbow. On the desk lay Dunton's hat, his four diamonds, the two marked pieces of rope. The others of the party had grouped themselves beyond.

Dunton had been sent into the next room in charge of a policeman. A second policeman stood mysteriously before the closed door.

"This is your party," said Moriarty, who understood a little better by now what Donovan had in mind. "I don't know anything about diamonds. Ask questions. Call in Dunton. Do anything you like."

"Suppose we begin with Dunton," Donovan told the policeman at the door.

After a moment Dunton was led into the room. "That's him! That's the bandit!" cried Goldman instantly. "That's the man who ran out on me! I'd know him in a million!"

Donovan turned to the younger Koster. "Is this the bandit who held you up?"

Koster's scowl deepened into a look of worried uncertainty. "He may be. I can't be sure." He caught his brother's eye. "Yes, I believe he is."

"Are those diamonds on the desk from the parcel that was stolen?" asked Donovan.

"I think they are."

"And you?" Donovan asked the elder Koster.

"They're our diamonds, undoubtedly," replied the senior partner, looking at them.

Donovan turned from the diamonds with a deprecating smile. His voice grew softer. "What happened last night isn't yet clear in my mind. Please help me over the hill. You say you left your building at seventeen minutes past four. You know, because you looked at your watch."

"That's it. I had to catch the 4:25 express."

"And you"—Donovan turned to Van Dusen—"you told me you glanced at the clock as Mr. Koster went out. He left at a quarter after four. You believed the bandit struck you down about half an hour after that."

"That's it."

Donovan turned to the night watchman: "Gibson, did you push the Koster clock ahead last night?"

"I did not," replied the watchman.

"Did anybody, while you were present?"

"Nobody did."

"You would have seen them if they had?"

"I sure would. I was there when the police came, and I was there when Charles Koster here locked up."

"How about you, Moriarty?"

"Nobody touched the clock while I was there."

"Yet when I arrived that clock was half an hour fast, and it's still half an hour fast."

"Just a moment," interrupted the senior partner smoothly. "I forgot to say that our clock had run down and I set it by guess during the noon hour."

"In that case," said Donovan, "you must have left at a quarter before four, if Van Dusen saw you at a quarter after by the clock."

"But I didn't. Van Dusen simply read the clock wrong."

"You took the express to what station?"

"To Sixty-third Street. Then I called on my customer before he closed. I left his store at five minutes of five."

"Then where did you go?" asked Donovan.

"I went home."

"Did you check a parcel on the way home?"

"A parcel? Check it where?"

"At the Englewood station?"

"No, I did not!" cried Koster.

"When did you learn of the robbery?" asked Donovan.

"When my brother notified me, shortly before eight."

"You came straight to the office?"

"As fast as wheels would carry me."

"Later, you stayed to lock up the shop. Where did you go after that?"

"I went to the Englewood station," Koster ripped out defiantly. "I had left a package of books in the check room the day before. Is that the parcel you meant?"

"That's the parcel," said Donovan. "Why did you go clear out to Englewood for it last night?"

"No reason. I was nervous. I wanted to think."

"Wasn't it because you heard someone was offering rough diamonds at Goldman's pawnshop? Wasn't it because you feared he had stolen your parcel from the check room?"

The senior partner pushed back his chair and sprang to his feet, but he sat down again at once. "No, it was not."

"Where did you take this parcel of books? To your home?"

"Answer your own questions, if you know so much about me," replied Koster surlily.

"I will. You did. Then your brother telephoned you that Colonel O'Day had not accompanied the party to Goldman's pawnshop, but had split off on an errand of his own, and he feared you were being shadowed. He also told you that I had left him at Goldman's and had likewise split off, and he feared that he would be shadowed. Do you like the answers I am making to my own questions?"

"If you dare insinuate that my brother and I know a thing about this robbery ——"

"What will you do? Cancel your insurance? No matter. Let me ask you all my questions first, or at least give you their answers. Possibly your brother was right about Colonel O'Day. Possibly he felt he had to see you, and rang your bell notwithstanding."

"I stopped in to tell my brother what had happened," said the younger Koster. "The hour was late. He offered to take care of me for the night. I've often stayed with him."

"Anyhow, I found you there with him and invited you both to this conference. I think you did not dare refuse, because of the fear of a search warrant. So here you are."

"And there's the thief!" cried Koster, pointing to Dunton. "Put his hat on him and I'd know him anywhere! The diamonds prove it! His running away proves it!"

"Let's see." Donovan turned to the night watchman. "Gibson, you found young Mr. Koster here bound and gagged behind the counter. How was he bound?"

"His hands were tied behind his back and his heels drawn up to his wrists and tied. The loose end was wrapped around his legs."

"Loose end?"

"The rope was longer than was needed," said Gibson.

Donovan indicated the marked ropes on the desk. "Which of these ropes was the rope used?"

"That longer one."

"And how was Van Dusen tied?"

"He was tied the same way, except that the rope was cut off close to his ankles, without leaving any loose end."

"Is that the rope?"

"That shorter piece—yes."

"Could you tie up Lieutenant Moriarty with this shorter rope to illustrate the knot?"

"No, sir, I could not. There's not enough rope. He's too big a man. Van Dusen is a small man."

"Is it your idea that the thief brought this short length of rope with him knowing that it would be exactly the right length for Van Dusen?"

"No, sir; Mr. Koster says the rope was in one length and the bandit cut it after tying him."

"He cut off this piece that proved to be exactly the right length before knowing whether Van Dusen was small or large?"

"He must have."

"Let's see." Donovan smiled pleasantly at the witness. "This bandit first tied up Mr. Koster, and then, although he had rope to spare, instead of cutting off as much as possible for Van Dusen, he cut off as little as possible?"

"That doesn't look reasonable," said the watchman. "He'd cut the rope the first time as close as would be safe, so as to have as much margin as he could."

"In that case, which would you say was tied up first?"

"If I hadn't been told different, I'd say Van Dusen," replied the watchman.

"And you, Moriarty?"

"That sounds like good sense. I'd say the same."

"You're crazy!" cried the younger Koster. "There's the thief, and there lie our diamonds you caught him trying to pawn!"

"Don't move!" commanded Donovan sharply. "I have still other questions to ask."

"Ask them in a law court!"

"I'll ask them here. The diamonds stolen were South African stones. You are a diamond man. Can't you tell a Brazilian rough diamond from a South African?"

"These stones are South African," asserted Koster brazenly. "Find the rest. They'll prove it."

"They're on the desk before you."

With a quick movement Donovan leaned forward, seized Dunton's hat by the center of its crown and snatched it sharply away, disclosing the huddle of rough diamonds Dunton had poured from his purpleheart bottle. The sight caused Goldman to cry out as if he had lost money. The younger Koster drew in his breath through his set teeth. The elder Koster sat with parted lips like a man photographed when speaking.

(Continued on Page 93)

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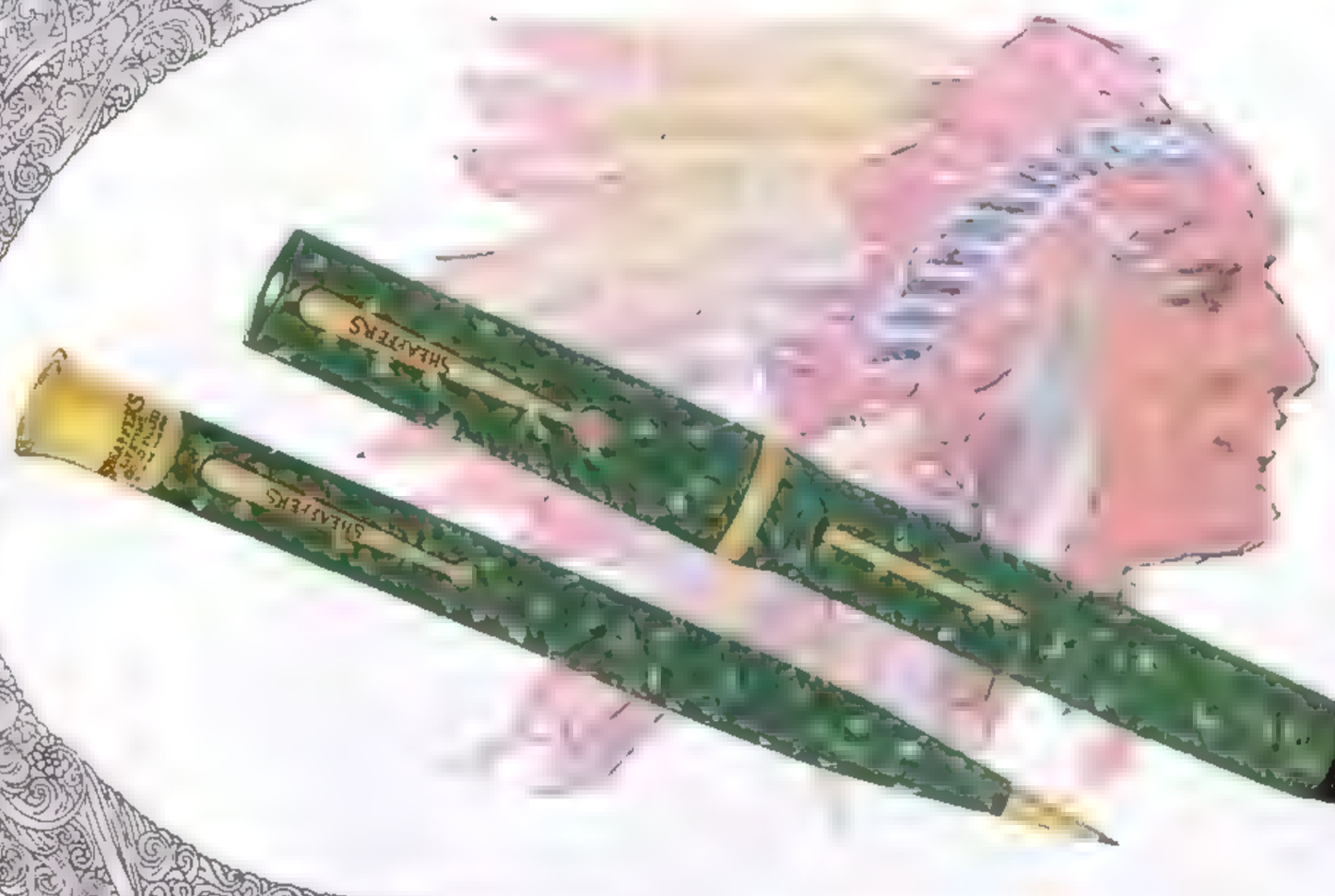

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(Continued from Page 91)

"For the benefit of the police, let me point to that jet-black stone, and that other, and that other. Those are carbonado, or carbons, and are found only in Brazil. The stolen diamonds were mined in South Africa. These diamonds have not been graded. The stolen diamonds had been. Hardly a diamond in that heap could be mistaken for a Kimberley diamond. Their appearance is different."

He turned again to the Kosters; but instead of speaking softly, as he had been, he shot out his questions as if they were aimed missiles:

"Which one of you was it who crept up behind Van Dusen and struck him down?" He leveled his forefinger at the younger man. "Was it not you? Did your brother not then tie up your victim with rope while you bandaged his eyes and stuffed his mouth with cloth? Did your brother not then tie you up likewise with what remained of the rope?"

"It's a lie!"

Donovan turned quickly upon the older man.

"What did you do with the diamonds you brought from Englewood? You were afraid to leave them at home for fear your house would be searched. You couldn't hide them elsewhere for fear of being followed. Didn't you slip them into an inside pocket? Aren't they in your pocket now?"

"No!" cried both Kosters in unison.

"I believe otherwise. Moriarty, I accuse these men of stealing their own diamonds, for the insurance. Would you mind having them searched?"

The time was half an hour later. The police wagon had called for the two prisoners, but the parcel of diamonds recovered from the Kosters had been left in Donovan's safe under seal.

Of those present at the arrest, Donovan had with him only Dunton, who had risen to leave, and O'Day.

"But why did you run?" asked O'Day, repeating Donovan's question.

"I am a foreigner," replied Dunton; "I had entered this country without permission. If I was caught I would be sent back into Mexico, because I had entered through Mexico. I had no friends and no money—only these diamonds. Mexico was not safe for me. Beyond, to the north, lay Canada. What would you have done?"

"Applied to the British consul."

"The British consulate is not an underground railway," said Dunton, drawing himself erect.

O'Day turned back to Donovan. "One more question and I'm through. It's about that clock. Why did Koster push it ahead?"

"To give himself an alibi," replied Donovan. "And he would have had one, too, if he had not forgotten to turn it back. His foreman placed the crime at a quarter of five. Koster was in his customer's store at that hour. That let him out. His brother couldn't have tied himself up. That let him out too."

"We caught them with the goods," said O'Day.

"The ropes helped, but it was that pushed-up clock that really sent you to Englewood. Dunton's rough diamonds helped us too. That incident worried the Kosters more than anything that had yet happened."

"Dunton helped us. What are we going to do for him?"

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Donovan. "What Dunton needs just now is a thirty-day passport. His diamonds are arranged for. Redelos could afford to sign his bond."

O'Day took up his hat. "Why, certainly! We'll fix it up in the morning. I'm going home for some sleep. How about you, Dunton? My car's outside. Can't I set you down at your room?"

"Very glad," said Dunton, and was not able to utter another word.

THE COMMON CARRIER HOPS OFF

(Continued from Page 7)

and 2,000,000 candle power at intervals of approximately twenty-two miles, with the weaker gas beacons in between. The majority of the beacons are located near emergency landing fields. In addition to this, more than $200,000 has been set aside to light the remainder of the route from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, and about $1,140,000 to complete the airway equipment along the contract feeder lines, under the direction of the new aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce. Appropriations have also been made which within a comparatively short time will permit the establishment and maintenance of radio beacons and direction-finding equipment along all the airways.

Within the next few years yet other navigational aids, far surpassing these, will be added. Under both government and private direction, experiments are now being conducted which may be expected shortly to contribute a new and impressive chapter to the early history of commercial aviation. These I shall describe later.

The Present Requirements

Few persons who have not followed closely the recent development of aviation will realize the high degree of dependability which aircraft have attained as private industry takes over the transcontinental route. As has been demonstrated by the recent transatlantic flights, aeronautical engineering is today sufficiently advanced to design and construct planes which will function efficiently for a required service. In my opinion the planes constructed to carry mail, passengers and express over the present air lines should be so powered that the cruising speed is obtained at about 65 per cent throttle, allowing 35 per cent for taking off, rising above fog or cloud banks, or other emergencies. Such planes, properly manned, maintained, and with a satisfactory system of communication, will permit the pilot to fly in all kinds of weather, thereby assuring a safe and satisfactory service.

In the present state of development, communications and navigational aids are most essential, and, in my opinion, they must be worked out before there can go into effect a commercial transportation service that is 100 per cent safe and reliable in every conceivable situation.

These additional requirements are: 1. The pilot must know his position in the horizontal plane. 2. The pilot must know his distance above ground. 3. The pilot must know the weather conditions of his terminal landing field. 4. The pilot must know the general weather forecast and all weather conditions along his route. By fulfilling these requirements aviation will be not only a safe but the most rapid form of transportation. But as this ideal cannot be entirely obtained at present, compromises must be made.

Let us assume a problem, then discuss the means whereby the maximum safety can be achieved. Assume a passenger plane flying between New York and Chicago, day and night. Such a plane would require a second pilot, who is also a radio man. Safety, as I have said, demands this at the present time; the law will demand it soon.

With such a crew, telegraphy can be substituted for telephonic communication. Personally I am in favor of a single-motor ship, for I am convinced it is reliable and more economical, provided, always, that it is running at about 65 per cent power of cruising speed. It is simpler and can be more easily maintained. But the public which uses the service must be considered, and at the present time there is a popular belief that the multimotor ship is more reliable. The multimotor ship, then, if used, must be so powered that when one motor is out the remaining motor or motors can maintain safe flying speed with 80 per cent power. The passenger ship must necessarily be large and, therefore, will require great power, which can now be best obtained only by multimotors.

Before leaving New York every pilot on the privately operated transcontinental air line should have available knowledge of all existing weather conditions along the route and to the westward of the route for at least a distance equal to his projected flight. He should be familiar, too, with the upper-air forecast, weather maps and upper-air soundings. Such forecasts and weather maps are now issued by the Weather Bureau. All this local weather information can be relayed to the point of departure by land wire.

Let us assume now that local weather conditions are favorable enough for the plane to take the air with its load of mail, passengers and express. The pilot has still a greater concern—how will the weather be along the route he must follow and at his terminal field? The forecast may show excellent conditions throughout, but due to the fact that weather men are wrong about 15 per cent of the time, other safety factors are required. Suppose, for example, fogs are encountered—fogs dense enough to prohibit an attempt at landing because the ground cannot be seen. This situation can be met by having two fields so arranged relative to the terminal field that the probability of all three fields being closed in by fog at one time is virtually zero. Furthermore, these auxiliary fields should be so arranged that rapid transportation to the main terminal field can be maintained with motor cars and trucks.

At the present time the transcontinental and certain other airways are marked over portions of their courses by powerful beacons. Although these have accomplished much in making night flying safer and navigation more certain, they are useless in thick weather. Realizing this, both government and private agencies are working now with a far more effective method of airway markers, which may soon supplant the older type of light beacon. These new beacons depend on radio for their effectiveness.

During the World War there was developed an interesting method of combating aircraft from the ground. It consisted of allotting to batteries of antiaircraft guns certain portions of the sky, which they filled with projectiles whenever an air raid was signaled. In this way, it was believed, the raiding flyer must be found by the fire of at least one battery covering his course.

To Mark the Way

Much the same principle—although with a helpful rather than a destructive object in view—will probably be employed as a result of the experiments now under way with radio beacons. Briefly stated, their purpose is to crowd the air so full of directive radio signals that throughout his trip the pilot will receive constantly the necessary information concerning the course he is flying, the weather at various air strata and conditions at his prospective landing field.

These radio aids to air navigation are of three kinds: The directing radio beacon, the marker beacon and radiotelephony and telegraph. The directive beacon is a device to send out a special type of radio beam by which the pilot is enabled to follow the designated course even in total darkness or fog. The marker beacons are small radio-transmitting sets which are placed at intervals of about twenty-five miles along the

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route and which supplement the directive beacon by serving as mile posts. The radiotelephone transmitting system provides a method of constant communication between pilot or assistant pilot and the ground stations, by which the flyers can be informed of weather conditions and other facts necessary to proper navigation.

Experimental work necessary to perfect and adapt these navigational aids is being conducted by both the Government and private industry. The Bureau of Standards, working with the aeronautical branch of the Department of Commerce, has established aeronautical stations at College Park, Maryland, and at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, the latter an important field along the transcontinental airway. Apart from their service as laboratories to determine the best forms of radio aids for the civil airways, the two stations will be available for actual radio service to the commercial air lines operating through these points. Similar stations will be established by the department at various other stations on the airways of the country.

At both Bellefonte and College Park radiotelephone transmitting stations are located several miles from the radio-beacon station and operated from a microphone located at the airport near the beacon station. This provides for control of the whole system of radio aids from the airport by a single radio operator, who is also equipped with apparatus for receiving from those airplanes which carry transmitting sets.

An interesting result of the experiments is the discovery that radio aids to air navigation may make necessary the use of specially armored cables on airplanes for the engine ignition. With this precaution in construction, the three radio aids can be utilized by carrying a simple receiving set on each airplane. At least one government mail plane was thus equipped and shielded before the lines were turned over to private operation.

Of all these aids to navigation undoubtedly the most interesting is the directional radio beacon, whose function is to mark out a direct line from one port to another by means of a special type of radio signals which may be received either on ear phone or visual instruments. The system depends upon the use at sending stations of loop aerials which, as every radio enthusiast knows, possess directional properties. Two loops are set at an angle of 60 degrees, which has been found to give the best reception. From the loops, letters are sent at regular intervals by automatic transmission. The letter N, which in the Continental Code is a dash followed by a dot, and the letter A, which is a dot followed by a dash, are best adapted to the purpose. The dash of the letter N is sent out on one loop, then the dot of the letter A on the other loop, followed by the dot of N on the first, then the dash of A on the second loop. Transmission is so timed that the ear cannot detect any space between the characters when the receiver is at the point of equal signal reception, and as a result the operator hears a T—which is a long dash—when within the equal signal zone. About twelve of these combined groups are sent per minute, and when the pilot is on the correct course he hears only a succession of dashes. Thus he is instantly informed not only whether he is on or off his course, but, in the latter event, whether he must turn to right or to left to regain it.

Radio Landmarks

Still further refinements are possible with the equisignaling system. A dashboard provided with white, blue and red lights can be utilized to give the pilot a visual instead of an audible check on his course. The dashes may be made to actuate a mechanism which turns on the white light when the pilot is on the course, the blue when he is to the left of it, and the red when to the right.

As this is written a number of radio beacons are established or under construction. Apart from the two at Bellefonte and College Park, there are beacons at the Ford Motor Company airports in Dearborn and Chicago, and at the United States Army field at Dayton, Ohio, where the actual pioneer work in this field of navigation aids was done. One is being installed, too, at Hadley Field, New Brunswick, the Eastern starting point of the transcontinental route.

The marker beacons are merely supplementary to the directive beacons, but if put into operation they may play an important part in safeguarding planes and passengers. They consist of low-power radio sets intended for installation on the ground at intervals of about twenty-five miles. Each set will send constantly a distinctive code letter in a direct beam into the air above it. By hearing this letter as he soars by, the pilot will not only know whether he is on the course but exactly which point of it he is passing. The distinctive letter of each beacon may be either memorized or marked on a chart in the plane for instant reference. A number of experimenters, however, believe that with powerful enough directive beacons in operation, located approximately 200 miles apart, the marker beacons will be superfluous.

Landing Safeguards

Radiotelephony suggests still greater possibilities. Evidence of this has been offered only recently by tests near College Park, where two planes flying over a wide area succeeded in maintaining radiotelephonic communication not only with the ground but with each other during the entire flight.

In this important adjunct of commercial aviation, private industry is showing a profound interest. One of the largest corporations in the country has in its employ no less an authority than Commander Jerome C. Hunsaker, formerly of the United States Navy Construction Corps, a co-designer of the NC plane which first spanned the Atlantic, who is now working in the development of radio navigation and communication aids. The Government is collaborating with radio broadcasting companies in some of its laboratory work in College Park.

No one except the pilot or passenger who has actually flown cross-country by night can realize how tremendous an advance this radio directive service will be over the present system of light beacons, particularly in fog or storm. Even in clear weather and over familiar courses, guidance by lights other than those specifically designed for the task often fails utterly. Towns and cities which would seem efficient landmarks sometimes disappoint the pilot. Many an aviator has condemned that otherwise laudable axiom "early to bed, early to rise," when the lights of some Midwestern town have been dimmed at midnight, robbing him of a landmark on which he had depended.

It is perhaps at the terminals that radio direction will do most to safeguard plane, passengers and freight. With its aid perfect landings should become possible at any hour and under any weather conditions. If a pilot is approaching his terminal field and conditions are such that he cannot make a safe landing because of low visibility—and in my opinion, airplanes cannot land in a thick fog that comes down to the ground—he will be so notified by radio telephony or telegraphy. Then the radio beacon of the next nearest terminal field which reports safe conditions may be turned on and he may proceed to that place and land. A seaplane over unrestricted waters is not confronted with this situation. It can land in a fog by stalling in, or "pancaking," for the sea usually offers unlimited room. But unlimited room is not available for land planes, and while thus stalling in, the pilot may hit an obstruction.

While approaching the field which radio directions have assured him is safe, the pilot will be notified of the barometric readings as well as the height of whatever clouds may blur the skies. This will permit him to correct the reading of his altimeter, the instrument which registers the height of the plane above the earth. This is a most important precaution. The altimeter, it might be explained, depends for accuracy on barometric pressure, and barometric pressure is changeable. In foggy weather, for example, the barometric pressure is different than in clear, and causes incorrect readings. As the instrument is calibrated to read altitudes from sea level, the pilot flying over hills whose height he does not know may assume that he has more room below him than is actually the case. Disaster could follow an attempted landing at low visibility under such conditions. Proper and immediate radio reports to the pilot would permit him to correct the altimeter readings, safeguarding his landings.

A general plan such as this will assure safety, when the pilot, while still in or above the clouds, finds a sudden landing necessary because of mechanical difficulties. Then safety would require further that he send out distress signals to be received by or relayed to a central control which has been in continual touch with the movements of the plane and knows conditions at the terminal fields.

This control station can direct the pilot to proceed to a safe landing field, at the same time notifying that particular field to turn on its radio beacon and to furnish its barometric reading and height of clouds. Such additional safety features require a complicated system of communication and control, and many fields; but when they go finally into operation virtually the last element of danger will have been removed. When only mail and express are carried a second pilot will not be necessary, and radio beacons, as described above, with auxiliary stations adjacent to the terminal landing field, will prove satisfactory. If a ship is forced to land en route and the pilot is unable to pick out a hole through the clouds, he has always the option of stepping out in a parachute, a condition which exists at present. The times when a pilot is forced to take a 'chute, even today, are, however, few.

Along the transcontinental route at the present time, the conditions prevailing from Omaha to Cheyenne offer different problems. Pilots going West refuse to go above the clouds because, owing to the previously described limitations of the altimeter, they cannot know their distance above the ground. Consequently I suggest a further addition to the radio beacon stations to be placed at intervals along this route; because, in addition to their distinguishing code letters, they send aloft the barometric reading and the height of the clouds. With this information the pilot would have available a reasonable method whereby he could always determine his distance above land and the cloud altitude. A simple code could be arranged for reception by the pilot, and transmission could be directed from a central station. In my opinion, the possibility of designing a practical instrument which will always give the pilot his exact distance above ground without this asistance is extremely remote.

Planes for Any Purpose

I am emphasizing the navigational rather than the mechanical phases of private operation of the transcontinental airway, because to my mind they represent at this stage of aviation development the greater problem. To succeed financially, commercial aviation must rely on the long haul, and maintenance of schedules over extended trips depends on perfect navigation. The short trip has proved an impractical feature of commercial aviation, because too great a proportion of the total time from city to city is consumed in conveying passengers and mail to and from landing fields. On the long trip the superior speed of the plane more than compensates for this loss.

The type and construction of the plane itself are no longer matters of great concern. Aviation engineering, as I have said, is today capable of producing, within certain limits, a craft for any specified purpose. It has, in fact, been in that position for a number of years. The NC planes which first crossed the Atlantic were ordered and designed for the purpose as long ago as 1917. That two of them failed was in no way due to mechanical defects, but rather to difficulties in navigation. The pilots had battled fogs and other bad going and made landings to check their bearings. Once down on the rough sea, they could not take off again. The first airplanes used in the mail service were nothing more than surplus Army stock, with a few adaptations, yet even they proved practical and bore their heavy loads across the continent under the harshest of weather conditions. Not until 1926 were they replaced with new ships made especially for the purpose.

Although the latter planes carried no passengers, a brief description of them may be interesting as typical of the type which still soars the transcontinental airway. Each was a single-motor biplane equipped to carry a pilot and parachute weighing together a maximum of 190 pounds; 130 gallons of gas, weighing 780 pounds; 12 gallons of oil, weighing 90 pounds; and a mail load of 800 pounds. With the standard air-mail night-flying equipment each plane maintained a maximum speed of level flight at sea level of 135 miles an hour and had a landing speed of 55 miles an hour, while a cruising speed of 115 miles an hour could be held steadily. The planes cost $11,900 apiece.

The Beginnings of the Air Mail

Qualifications similar to these mark the first planes to be operated by the company taking over the western half of the transcontinental route. The planes, equipped with 400-horse-power, air-cooled motors, develop an air speed of from 100 to 135 miles an hour and carry four passengers, as well as mail. The pay load totals 1500 pounds. These, of course, are only the forerunners of what the transcontinental and its feeder air lines will eventually boast as passenger and freight traffic grows. Within a comparatively short time we may expect to see such palatial liners as are now carrying from twelve to twenty passengers in comfort and even luxury over the government subsidized air routes of Europe.

The air-mail service, which not only developed the transcontinental line but brought the many feeder routes now tapping it into being, started without such navigation aids as I have discussed. Its first important step was taken May 15, 1918, when an experimental air route was established between New York City and Washington, D. C., through the coöperation of the Post Office Department and the United States Army. Army flyers were originally employed, but on August tenth of that year the Post Office Department changed to civilians and started the first nonmilitary air-transport service in America. This particular line was not long-lived. The route was too short. Later, independent and disconnected routes were established between such points as Cleveland and Chicago; New York and Cleveland; Chicago and Omaha; and Chicago and St. Louis; but none of these routes was sufficiently long to permit the airplane earning for itself sufficient gain over railway operation to develop any marked advantage. They served, however, to emphasize the importance of selecting long routes where there were not already established other means of rapid transportation.

But much was gained in experience in the operation of these disconnected routes. A nucleus of organization was developed, pilots were trained, the capabilities of various types of airplanes were studied, and methods of maintenance, inspection and repair were noted. They brought the airplane into the public mind as an agency of transportation; they built up the faith of the Post Office Department in the possibilities of aerial mail transport. The lines were valuable as entering wedges, and since the time of their operation the air-mail service has been able to grow.

(Continued on Page 99)

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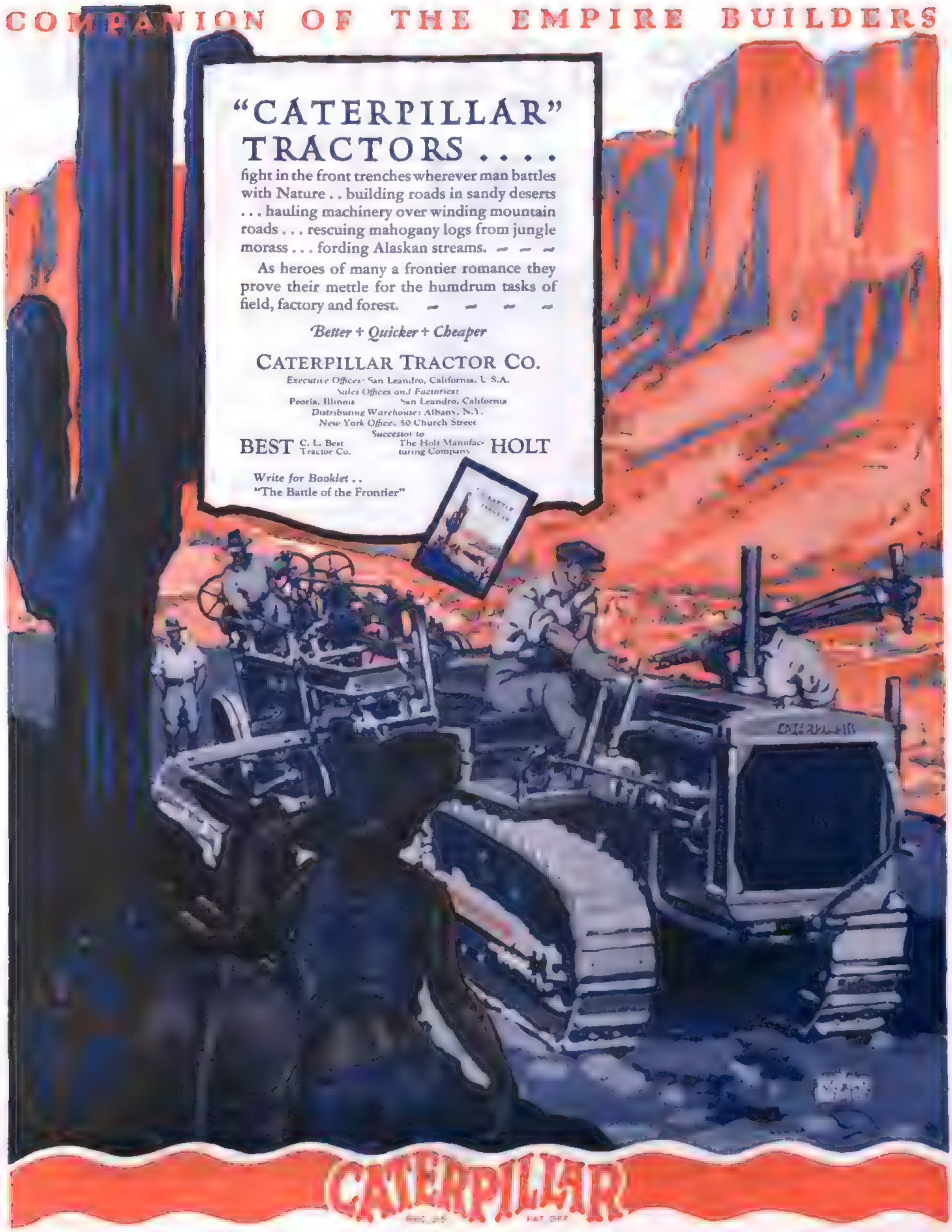
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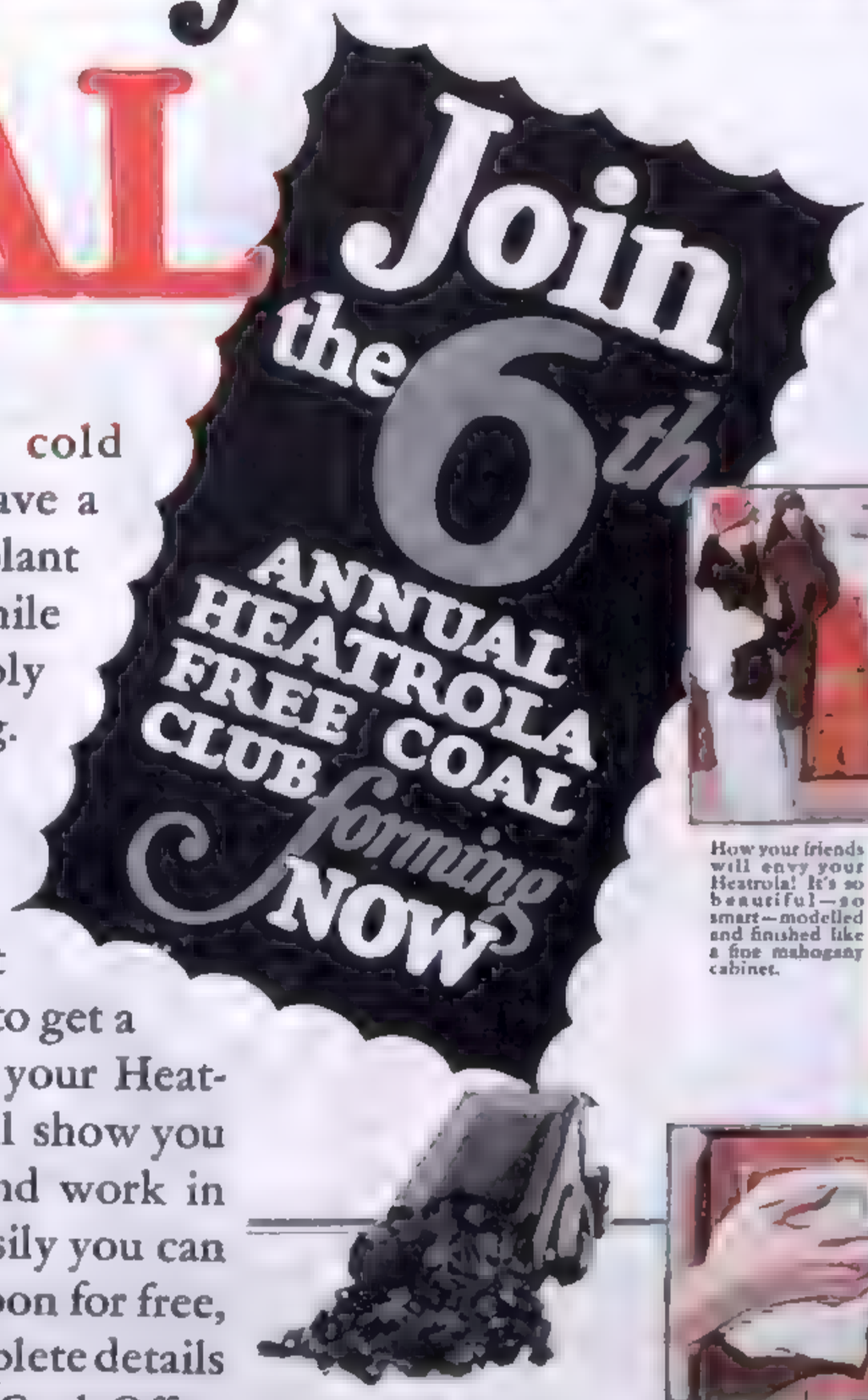

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Socks

(Continued from Page 94)

From the lessons learned as a result of its early experiments, the Post Office Department in 1920 worked out plans for a transcontinental service, with New York as one terminus and San Francisco as the other. These plans were reasonably well matured in 1921, during which year transcontinental service went actually into operation. It was only a relay service, however, operated in connection with the railway trains. Mail was carried by airplane only during the daylight hours from station to station. During the night the mail continued its movement in railway mail cars.

It soon became apparent, however, that the next forward step should be that of continuing these flights by night as well as by day. As a consequence, in January, 1922, the department inaugurated what it always considered a laboratory experiment in night flying. Lighthouses of various types were examined, purchased and tested. This work culminated in August, 1923, in a four-day test of continuous flight operation in each direction across the continent. To make this test possible, an airway had been lighted from Chicago to Cheyenne, a distance of approximately 1000 miles. The initial test was 100 per cent successful. On one day of the test, mail was carried westbound from New York to San Francisco in twenty-six hours, fourteen minutes, and the average for the four days was well under thirty hours. However, it was not until July, 1924, that the department started to operate a seven-days-a-week continuous service from New York to San Francisco. This operation proved successful.

On July 1, 1925—the first anniversary of the transcontinental service—the Post Office Department inaugurated a night air-mail service betweeen Chicago and New York, which had been demanded by the business interests of both cities. Light beacons were extended as far as Salt Lake City, and preparations were made to continue them all the way to San Francisco. The loss of only one business day for mail in transcontinental transit was the goal.

"When the entire route is finally lighted," said Postmaster-General New in announcing the plans, "our airplanes will be able to leave New York and San Francisco at the close of the business day, instead of in the morning, as at present, and to deposit mail on the opposite side of the continent in time for early delivery on the second morning.

"Saturday's mail on such a schedule would be delivered Monday morning, giving to New York business mail destined to the Pacific Coast the same service it would get to Brooklyn, and giving to San Francisco a delivery time in New York comparable to that of mail addressed to Oakland."

This, as both light and radio beacons are established across the route, will undoubtedly become a commonplace accomplishment for privately operated transcontinental lines.

Early in the present year a new impetus was given to the air mail by the adoption of new postage rates. Originally the rate was ten cents an ounce, or fraction thereof, on routes of 1000 miles or less; fifteen cents on routes over 1000 miles and less than 1500 miles; and twenty cents on routes over 1500 miles. It became apparent, however, as the contract routes were established, that this system of charges was too complicated, and much confusion resulted in attempting to interpret them. Finally the knot was cut with one blow in February, 1927, when the new rate of ten cents a half ounce was established. This carried a letter over any air-mail route, regardless of distance.

One such journey as the business man may soon take over the transcontinental highway in a privately operated plane, it has been my good fortune to enjoy. We started from San Francisco at 5:08, one spring morning, climbed 8000 feet to top a fog bank over the Sacramento Valley, and crossed the Sierras, whose peaks jabbed through the mists below like islands in a white sea. Then we slid swiftly into Reno for a landing and a 6:30 breakfast. From Reno there was a four-hour hop to Salt Lake City for lunch, then on to Cheyenne for a 7:30 dinner. Leaving Cheyenne at nine, we were guided by beacons through a night of flying, past North Platte, Omaha, Des Moines and Iowa City into Chicago at dawn. There, to my regret, certain duties forced me to lay over for several days. Later I continued the journey, flying by night over the Alleghanies into the Eastern terminal at New Brunswick, with stops at Cleveland and Bellefonte.

It was a swift, a comfortable and a pleasant way to travel. During the long night hop over blinking city lights, over wooded mountains, over wide stretches of dark prairie, to the accompaniment of a droning motor, I thought of all that had been accomplished by the persistence and enthusiasm of the Postmaster-General and his aides, by the skill, the courage and the fidelity of pilots and mechanics who kept the planes aloft. The fruits of all this vision and labor private industry may now enjoy.

In one of his addresses to the American public, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, most famous of the air-mail pilots, told how all Europe "regards with reverence" our postal flying. Under private operation, the planes, skimming by night and by day over the transcontinental airway, should yet arouse among older nations abroad a still greater envy of our passenger and express lines.

ALPINE SPORTS

(Continued from Page 25)

But this American Miss Whitaker! Sakes alive! Leaning like a white lily, all in her ermines, now this way, now that; sweeping in great perfect curves, with toes outspread outrageously, until both skate blades made one straight, unswerving line as she skimmed, feet held rigidly heel to heel, all the way round the outer edge of the great St. Moritz rink. Now on outer edge, now on inner, toe extended daintily from the knee-length ermine flounces; now bounding clear of the ice in a chamois leap, lightly flipping kisses from dainty finger tips—and a full-throated American roar of "At-a-gal!" exploding from the sidelines and thundering from Alp to Alp.

The much more dignified English contestants, it was plain to me, had won all three prizes over this American girl, who so obviously had got fancy skating all balled up with the swift flight of the long-billed South American joojoopecker. But the judges in all the contests everywhere, selected from various European nationals, all gave first prize always to the American Miss Whitaker. And in the end, one day near the season's end, they placed on her fair brow the laurel wreath and the ribbons that acclaimed her among ladies the champion fancy skater of all the world—the greatest skater, some of them say, who has ever lived.

But sticking a toe horizontally out that way! Well, as we observed that late afternoon over our tea, the good Queen Mary would never have countenanced such goings on, even if the modest hem of the queen-mary now in vogue in these British Alps would permit of such thoughtless abandon in athletic contest. The English ladies and gentlemen may have lost all the prizes, but they came out of the fancy-skating contests with their breeding intact. They had jolly well saved their immortal souls.

And next I journeyed over to Villars-Chesières to have a jolly go at bandy.

The trick cogwheel railway that had hauled me up the Alps for half the morning from the banks of the Rhone landed me on top of the world just in time. The finals of

Small-bubble lather... weakens wiry beards

Now the Razor will zip through!

Its tiny, water-laden bubbles penetrate to base of whiskers and soak them soft

THE secret of a good lather is in the size of its bubbles. This *"small-bubble"* lather gets right down to the beard-base, carries water where blade meets hair. In Colgate lather, the bubbles are smaller, as shown in the lather pictures below.

How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

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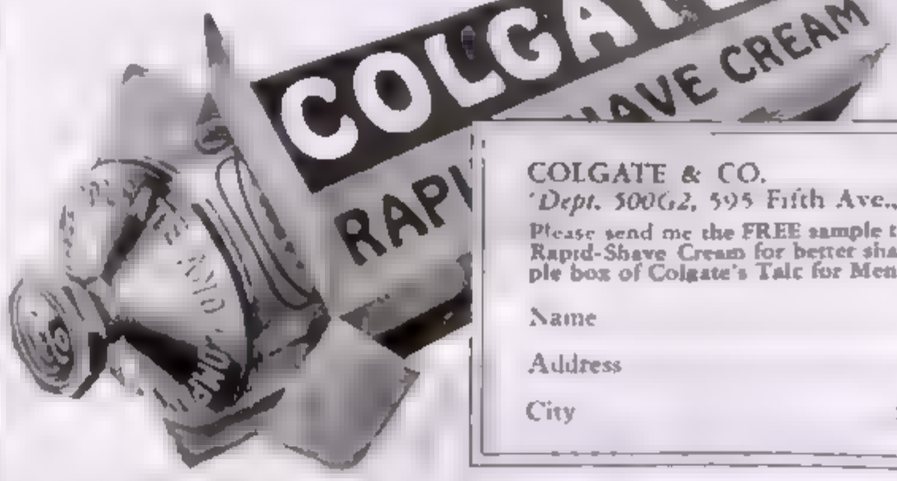
Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



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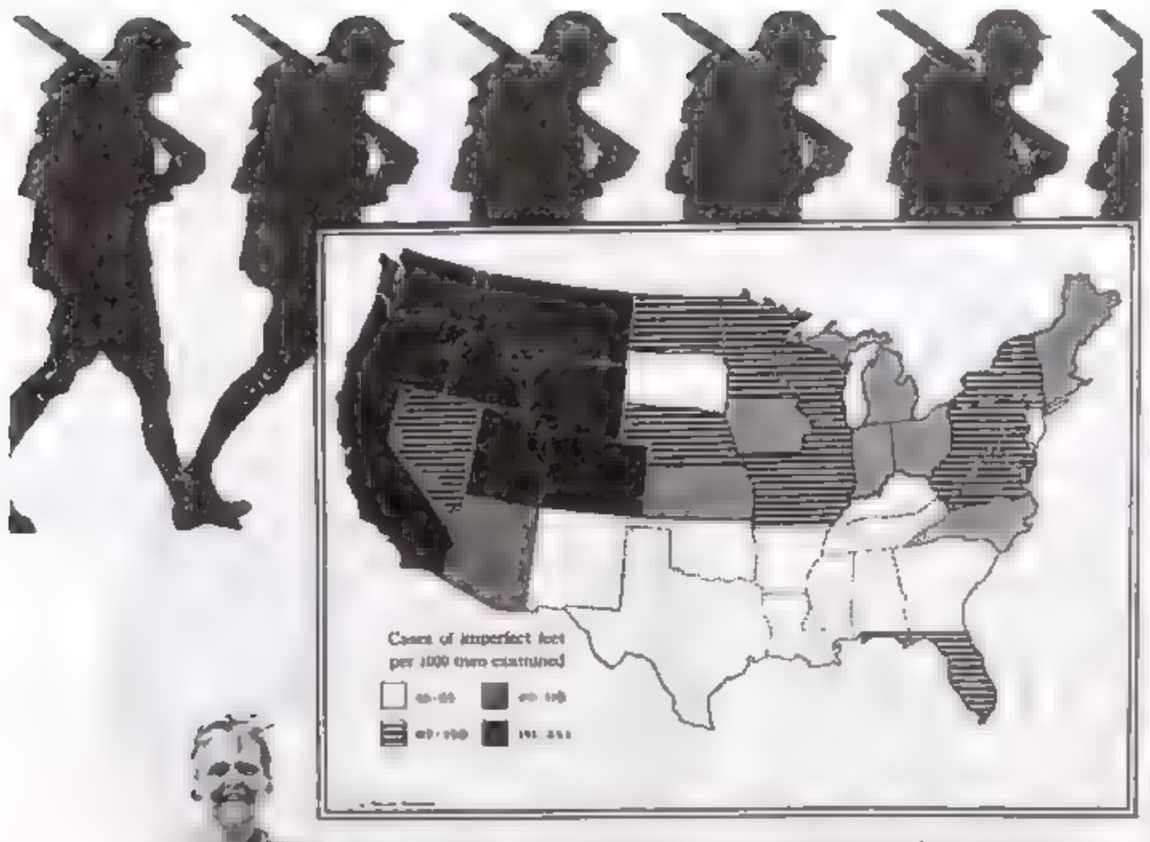
SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE



This is the map of official U. S. Army statistics showing the foot condition of 3,000,000 men examined during the late war. Note that the South, where children go barefoot or wear light shoes like Keds, had the smallest percentage of flat-footed men.

What the Southern boy showed the U. S. Army

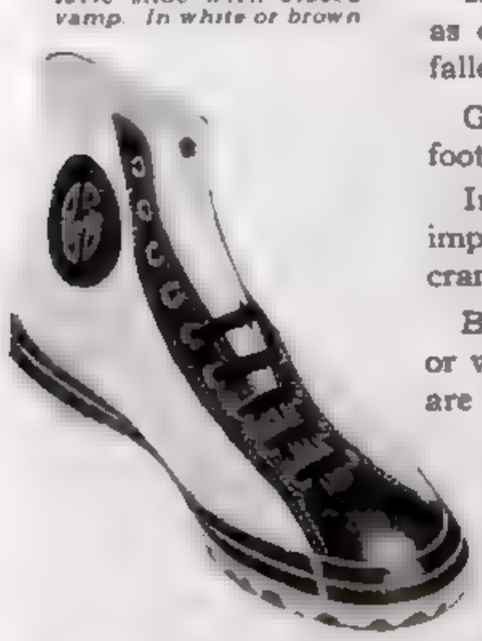
EIGHTEEN to nineteen out of every twenty men examined by War Draft Boards in most southern states were found to have almost perfect feet.

In many northern and western states as high as one out of every four men examined had fallen arches or other serious foot troubles.

Great specialists explain this contrast by the foot habits of early youth:

In the North, children's feet are frequently imprisoned in stiff, heavy, ill-fitting shoes that cramp and deform bones and muscles.

But in the South where children go barefoot or wear light, well-ventilated shoes, little feet are allowed to develop as nature intended.



The "RENOWN"
A new Keds model for athletic wear. It will appeal to boys who wish an athletic shoe with closed vamp. In white or brown

Is any greater proof needed of the value of Keds for growing children? For Keds give barefoot freedom and health without barefoot dangers of cuts, infections and hookworm; flexible, long wearing soles; uppers shaped to support the foot snugly yet pliantly; Feltex inner soles to keep feet cool in hot weather.

Keds come in over thirty popular styles, high and low, for men, women and children, at prices from $1.25 to $4.50. They are made only by the

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The "CHAMPION"
A popular Keds oxford for sport and school wear. In white or brown with white corrugated sole—or in black with black sole

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unless the name *Keds is on the shoe*

the foremost classic bandy contest of French Switzerland were in full cry on the Villars-Palace rink—the fight for the splendid Coupe d'Italie. It is a towering cup of solid silver, sculptured and lacy—the Woolworth in the moonlight—and it, like the Grand National Cup at St. Moritz, is the most coveted trophy in the French-Swiss bandy world.

French-Swiss, incidentally, is an old-fashioned, obsolete description of Western Switzerland. Lenses for the left eye are also unknown at Villars.

Strange yet familiar cries came to me as I raced toward the Villars-Palace rink:

"Check 'im, Red! Check the big stiff!"

"At-a-boy, Toots! 'At's stuff!"

"'F he tries that again, Cabot, knock his block off! Give 'im the works!"

"Nize baby, Toots! Nize bay-bee! Smack 'er in the snoot!"

"Shoot 'er in! Like that! She's in! E-e-e-e-e-yow!"

Then I was inside, in the lee of the tall canvas windbreaks. The first half had just been finished and there was comparative silence—British silence. Solidly wedging me in were lovely old ladies from Tunbridge Wells and even lovelier young and old gentlemen from Stoke Pogis and points north.

But it could not have been they who had been doing the shouting. They were all silent, even sad. Probably the English boys were not ahead. Occasionally one beside me spoke:

"Vulgar ruffians opposing our lads, Basil."

"Can't you see, mummy d'yaw, they're all Americans?"

Not all, I learned. There was a Sillig—greatest name in Swiss hockey—on the team. Merely the rest of the active forwards of the winning Bellerive team were all Americans—Johnny Grew, of Boston; Blake Cabot, of Boston and New York; Toots Tatham, of New York; and, finally, one Marshall Clyde, Jr., of New York, Paris and Switzerland—better known, from the highest peaks of Manhattan's sky line to the top of the Matterhorn, as Red Clyde.

They were off on the second half again. Smash, bang, and the ring of steel on hard black ice. And the yells!

Red and Toots and Johnny and Blake, all of them obviously placing dignity far beneath the will to win, just gave their time to skittling across the ice, darting like swallows, bringing themselves up sharp with the rink turn, busting full tilt into sideline scrimmages and roughly scattering a number of dignified young gentlemen to whom Red and Blake and Johnny and Toots never had been so much as introduced.

The Curling Classic

They won the Coupe d'Italie, the American johnnies on the Bellerive team—won the last leg on the cup, incidentally; and that evening Director Bucher, of the Villars-Palace rink, gave them the cup to keep forever in the trophy room of the Sillig school.

But they won at the cost of spirituality. A long Englishman, strolling out of the rink at my elbow after the game, put it all rather well, I thought.

"Kipling was dashed right, Eustace," he said to his younger companion. "Kipling, you remember, was giving America a jolly well-deserved wigging about losing its soul, and this Kipling chap coined a withering phrase. 'What does it profit a man, I mean to say,' says Kipling to the American pressman johnny, 'if he gain the whole world, if you know what I mean, and jolly well loses his beastly soul?'"

Ain't it the truth!

With all the cups except one, counting all Anglo-Alpine sports classics, in the hands of Americans, it would seem that I should have made the long journey back to St. Moritz to see the final contest for the only classic cup still uncaptured. This is called the Jackson Cup, and theoretically it is won each year by the champ team in the art of ice curling.

It's a man's game, curling, and very economical. Sheeing means an initial outlay of from seven to twelve dollars, followed by a steady overhead and upkeep for plaster leg casts, trained nurses and plastic surgeons. Racing on the Villars, Cresta and other lightning-fast bob runs sets you or your heirs back the price of entrance fees, floral gates ajar and tips of two francs fifty centimes, Swiss, to each of the six professional pallbearers. But curling, alone among Alpine sports, is safe, almost sane, and doesn't cost a dog-gone cent.

Curling is played everywhere exclusively by the Scotch. All you need for Alpine curling is the nearest village duck pond, a dornick, or free hunk of wayside rock, a discarded broom and no sense of humor.

When it comes to the great curling classic contest for the Jackson Cup, however, the contestants annually use a regular hotel rink to run off the mighty event. For that day only admission to the rink is free. And the annual try for the cup is unique among sporting events in that, under the rules of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, which govern the Scotch-Swiss curling classic, no club can win the Jackson Cup—not permanently.

Handicapped by Wiener Schnitzels

During the twenty-four years that have passed since the Jackson Cup's birth, the Davos team has won one leg on the cup, Grindelwald Scots have won four annual legs, and the Scots of St. Moritz have won the other nineteen legs. For nineteen of the twenty-four years, therefore, the Jackson Cup has reposed, tightly wrapped in its green baize cover, in a safe-deposit bank vault in St. Moritz, these protective precautions being legally stipulated by the Scotch gentleman who gave the cup a generation ago. The cup, almost never touched by human hands, consequently still retains almost all its virginal beauty. Few spots can be found on it that need replating.

Just a last paragraph or so about sheeing and Wiener Schnitzels. I climbed the Oberland one Sunday afternoon not long ago, to Château d'Œx, where some of the nicest boys in all England valiantly fought all afternoon against a scattering of other nationals for the shee-jumping championship. The winner jumped fifty-four meters, but he was a German youth; nevertheless, their lordships, the committee, awarded the champ's laurel wreath to the German lad without hesitation—or very little.

The following day, Monday, a nineteen-year-old New England lad, straining under the name of Ethan Allen Beecher, dropped off the late forenoon train from Montreux at the Château d'Œx station, ate a hearty luncheon of Wiener Schnitzels, strapped on his shees and clumped up the Alp slope to the top of the championship shee-jump course. Down the run he started, skating on his shees to work up additional speed, and took off into the air, high above the growing Christmas trees, at a speed of one hundred and six miles an hour—timed by split-second stop watches—and sailed like a bird to the valley below. Three times he tried it. It just wasn't his day. As against the champ's jump of fifty-four meters of the previous day, the best the American lad could do was fifty-nine meters. He simply could not break into the sixties. And this, dear boys, teaches us never to go beyond the fourth Wiener Schnitzel. Personally, when I train to jump off an Alp, for days before the classic I allow myself only an occasional rasher of flying-squirrel meat. The rest of my diet is simply a vegetarian dish, cooked by the missus, of Boston baked jumping beans of Mexico.

But our brethren from the mother country are masters—always excepting the crass materialism and soul-destroying cup-winning complex that is destroying America—of everything else in the Alps. For reasons of their own, the heads of our old canton families still permit the management of each season's periodic snowstorms to rest in the hands of the all-high authority, but they run everything else.

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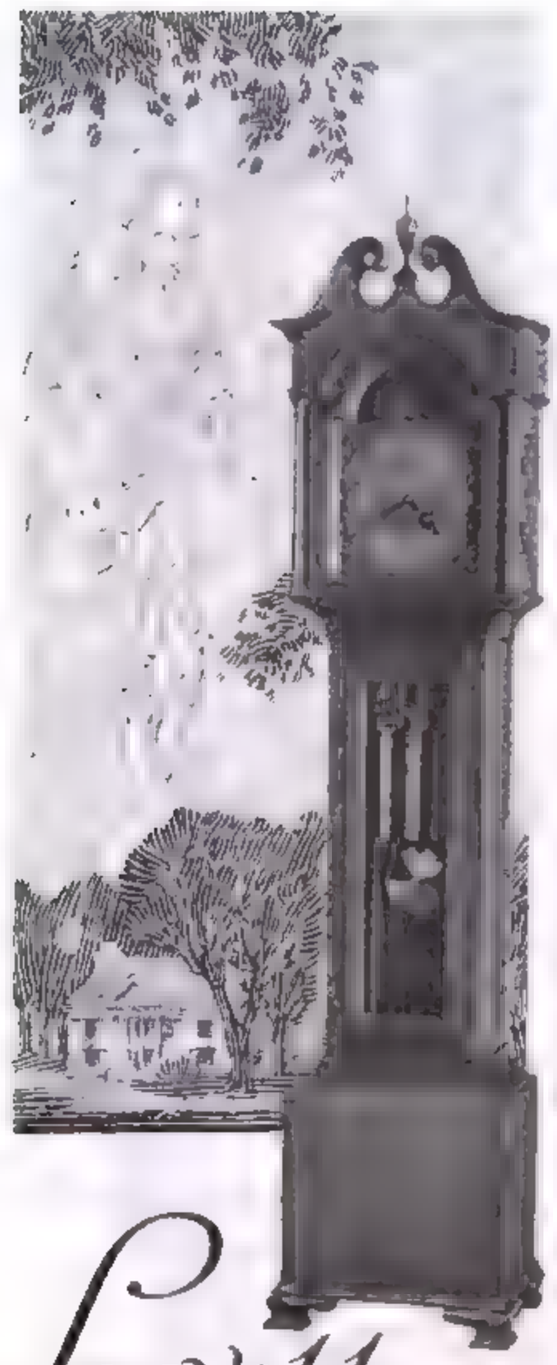

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—FOR ALL TIME—

A CASE IN POINT

(Continued from Page 21)

"I guess so," Bridges agreed. "Well, here we are."

Ruth came to meet them at the door. "Got him, did you, Bob?" she remarked. "Did you have to haul him off the train, or did he know enough to get off himself?"

"I am not responsible for late trains, Ruth," the professor reminded her. "Even the railroad refuses such responsibilities. Storms are an act of God!"

"You ought to foresee such things," Ruth told him, relieving him of his coat. "It takes more than an act of God to keep Sally from getting here to dinner."

"Miss Colmore?" he exclaimed. "You mean she is here?"

"Of course!" Ruth retorted, and she smiled at him derisively. "Women don't miss trains," she declared.

The professor, faintly disturbed by this intelligence, followed her into the living room, where the others rose at his coming Sally Colmore came to greet him, to say regretfully:

"Sorry we couldn't come up together, Professor Tibbett. I was looking forward to such an interesting talk with you." Her eyes—for no reason which he could perceive—were dancing.

"I regretted it very much!" he said stiffly. He felt mystified and a little ridiculous, and he was angry.

Sally must have seen this. "It was just luck that I got the train at all," she assured him apologetically. "If it had been on time I'd have missed it. I was ten minutes late, but the train was later than I was. Where were you? Were you late too?"

"Of course not," he retorted, controlling his indignation, and he explained his movements carefully.

"Oh, yes," she said. "The station agent told me it was late, too, but I didn't believe him. Men always pretend to know about such things, but I was so tickled at getting there before the train did after all, that I was bound I'd wait till it came along."

The professor choked. Such things were sufficiently irritating, but there was nothing he could say. He turned to greet the others. He knew them all. Jim Teal was a fraternity brother, and his acquaintance with Dan Meservy also dated back to his college years.

"I'm awfully glad you've come," Martha Gore told him. "We've had to cut in, but now we can all play."

"I thought we might go to the country club tonight," Ruth explained. "But this is such a rotten storm." She added, "We've just finished a rubber here. Let's cut to see who plays where."

And Dan Meservy asked, "You're a shark at this game, aren't you, Luther?"

Professor Tibbett smiled in a deprecatory fashion. "I make no such pretensions," he replied.

"Oh, he is," Sally assured them. "I know his reputation. I hope I don't have to play as your partner, professor. I should be frightened to death of you!"

She did escape this catastrophe. When they were settled Professor Tibbett found himself in a partnership with his hostess, against Sally and Dan. Sally sat on his right hand and won the deal. The professor picked up his cards and spread them hopefully; but a glance showed him that he had not a bidding hand. He held the ace, queen, ten of hearts, but no small ones; and for the rest his suits were worthless. To play successful bridge was simply a matter of waiting until one held an attacking hand and then bidding it and playing it with scientific accuracy. Since his holdings could not justify a bid, he sat silent, waiting to see what would develop.

Sally, on his right, sorted her hand in the unskillful fashion of an amateur, shifting cards this way and that for a maddening length of time, and the professor watched her with an almost personal resentment. It was too bad, he thought, that Ruth could not have arranged to have good bridge players here. This child, still young enough to imagine that inconsequence and vacuity could be charming, was not sufficiently mature to deserve a place in such company. He wished ruefully that he had cut the other table. The players there, he knew, were sound. Sally finished sorting her hand and surveyed it doubtfully.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Oh, dear, I don't know what to do. Let me see. Partner, are you a conventional bidder? I never think that conventions are fair somehow, do you? It's like telling what you have. It seems to me it's really just a trick to get around the rules of the game."

Professor Tibbett said severely, "The conventions do not seek to evade the rules of the game, Miss Colmore. Among good players they are a part of the rules."

"Oh, all right," she said resentfully. "I won't bid anything then."

And Professor Tibbett passed, and then Meservy on his left bid a no trump. Ruth, the professor's partner, passed, and Sally, who had laid her cards down on the table face down, picked them up again.

"Oh, did you bid a no trump, partner?" she exclaimed, and murmured to herself, "I wonder what he wants me to do. I feel as though I ought to do something." No one offered her any suggestion, and in the end she said doubtfully, "Well, I think I'll bid something. I know. I think I'll bid two hearts. Do you like a take-out of your no trump, partner?"

Professor Tibbett surveyed once more the ace, queen, ten of hearts in his hand, and said severely, "Pass!" He hated conversational bridge and conversational bridge players. As likely as not, he thought, she had bid without a single honor in her hand. Women robbed the game of all its pleasure for a man.

Meservy must have had some similar doubts of his partner's soundness, for after a survey of his hand he said emphatically, "Three no trumps."

At this preëmptive declaration, Professor Tibbett felt a grim relief, expecting it to silence Miss Colmore. But Ruth chose this moment to interject a bid. "Four spades," she said.

The professor nodded his understanding. She was flag flying, of course. She must know Miss Colmore's vulnerable point and expect to drive her up, and his attention quickened. He held himself alert for an opportunity to capitalize the situation, to inflict an appropriate penalty for any further rashness on the part of his opponents.

Miss Colmore, he saw a moment later, took the bait; she scanned her hand nervously, and said again:

"I declare, I don't know what to do. I feel so helpless with you people. You're all such wonderful players, and I'm really just a beginner. I think I'll bid four hearts."

"That isn't enough," the professor reminded her.

"What?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean, it isn't enough? Oh, I must bid five, mustn't I?"

"Exactly!" he agreed.

"Well, all right," she said. "Five hearts, then."

"Double," he retorted grimly. With his partner's bid and his own three honors sitting over Miss Colmore's hand, he had no misgivings.

Meservy surveyed his cards, but in the end he passed, and Ruth also passed. Professor Tibbett was about to lead a card when Miss Colmore said defiantly, "Redouble."

The professor smothered a smile. That was an old trick, an attempt to scare him or his partner into a take-out. He said quietly, "Content." And the redouble went around.

He led his highest spade—the ten—to his partner's bid, and Meservy laid down the two top clubs, a five-card diamond suit headed by the king and queen, the queen and two spades, and the king, jack and a small heart. The professor, cool enough now that play had commenced, made a swift calculation. Ruth, his partner, presumably held ace, king, and a line of spades and perhaps the ace of diamonds as well. Miss Colmore probably had nothing. If Meservy had trusted her he would have allowed the bid of two hearts to stand; his distrust had forced him into a manifestly unsound offering of three no trumps. Thus, the professor thought, one poor player could infect the whole table, and he felt a surge of irritation.

This was accentuated a moment later when Miss Colmore took the first trick with the ace of spades. Even Ruth, then, had made an unsound bid. She as well as Meservy had caught the infection. But the professor told himself grimly that he at least had held himself immune. His double was based on principles sound and reliable, and its success was sure.

He was stunned five minutes later to find that Miss Colmore had made a little slam. The ace of spades was alone in her hand, and she held also the ace, small in diamonds, sufficient to establish her partner's suit and give her an ample number of discards.

"I declare," she exclaimed as she drew in the final trick. "I never expected to make it, partner! I thought if I redoubled, perhaps they'd go out."

"Good work," Dan Meservy told her. "You played that all right!"

"You bid on seven to the nine spot," Professor Tibbett said bitterly.

"I know," she assented plausibly. "But I had two aces, so I knew my partner must have something in hearts."

"You were very fortunate," he insisted stiffly. He felt himself humiliated by this episode, coming as it did upon the heels of the incident of the missed train. He had always disliked Miss Colmore, and he saw no reason to modify that opinion.

During the week-end his disapproval of her was accentuated by a number of incidents. She insisted Saturday morning that he go for a walk with her; and when he submissively appeared, bundled in a sweater, a leather jacket and an overcoat, she said:

"Mercy, you'll smother in all those clothes!" She herself had made no concessions to the weather, he perceived, except a light sweater and woolen stockings in place of silk ones.

"It is raw and cold," he reminded her.

"I know," she protested. "But we'll be walking. Really, I think you'll get awfully hot."

"It seems to me," he insisted patronizingly, "that I am more reasonably clad than you."

"Leave your overcoat behind, at least," she urged; and she added challengingly, "Or you won't be able to keep up with me!"

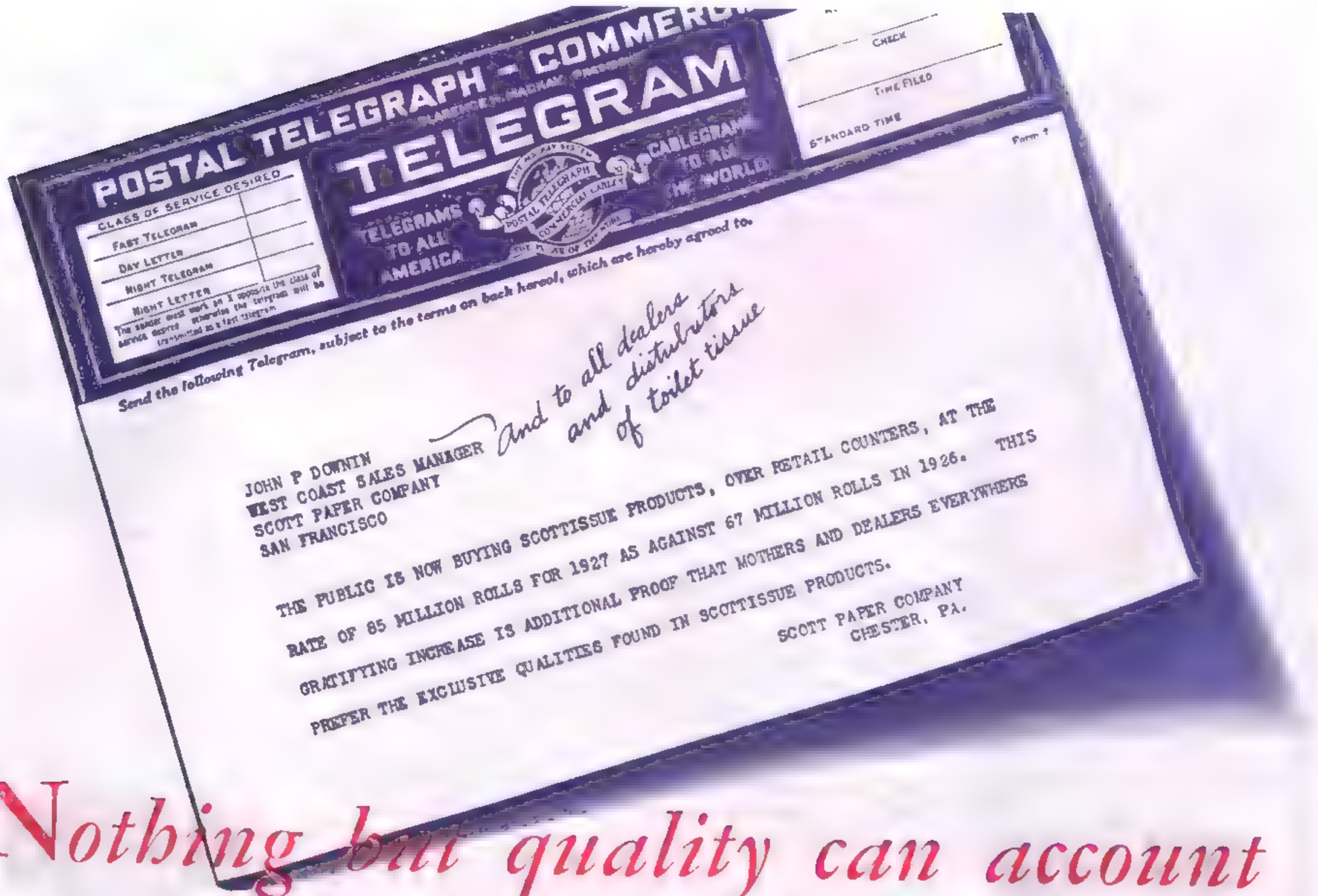
"I shall try not to delay you," he promised. "Shall we set out?"

He was to regret this promise of his; for she led him for what seemed an interminable time and at a breath-taking pace along the snowy country roads. When he suggested that they turn back she said, "Oh, but we're not going back. We're going to make a circuit." And when he wondered whether they were lost she assured him that she knew the countryside.

He fought nobly to keep pace with her, but he was overburdened; and in the end had fairly to surrender, to call a halt while his pulse slowed and his laboring lungs refreshed themselves. She was, he saw resentfully, as cool and unwearied as when they set out. He was drenched in perspiration, and before they went on again he had a faint but terrifying chill.

They played bridge again that afternoon, but Martha Gore and Jim Teal had gone skiing, so they were forced to cut in. When he was out of the game Professor Tibbett,

(Continued on Page 105)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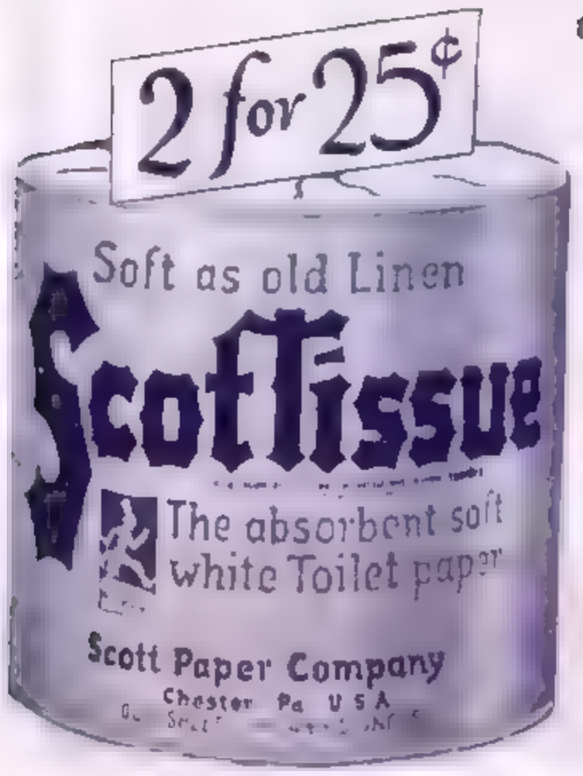

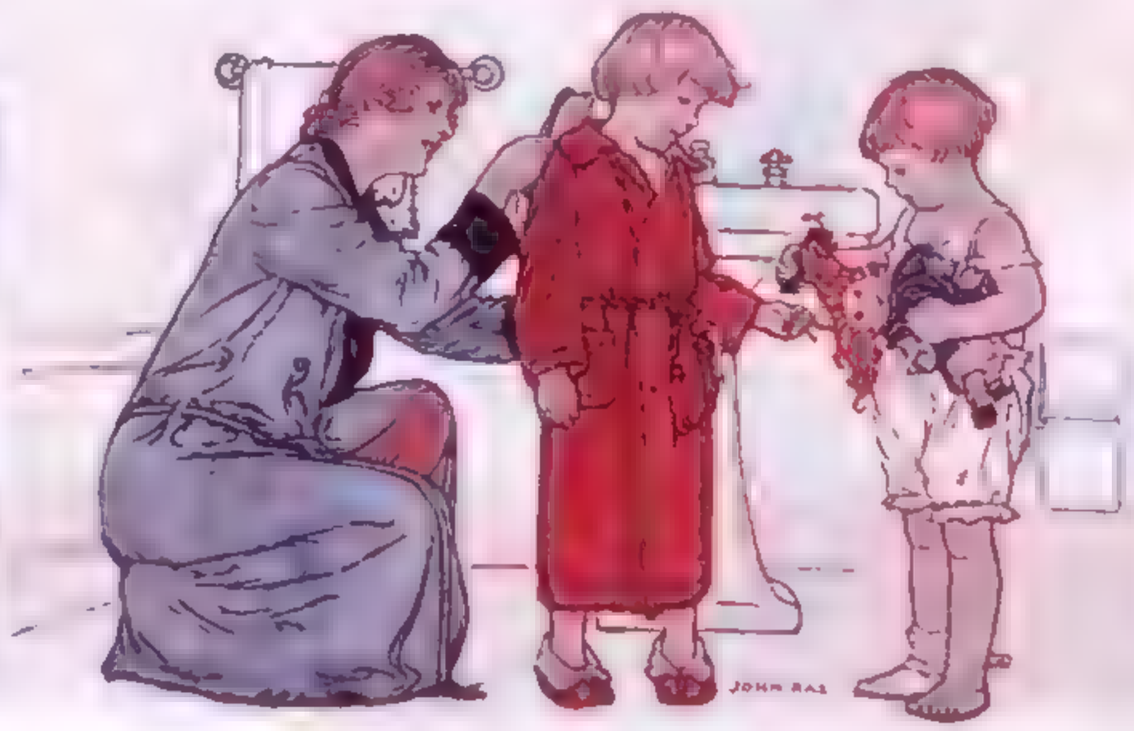

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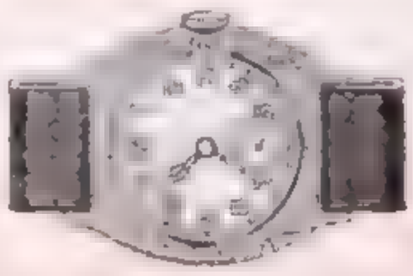

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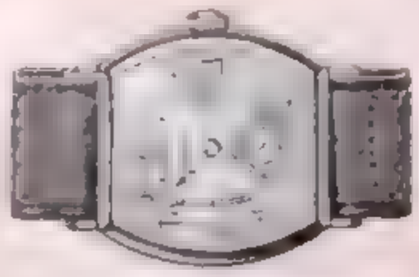
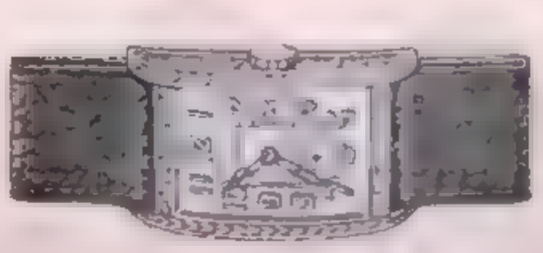


BULOVA *Banker*
15 jewel, radium dial.. .....$24.75



BULOVA *President*
17 jewel, radium dial;
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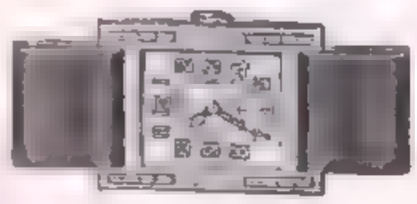

BULOVA *Alhambra*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap, inlaid with enamel, 15 jewel, radium dial..$50.00

BULOVA *Magnolia*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap, 15 jewel, radium dial $50.00

BULOVA *Sussane*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap, 15 jewel radium dial $37.50

BULOVA *Debutante*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap; 15 jewel.....$28.50

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

(Continued from Page 102)

fascinated by the spectacle, sat beside Miss Colmore and watched her bidding and her play with horrified amazement. She violated all the rules, transgressed all the conventions, and attempted finesses and devices whose absurdity was manifest to any reasonable mind. He was more irritated by the irregularity of her methods than by the unvarying success she had, and when she said once:

"I want you to tell me whenever I don't do right," he could not resist retorting:

"My dear Miss Colmore, I would be talking all the time!"

"Am I so terrible?" she protested, and he said stoutly:

"I never saw anyone play so poorly."

"Well, after all," she reminded him, "it isn't so much the way you do it as the way it comes out, is it?" And bid four spades on a four-card suit, queen high.

While he was dressing for dinner that night he sneezed. He knew by unmistakable symptoms that in the orderly fashion to which he was accustomed he was catching cold. When he went home on the Sunday-afternoon train his cold had developed, and he had a severe sore throat. Sally insisted on sitting with him, though he warned her that his sore throats were of an infectious variety, and she took the risk thereof.

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "I never catch cold, and besides you're feeling badly and you need company."

Next day, when he was abed with a severe attack of tonsillitis, she sent him flowers. That, too, was typical, he thought. What good were flowers to a man with a temperature of one hundred and two? Besides, they gave him hay fever.

He had time during the three or four days he spent in bed for a good deal of thought about Sally. She was as irritating to his mental processes as a bit of hayseed down the back of the neck. Yet he was able after a while to survey her dispassionately, to consider her not as an individual obnoxious in so many ways, but as a laboratory specimen worth studying. A perfect example, it seemed to him, of the irrationality so universally found among women. It occurred to him that by observing her he might be able to amplify the notes in his article. There would be time enough. This present incapacity would delay his college work, so that he would have no leisure in the near future for revision.

As his health returned to normal he looked forward with a scientific enthusiasm to the prospect of making a study of Sally Colmore.

Professor Tibbett had expected to begin his observations in a due and orderly manner. In the normal course of their work on the college faculty he had no immediate contact with Miss Colmore. But this, he felt, could be arranged. She would no doubt be flattered by any attention he might devise.

But as matters developed, he had not to take the initiative at all. Sally called on him Wednesday afternoon after their return, found him in dressing gown and slippers in his study, and said delightedly:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're able to be up again! I really blamed myself when you fell ill. It was that walk we took, when you got so hot."

"My dear Miss Colmore," he retorted, gathering his dressing gown a little more closely about his pajama-clad legs—"my dear Miss Colmore, it is well recognized that such afflictions as mine are the result of infection."

"I know," she agreed. "I know they say it's all a bug, but you got so hot that day. Really," she added, "I don't think I was so much to blame either. I told you to dress properly, but men are so unreasonable."

He controlled his irritation at this absurdity. "Unreasonable?" he repeated. "That is a novel suggestion. I am not sure that I understand exactly what you mean."

She nodded. "Men never do," she assented. "You men think that the things you do are reasonable because you do them. But look at the trouble you get into. I had a father and I've got four brothers, so I know what I'm talking about. Mother and I had the darnedest time with them! If it hadn't been for us they'd have been in hot water all the time."

And she added, her thoughts shifting from one topic to another as a butterfly moves from flower to flower: "Speaking of hot water, aren't you going to give me some tea?"

This, he assured himself, was a characteristically feminine manifestation. It was such mental processes which passed among women as ratiocination. Thought with them was simply a matter of permitting their attention to leap from one pinnacle to the next. They could never be content to plod laboriously through the valleys, yet only by such labor could a secure result be in the end attained.

Nevertheless, he rang and gave her tea. It had not occurred to him to have tea himself, and it was undeniably pleasant and stimulating. His mood became more benign, and during the half hour which she stayed with him he began to derive a pleasant and increasing amusement from her inconsequential conversation.

She told him before she left that as soon as the last of the snow had melted in the warm sunlight which now drenched the land she would come and take him for a ride.

"You have a car?" he inquired politely, and she said:

"Oh, yes! If you can call it that! I inherited it from Jim. He's my youngest brother. He paid twenty-five dollars for it and then he got hard up and sold it to me for five dollars! But it's really a very nice car. It's got a spare tire, or at least it's got a spare rim; and it's got a locking wheel and everything."

"I should be glad to go," he assured her, welcoming the opportunity to achieve those contacts with her to which he meant to devote himself.

That night he selected a blank notebook, to be devoted to his record of the activities of Miss Colmore. It already began to be plain to him that here was an unexampled opportunity for study of the so-called feminine mind at its best. Or, he mused with a smile, at its worst, according to the point of view. And in his meticulous hand he wrote upon the label pasted on the cover of the notebook:

MISS SALLY COLMORE
CASE NO. 14

Having set down the name, it occurred to him that she had probably been christened Sarah, so when he opened the book his first notation was to this effect.

"Undoubtedly christened Sarah," he wrote. "That she should modify this dignified name to Sally is characteristic of her desire to appear even more frivolous than she is."

During the next six weeks he saw a good deal of Sally. She carried out her promise to come and take him for a ride, and when she brought him home, a little breathless from that somewhat hair-raising experience, he spent most of the evening making notes on what had happened during the day.

"Miss Colmore"—he wrote—"has an automobile. It is somewhat dilapidated. The right-hand front mud guard is missing, and when we drove over a freshly tarred road today the tar spattered my countenance and my garments. I pointed this out to Miss Colmore, and she expressed her regret.

"'But of course,' she explained, 'it doesn't really matter, because I never ride on that side.'

"I suggested that she must sometimes have guests, but she replied: 'They're usually men, and men don't think it's masculine to complain about such things.'"

He continued writing slowly and carefully, and in his most intelligible hand.

"The car has a lock on the wheel, and she displayed this device with the utmost pride. But in the course of our ride, when we stopped for a few moments and left the car beside the road while we investigated a spot where Miss Colmore insisted Mayflowers should be in bloom, I observed that she left the key in the lock. The Mayflowers, by the way, were not yet in bloom; I had pointed out to her that it was still too early, and the only result of our excursion was that we stepped into some rather sticky mud and soiled our shoes. She was not in the least dismayed by this mischance.

"'I always feel,' she told me, 'that spring is really here when you begin to look for Mayflowers.'

"'If that is the case,' I suggested, 'you might advance the seasons considerably by looking for them in September!'

"She appeared unconscious of the irony of my remark, and only replied, 'Oh, you know what I mean!'

"I did, of course, know what she meant, if she may be said to have meant anything.

"When we returned to the car I remarked the fact that she had left the key in the lock.

"She said, 'Oh, I always leave it in.' And pursuing my inquiry into her mental processes, I pointed out that to do so rendered the lock useless. She replied, 'If I didn't I'd be sure to lose the key. I'd lay it down somewhere and forget it. A friend of mine always locks his car very carefully, and he's forever losing the key.'

"She seemed perfectly satisfied with this justification. Pursuing my inquiries, I remarked upon the fact that she had no spare tire, but only an empty rim.

"'I had one,' she explained. 'But the garage man said it really wasn't worth fixing, and a new tire would cost more than a new car. So I haven't bothered.'

"'But suppose you have a flat tire,' I persisted.

"She said laughingly, 'Oh, I always come out all right. My aunt bought a little sedan, before they began to put on the demountable rims, and the garage man told her she ought to have them; so she had him put them on. They cost her eighty dollars. But when he tried to get her to buy a spare rim and tire, she wouldn't do it. She said that was too expensive. He insisted that she might as well have had the ordinary tires then; but she ran that car thirty-eight thousand miles in three years and never had a flat tire except when she was in the garage. So it didn't bother her at all.'

"I set this down not because it is relative to Miss Colmore's own character, but because it is an instance of feminine psychology, and because it illustrates her so-called reasoning processes precisely.

"We had, on the way home, an adventure with a traffic policeman which must, had a man been driving, have resulted in trouble. We were traveling at about thirty-five miles an hour, and at this speed passed a rather busy corner. The officer, who appeared immediately in front of us and held up his hand, protested at this. He seemed to know Miss Colmore, or at least to be familiar with drivers of her sort, for when he approached the car he said reproachfully:

"'Now, miss, that's no way to do, driving thirty-five miles an hour past a busy corner.'

"I kept silent, curious to see what would develop.

"She said, 'Oh, I wasn't going thirty-five miles an hour.'

"He colored in faint indignation, and returned, 'Yes you were.'

"'But I couldn't have been,' she said. 'I haven't even got a speedometer!'

"I think he must have felt she was making sport of him, for he said more angrily, 'And you didn't blow your horn.'

"'It doesn't work,' she explained.

"He looked at her with increasing irritation. 'It took you about a hundred yards to stop, too,' he reminded her. 'After you saw my signal. Guess your brakes don't work either, do they?'

(Continued on Page 107)

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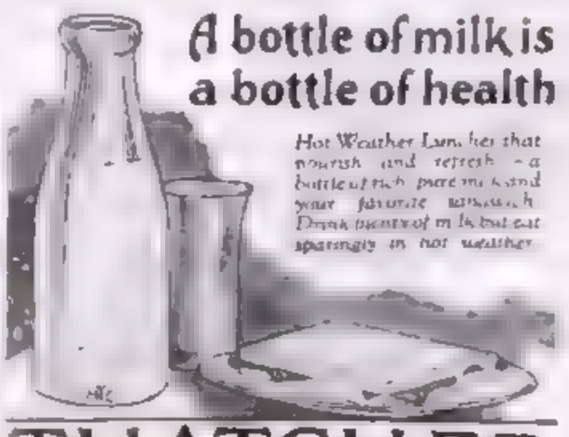

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Endicott-Johnson are tanners as well as shoe manufacturers. A saving made right there! Leathers are chosen at the source—in the raw hides—and tanned by special processes for softness and strength.

Lasts are shaped with a thorough understanding of what men want. Patterns reflect the very newest style trends. Wear is built in by real shoemakers. Immense production gives these shoes unmatchable VALUE.

Wear home from the store the pair of Endicott-Johnson shoes you buy. Comfort from the start! And even after long, pleasant comradeship with them—after you feel they've about "run their race"—you'll still find yourself wearing them quite a lot.

Sold by leading stores everywhere. Dress, sports and work shoes. Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; or St. Louis, Mo.

Tan calfskin Oxfords; blucher pattern; soft box toe
A splendid welt shoe for men. Also in black.

(Continued from Page 105)

"'You have to press them quite hard,' she agreed. 'And sometimes they seem to let go when you do that.'

"'Say!' he said. 'They don't seem to be much of anything right with this car!' He stepped around to the front of the machine. 'How's your headlights? Turn 'em on.'

"'They don't turn on,' she told him. 'But that doesn't matter, because you see I never drive in the evening.'

"He nodded as though this were sufficient to decide the matter. 'Well,' he said, 'I guess I'll have to take you in. Speeding, passing a corner without blowing your horn, your brakes don't work, and neither do your lights. Let's see your license.'

"'Oh, dear,' she protested. 'I must have left it at home!'

"It was easy to follow the man's mental processes during the moment that ensued. He stood for an instant without speaking, and his face was suffused with anger; but in the end he looked at me and threw up his hands with a curiously helpless gesture. 'There you are!' he said. 'What can you do? If I took her in and told the judge all that, he'd think I was making it up.' He waved a hand at Sally. 'Go on, go on!' he exclaimed. 'Get out of here before I lose my head!'

"She immediately obeyed him, and when we were out of his hearing she giggled in an absurd fashion and said, 'That's the way it always works!'

"'What works?' I inquired.

"'No matter what you do,' she told me. 'If you tell them you haven't got your license at the end, they're always so disgusted that they just let you go!'"

The professor surveyed what he had written, and added:

"I note that I have referred to Miss Colmore as Sally. It should be explained that this was an oversight on my part. She is fond of speaking of herself in the third person, and I suppose I have caught the infection from her; but our relations are on the most formal basis. She calls me Professor Tibbett and I always address her as Miss Colmore. I am aware of the danger I should incur if I were to relax this barrier between us in the slightest degree."

They had, as the weather modified and the courts dried, a few sets of tennis together one afternoon. Professor Tibbett had asked whether she played, and Sally said frankly:

"I love it! But I'm a rotten player."

"I should be glad to play with you," he proposed.

"I expect you're wonderful," she rejoined.

"I have made some study of the game," he agreed. "I should be glad to pass on to you what little I know."

She accepted the suggestion, and they met one afternoon on the college courts, the professor in correct white flannels. He disapproved of her tennis costume, and told her so.

"I am aware," he confessed, "that the fashion periodicals occasionally refer to a silk dress as a sports costume, but I have always suspected that those articles were written by persons unfamiliar with the sport in question. Also you should wear high tennis shoes, so as to guard your ankles against a possible sprain." And he continued, surveying disapprovingly her flying hair, "I am afraid, too, that that will get into your eyes. You should wear either a net or a visor."

"Oh," she confessed, "I don't play tennis so seriously as that! It never seemed to me that it matters much what you wear. Isn't it just the fun you get out of the game?"

"A good workman is worthy of his tools," the professor reminded her. "Or rather, a good workman deserves good tools. You can hardly expect to perfect your tennis unless you pay attention to these little details."

"I am sorry," she told him humbly. "Next time I'll try to be dressed right. But we can play just the same today, can't we, anyway?"

When they took their places at opposite sides of the net she had won the toss, and her serve, he saw at once, was little more than a slow bounding cut. Professor Tibbett took his tennis seriously, and without attempting to return the ball he approached the net to admonish her.

"You make a mistake," he said, "in using a cut serve. The cut is not orthodox tennis. It has its part in the game, of course, but it is worthless unless it is combined with the element of surprise. The purpose of the serve should be to drive your opponent far back in the court, in order to permit yourself to come to the net. The cut draws him to the net instead, and leaves you at his mercy."

She said protestingly, "But I always cut the ball. It seems as though my racket turns in my hand. I never can hit it squarely."

"You must begin by overcoming that fault," he assured her. "The cut leaves you at the mercy of a sound player."

"I'll try," she promised. "But can't we just go ahead today and play two or three sets, and see how we get on? Then you can tell more about my game, can't you, than just having seen me hit one ball?"

There was, the professor agreed, a certain amount of reason in this, and reason always appealed to him. So he returned to his place, smiling a little in the confident expectation of showing her by manual demonstration the weakness of the scheme of play which she chose to use. The first serve came softly over the net, and he saw that it was cut, and in two or three strides went forward to play it. But he had expected a short bound, instead of which the ball darted to the right beyond reach of his racket. He was conscious of the fact that his desperate lunge to return it rendered him faintly ridiculous, and he returned to his position, his color a little warmer, desperately concentrating upon his determination to reveal to her the error of her ways.

They played three sets, out of which Professor Tibbett won three games; and at the end of the third he was glad to take advantage of her suggestion that they had had enough.

"You're not strong yet," she pointed out. "I expect you're still a little grippy from that cold of yours."

He might be positive in his convictions, but Professor Tibbett was also fundamentally honest. "Nonsense!" he retorted. "I am a little out of practice, if you will. I have not played since last fall, and my stroke was not smooth; but you had me out of position so much of the time that I was helpless. I shall hope to do better when we meet again."

His notes upon the game that night were equally honest.

"The cut stroke"—he concluded—"is fundamentally unsound and this has repeatedly been demonstrated. When I was able to get my racket on the ball, it was a simple matter to place it beyond her reach, and I pointed this out to her. Her only rejoinder was: 'Yes, that's so, of course; and I know a cut isn't any good if the other player gets it back to you. But you see, it's hard for them to get it back. That's why I use it. It's the only game I know.'"

And he added: "She beat me six-two, six-one, six-love. It is, as I have heretofore pointed out, a curious fact that no matter how unreasonable her actions, they have an irritating way of turning to her advantage."

He made between that time and commencement copious notes upon the character of Miss Colmore, but he had during the interval no time to undertake the revision of his manuscript. Not till the summer vacation began did he attack it again. He must, he realized, get it in order as promptly as possible if it were to find publication during the ensuing winter. The earlier articles, he decided, would serve with minor changes; but when he began to read the final essay, which contrasted the reasoning processes of man with the instinctive actions of woman, it became apparent to him in the light shed upon feminine psychology by his studies of Miss Colmore that some changes would be advisable.

Before he was through the second paragraph he had made an alteration here and there. The first sentence which struck his attention was that which read: "And it is equally and broadly true that there is a sex which does not reason." He amended this to read: " . . . there is a sex which is sometimes guided by other than the processes of reason." And in the ensuing sentence he changed the phrase: ". . . the definition becomes, in its broad sense, acceptable," to ". . . . the definition becomes generally acceptable."

The next two paragraphs, he saw, would not do at all. When he had finished eliding and amending them they read:

"From this faculty of reasoning arises, axiomatically, man's dominant position among the other beasts; and upon this same foundation doubtless rested in the past the dominance of the male. He ruled not because of his greater physical strength, but because of his superior faculty for recognizing facts and because of his willingness to put this faculty to daily and persistent use.

"It is a tribute to the value of feminine instinct and impulse that woman has been able to survive her constant conflict with a man-directed world."

In the body of the article some of the cases which he had cited now seemed to him less typical than he had supposed them to be, and he struck out one or two. It would be necessary, he perceived, to substitute for them his notes upon Miss Colmore. He left this portion of his paper in something like its original form, but the conclusions, he saw, must be amended. His final paragraph would need to be in effect rewritten. He had been pleased with it when it was first set down, but now it seemed curiously inconclusive. He took a fresh sheet of paper, and with an eye to the paragraph in its previous form, wrote now:

"Thus man moves dogmatically through a world built by reason, and by reason all directed. But woman, in perpetual and fruitless rebellion ——" He hesitated over the word "fruitless," but in the end allowed it to stand "—— will always batter her head against the edifice reason has so securely founded. Sometimes she falls back bruised and bleeding, her rebellion vain. But this is not always true. That the force of reason has its limitations cannot be denied."

He began a new paragraph:

"It has been so often demonstrated ——" crossed that out and began again:

"It has no weight with ——" struck a pencil through this phrase and tried for the third time.

"Woman has proved," he wrote, and leaned back in his chair, absorbed in meditation for a while. "Woman has proved —— Woman has proved ——"

He was not, he realized at last, as yet quite sure what it was that woman had proved; and in a burst of minor irritation unusual to Professor Tibbett, he put the manuscript away. He would have to have further data, he decided, before he could be sure what it was that woman had proved.

It was to be expected that Professor Tibbett's attentions to Miss Colmore should by their friends be misinterpreted; be misinterpreted even by Miss Colmore herself. When late in August she went to spend a week with Ruth Bridges on the Cape, she confessed to her hostess that she had seen a great deal of the professor. What she said was:

"He's been giving me a most frightful rush. He's really not half such an idiot as he seems!"

(Continued on Page 109)

"Got a Whiz Tire Patch?"

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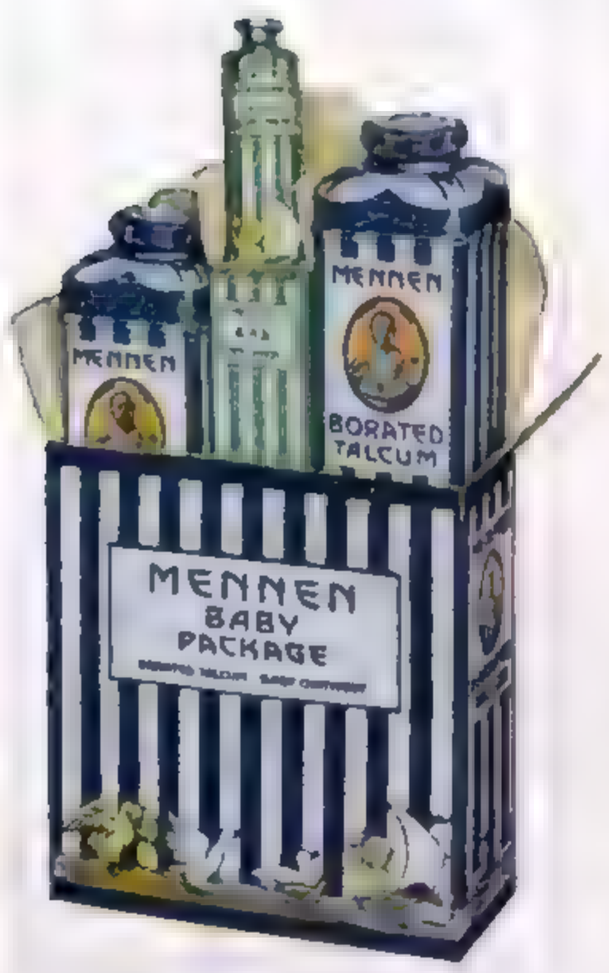

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(Continued from Page 107)

Ruth laughed in amusement. "I hope you haven't told him you think he's an idiot," she suggested.

Sally giggled. "I did the next thing to it one day," she confessed. "We've both been teaching at summer school, you know. So I've seen a lot of him. My classes ended earlier than his. That's the reason I was able to get away. I've stood a lot from that man, Ruth. You've no idea. He's forever finding fault with the way I do things, and getting into the most frightful messes by doing them his way. I had a row with him last week." She laughed again. "Over another man."

"Mercy!" Ruth commented. "Have things gone so far?"

"Not what you think," Sally told her. "This was Professor Sharp, the head of our department. He's about a hundred and ten years old, and he thinks jazz is vulgar. And I wanted to give a course in jazz this summer. He wouldn't let me, so I worked it into one of my harmony courses, and he found out about it and gave me the dickens. I was raving that afternoon, and I met Professor Tibbett on the way home and told him about it, and he said in that maddening way of his: 'After all, Professor Sharp is in authority. You should give him due deference.'

"So I said: 'Fiddlesticks!' And I said I hated the very sight of Professor Sharp. He asked why, and I told him I just hated him, and he said: 'That is characteristic of women; always the prey of their emotions, never able to give a rational basis for any of their conclusions.'

"So I snapped out at him. I said: 'Oh, don't be a simpleton!'"

Ruth joined in the other's amusement. "That was good for him," she agreed. "Was he wild?"

Sally shook her head. "Not at all. If he'd been furious at me I wouldn't have minded. That's one of the things I hate about him. He's so maddeningly calm. No, he just said: 'You should be careful to give words their just meaning. A simpleton is an idiot, or a person of weak intellect. I don't believe you mean to put me in either category.'"

Her imitation of the professor's manner was precise; and Ruth smiled appreciatively. "Were you properly crushed?" she inquired.

Sally chuckled. "I was too mad to be crushed," she declared. "I told him it was just as bad to be too strong-minded as too weak. I told him he was mentally muscle-bound."

"But he forgave you!" Ruth suggested, through her tears of mirth.

"Next day you wouldn't have known anything had happened," Sally agreed.

"I've asked him down for the week-end," Ruth confessed. "If you'd rather, I'll tell him not to come."

Sally flushed faintly. "Oh, let him come," she replied. "I've endured him for four or five months now. I guess I can stand two or three days."

So Ruth smiled wisely, and Professor Tibbett did come, and Sally furnished him, as she always did, with fresh material for his records.

She beat him at tennis and beat him at bridge; had the better of him in a dozen ways. Saturday was a long, hard day for the professor, and he thought while he prepared for bed that a man was sometimes required to make great sacrifices in the cause of science.

But Sunday morning, when she suggested that he ride back to town with her, he accepted readily enough. Her car was an atrocity, the ride would be a long ordeal, and her company was always irritating. Yet, he reminded himself, this was the cross he must bear.

They set out after supper Sunday evening, taking their place in the stream of cars filled with returning week-enders; but at the first opportunity Sally turned aside into an unfrequented road. The professor remarked this curiously.

"Why go this way?" he inquired.

"To get out of the traffic, of course," she replied.

"I hope you know where you're going."

She retorted warningly, "And I hope you're not going to turn out to be a rear-seat driver."

So for a while he held his tongue; but when presently, after a series of eccentric turnings, they came to a dead end in a farmyard, he could not resist saying in mild triumph:

"You see, there is a reason why traffic follows certain roads. It sometimes saves inconvenience to conform, to do what others agree is the sensible thing to do."

"Nobody can tell me it's sensible to drive this car in traffic," Sally argued. "If you go into neutral, the engine roars; and if you're not careful you stall and have to get out and crank it. I'd rather be lost than keep doing that." She looked at him sidewise as she straightened the car out on the road again. "Keep your seat, Uncle Horace," she said whimsically. "And I'll get you there on time. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

"I should be glad to reach Boston in time for the morning train," he confessed ironically.

She nodded, answered him laughingly. "Well, if we don't pick up some familiar landmarks by sunrise," she promised, "I'll find a railroad station somewhere and put you on a train."

There are many roads on the Cape, and they are tortuous and confusing, but Sally by his protests was rendered argumentative and defiant, and she insisted upon having her own way. The result was that they wandered, as it seemed to the professor, for hours through untraveled thoroughfares. Once they came into a village which had a familiar aspect, and he said tentatively:

"You know, this is the third time we have passed here."

She nodded, laughing at him gayly. "But the moon'll be up in a little while," she replied.

"I have a flash light in my bag," he said literally. "We can see the signboards by that."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the signboards," Sally told him. "Aren't you enjoying your ride?"

"We might find a race track somewhere," he suggested grimly. "if you intend to keep going round and round."

But in due course of time, as the evening drew on and traffic thinned, they arrived at last at the bridge across the canal, and Sally said cheerfully:

"Well, at least we're all right so far."

He was, in spite of himself, a little amused by her inconsequence. "It is thirty-six and five-tenths miles from Ruth's cottage to this bridge," he told her. "Allowing for your average speed and for the time we have been on the road, we must have driven at least a hundred miles."

"You don't take into account the set of the tide," she reminded him derisively. "You have to know how to steer by dead reckoning to get around in these waters!"

When they left the bridge behind she took the regular route toward Boston. At the foot of the hill the professor saw a state policeman standing beside his motorcycle and attentively regarding their passage, and he said warningly:

"There's an officer."

Sally nodded. "I saw him," she agreed. "He's probably watching for liquor. They're running a lot of it up from the Cape nowadays."

They were laboring uphill in low gear. "At least you need not be afraid of being arrested for speeding," he suggested.

She laughed. "I'm safe enough," she agreed, "as long as he doesn't catch me going downhill. This car doesn't climb so well, but it certainly is a wonder at coasting!"

He had occasion during the next half hour to agree with this statement; for they had to climb hills and descend them again, and some of them were long and winding. When they were ascending the professor relaxed, contented and secure; but when the way was open before her, Sally went downhill at breakneck speed, twisting the light car around curves with a cruel wrench, heedless of inequalities in the road and of the dangers that lay ahead. At such moments he could only cling speechlessly to his seat and murmur a silent prayer.

An occasional car passed them, and once or twice they passed a lumbering truck; but for the most part they had the road to themselves. Once Sally turned aside over a newly scraped dirt road and brought them to a bluff overlooking the water. They could look out across a moonlit sea, and far away across the bay the light at Provincetown was visible, and to their right the guiding beacons that showed the entrance to the canal; and at their feet, a hundred feet below them, the leisurely swell broke in a glistening and dissolving ribbon of silver foam.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Sally suggested; and the professor asked: "Where are we?"

"It's a new development," she explained. "By and by there will be cottages here, and radios, and phonographs, and hot-dog stands. But it's quiet now, and lonely, and beautiful."

"And a little raw and chilly," he amended.

She smiled ruefully. She had shut off the engine, so that they might hear the rumble of the surf. "All right," she assented. "If you'll crank it we'll go on."

He obediently did so; but for a while the engine refused to start, till he came to inspect the switch and the gas and spark levers, and reminded her that she had failed to turn on the ignition. She said maliciously:

"I thought if you were chilled you might like the exercise."

The professor eyed her thoughtfully. "I suppose you mean by that that you are not chilled; that you would like to sit here a while." She smiled; and he said in some impatience, "Why is it that women refuse to be direct? Why do they prefer the devious ways?"

"You don't think very well of women, do you?" she suggested in a muffled voice.

"I think they are admirable, within their limitations," he assured her. "But I also think we might reasonably be getting on."

She obediently turned on the ignition, and a moment later they were picking their way back to the main thoroughfare. But there was not now for a while any talk between them. Sally was a little tired, and the professor was busy with the attempt to persuade himself that his attitude in the argument just closed had been the reasonable one.

The incident that presently occurred came with the more startling force into their silent abstraction. They had been climbing a long and winding hill, which the car took with some laboring and difficulty. The radiator showed a tendency to boil, and puffs of steam appeared about its cap. Sally was thinking that she ought to get gas and water at the first convenient opportunity; and the professor was wishing he might appease the displeasure he had caused her without yielding his own position. Thus absorbed they approached the crest of the climb and rounded an abrupt turn in the road, to see, fifty yards ahead of them, another machine drawn up at the entrance to a byway that led westward.

As their headlights picked it out, a figure stepped into their path and held up a warning hand. Their lights were dim and flickering; but Professor Tibbett got an impression of khaki and puttees and something like a shield, and he said quickly:

"It's a state policeman, Sally. Slow down!"

The car did, in fact, hesitate, and he thought she meant to do as he advised. His own pulse was beating more rapidly; for not even the most reasonable and law-abiding man can accept a peremptory summons from an officer of the law without a quickening uneasiness. He saw beyond the man something in the road, a log, the limb of a tree, some sort of rude barricade; and he saw another figure in the shadows by the

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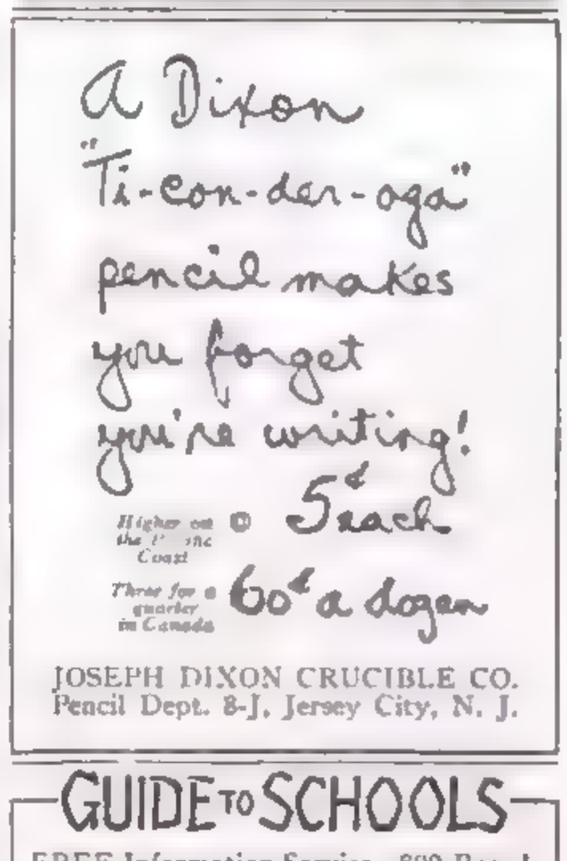

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waiting car. At the same time, to his vast dismay, Sally suddenly pulled her throttle lever down; and her machine, with a staccato ejaculation and a bound like that of a spurred horse, leaped ahead. They swept down upon the waiting man.

The professor shouted in swift horror, "Sally! Look out! Stop!"

But Sally did not stop; and the man in the road, as alarmed as the professor, tried to leap aside. He stumbled and fell headlong; the professor saw him fall and heard his cry. Saw and heard, however, with only half of his attention; for he was looking at the barrier in the road and bracing himself for the impact that seemed imminent. He threw up his arm to shield his face against flying glass; and the car lurched aside, tilted precariously, then climbed like a squirrel back to the level again. The professor's weight against the door sprung it open, and only his clutching fingers saved him from being spilled out into the ditch beside the road. He realized a moment later that Sally had dodged around the barricade; and now, upon a descending grade again, the car leaped ahead at an increasing speed.

Professor Tibbett looked back and he saw an orange flash; and he cried, "Stop, Sally! They're shooting. You can't get away!"

At the same time he made a quick clutch at the wheel, but she whirled on him sharply, slapped at his hand. "Let go," she commanded. "Don't be a fool!"

He looked back again, saw a flash and then another, before a turn in the road cut off his view of the spot behind them. He had to hold fast then to keep his seat in the bounding car; and Sally drove it mercilessly for half a mile, till they reached the level and settled to a more even pace, and he could sit composedly.

His dignity had been sadly ruffled by the incident, and when he could speak, it was reproachfully. "That was an absurd prank, Sally!" he protested.

She looked at him sidewise, smiling. "Was it?" she echoed. "I thought it was lots of fun. I don't think the police have any right to stop you that way. I think it was a joke on them."

"Nonsense," he insisted. "It's never a joke to defy the law. If they had shot more accurately the laughter would have been upon the other side."

"But they didn't," she reminded him.

He looked back. "They'll be after us," he warned her. "They doubtless have our number. The law has a long arm." And he added thoughtfully, "You must be tired. Suppose you let me drive!"

She looked at him with quick attention. "So you can take the blame," she suggested challengingly. "Not on your life." And abruptly she laughed at him. "That isn't like you, Professor Tibbett," she said reproachfully. "That isn't the reasonable thing to do. It's not masculine!"

He flushed guiltily. "I don't wish to be their target again," he retorted. "I simply proposed to take the wheel so that I could stop at their next summons."

She shook her head. "I don't believe it," she told him. "You're ashamed of being nice. That's what's the matter with you." And she added, "Besides, I don't think that was a policeman. Ruth told me there'd been a lot of holdups down here this summer, and they haven't caught anybody. I'll bet they were robbers, not police at all."

"Nonsense," he insisted. "I saw his shield."

She looked at him, laughed at him. "You're like the man whose cat had kittens in the oven; so he called them biscuits," she said derisively.

Her eyes were not on the road, but his were; and she saw his face stiffen, and he cried suddenly, "Sally, stop! Quick! Look out!"

Her glance returned then to the road, and she jammed on the brakes. The car responded by a slight hesitation, slued a little, slued a little more. A touring car was drawn up slantwise across the thoroughfare in such a fashion that they could not pass, and Sally's hiccuping brakes, with the best will in the world, were checking their progress so slowly that it seemed to the professor they would surely ram the other machine.

Two men sprang out, one on either side; and then at last the brakes took hold and the car came to a huddling stop. From either side, flashlights gleamed in their eyes, blinding them; but the professor, though he could not see, was conscious that the muzzle of a pistol pressed against his ribs.

Then the man at his side asked harshly: "Who are you?" And the man beside Sally called disgustedly:

"It's a girl driving, Jim."

Jim turned his flash light on Sally and withdrew his pistol from the professor's ribs, so that the professor could speak again.

"Oh," said Jim, and he asked, "See anything of two men in a sedan with a Maryland plate?"

"We saw two men ——" the professor began precisely; but Sally cried:

"Oh, yes, they're back there on top of the hill. They tried to hold us up, but we ran past. They shot at us."

The two turned swiftly toward their machine, but Jim paused to call to Sally, "Move your car! Let us by! Get out of the way! They've held up three cars tonight, between here and the canal!"

The engine of their car roared, and Sally weakly turned the wheel and moved her machine to one side. The other car rolled past them, darted away along the road by which they had come.

These matters had passed so swiftly, and the incident of the pistol was so upsetting, that Professor Tibbett was still a little confused. He asked in a bewildered tone:

"What did they say, Sally? What is it? What are they doing? Who were these men?"

"Police!" Sally gasped. "I knew those others weren't police. I knew they were holdups. I knew it all the time."

And with a weak cry she collapsed in her seat, huddling there, sobbing hysterically. Even in this moment Professor Tibbett had sufficient composure to remark the absurdity of her conduct. In the moment of energency she had been as cool as iron—cool enough to open her throttle and race past the brigands to safety. Now that the danger was done, she was collapsing. Typical, he thought contentedly, of womankind.

But, he realized a moment later, she was, after all, collapsing; and when a woman collapsed, certain reactions were expected of a man. He took her comfortingly in his arms.

When they had been some two years married it occurred to the professor one day that he ought to revise and seek to market that old series of articles of his on the force of reason, and he spent some time on them. The title, he decided, should be changed. The Limitations of Reason would be a fairer statement of their theme, and the concluding article would need complete rewriting.

When this was done he showed the series, and particularly this final paper, to Sally, with an expectant pride.

"This is a revision," he explained, "of a series I wrote before I knew you." And he laughed at his own old folly and offered her the original manuscript. "You can see," he pointed out, "that I didn't know much about women then. I've changed it now."

She read a few paragraphs, then took the revision and glanced it through. "But this," she protested, "is all different! In this one you're arguing that logic is all fallacy, that it's a good deal better to do what you instinctively want to do than it is to try to reason out a course."

"Exactly!" he agreed.

She shook her head disapprovingly. "I think you'd better send off the other," she said. "Women will like it better. They like to be abused. Of course, it isn't true, but it will be sure to sell; and the baby's getting old enough to need a lot of clothes."

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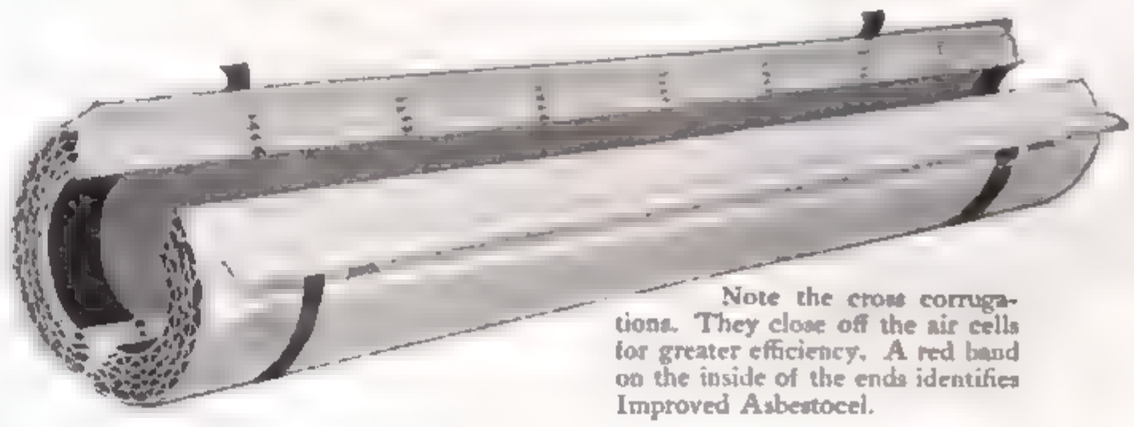

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BRIAND'S PROPOSAL OF PERPETUAL PEACE

(Continued from Page 27)

promise to renounce war does not solve it. All such promises must be contingent. They will become viable only through the better organization of justice—not merely for any two nations, but for all who intend in reality to renounce war as an instrument of policy.

The consideration of Monsieur Briand's proposal by a government acting under a constitution and responsible to the people, involves several items which need to be taken into account before action can be expected. The first of these is the policy of general uniformity in the treatment of the nations with which the United States has to deal. What would be the effect of accepting Monsieur Briand's suggestion with regard to the United States and France alone, and refusing or failing to adopt it with regard to any other nation with which the United States has satisfactory diplomatic relations? Is the United States prepared to give a promise to all nations that it will never resort to military force in defense of violated right?

It may, of course, be said that such a total renunciation of the use of force is not contemplated in Monsieur Briand's suggestion. What then are the conditions by which this renunciation is to be qualified? Here, it would appear, is the real crux of the problem. But this brings into the foreground the question: What wars are justifiable and what wars would not be justifiable; which reduces the whole problem of international peace to an effective provision for international justice, which can only be secured by a legal and judicial, and not by a merely political organization of the world. And this has thus far been the traditional policy of the United States.

Where Lies the Power?

What Monsieur Briand appears to have in mind as a basis of permanent peace between the United States and France is a political rather than a legal or juridical act—"the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" as between these two countries.

This sounds well, no doubt, to those who believe that any resort to military force is unjustifiable, and should therefore be renounced in every case. But what of the violations of right? What is to protect a nation from these? Until the world is better organized there is no protection. There is no international law that forbids war, and there is no international court before which a violation of law can be brought without the consent of the offender. Does Monsieur Briand's proposal intend to provide for them generally, or even as between France and the United States? Further examination will no doubt determine this.

Another item to be taken into consideration in connection with Monsieur Briand's suggestion is the question: Who in the United States possesses constitutional authority to make a pledge of perpetual peace?

It is a recognized principle of constitutional interpretation in the United States that no authority can be exercised by any organ of government under the Constitution which is not expressed or implied in some form in the fundamental law which has created the Government. This principle is implicit in a conception of government as an institution of limited powers.

At first thought the authority to make the pledge in question may appear to reside in the treaty-making power of the Constitution expressed in Article II, Section 2, defining the functions of the President, in which it is declared:

> He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.

The authority conferred upon the President in this sentence is, however, far from being an absolute and unqualified authorization to make treaties on all subjects, and does not confer unlimited power, even with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The extent of this power to make treaties has been discussed in a number of well-known special treatises on the treaty-making power of the United States, and certain limitations of this power have been universally recognized by the writers on this subject.

Without entering here upon a discussion of the different interpretations of the treaty-making power which have been presented by learned authors, there is one limitation upon this power which is so clear that it appears to be indisputable—namely, that the treaty-making power was not intended to extinguish, abolish or diminish any definitely delegated power in the Constitution regarding other substantive functions of government. Among these substantive functions the Declaration of Independence enumerates "full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do."

In making provision for the exercise of these functions, the Constitution has distributed them among the organs of government in a definite manner. There appears to be in the form of government created by the Constitution no provision for a transfer, and least of all a suppression, of these powers without an amendment to the Constitution.

Among the powers accorded to the Congress as a whole, in Section 8 of Article I, is the power "to declare war." This power is clearly distinguished in the Constitution from the treaty-making power, which is accorded to the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. In the Declaration of Independence this power is expressly differentiated from the power to "conclude peace" and to "contract alliances." The reason for this is evident. The right to levy war is a right inherent in the conception of a sovereign people. It is concerned not merely with the temporary fortunes but with the existence of the state. As a right essential to the defense of the existence of the state the total surrender of it is not to be regarded as a subject of negotiation and concession. A conclusion of peace merely marks the conditional end of the exercise of that right; it does not extinguish the right itself. The contracting of alliances is a form of action in the sphere of expediency, in which something definite is obtained for something definitely promised, and implies that the right to levy war is so far from being surrendered in an alliance that the obligation to exercise this power is often the very basis of the contract.

Only in Particular Cases

It may no doubt be asserted that a pledge of another state not to exercise the right of war may be a valuable consideration, and may therefore rightly constitute the substance of a treaty. Supposing it to be so, this does not settle the question who has authority to make this pledge in perpetuity.

Indisputably, the Constitution, as it is, accords to the Congress in perpetuity the right to declare war; and though Congress may in any case fail to levy war, neither itself nor any other organ of government has been constitutionally empowered to abolish that right. It is evident, therefore, that Congress may at any time constitutionally exercise that right, and that no Congress can deprive a future Congress of its constitutional right to levy war whenever the occasion seems to justify the exercise of the war power.

That the proposal in question only aims at the permanent abolition of the right to levy war in a particular case, and does not contemplate the total abolition of the right, does not solve the problem; for the reasoning which would permit the suppression of this prerogative in a particular case could be extended with equal vigor to other and, in theory, to all cases.

It is perhaps not inopportune to recall to mind that it is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States to enter into an unalterable contract. Even the Constitution itself was intended to be alterable, not, indeed, by momentary impulses, but by reasons based upon experience; and it is not within the capacity of one generation of men to forecast the experience of the future. When defined as the right to defend right by force, the war power is, and will always remain, the *ultima ratio* in human affairs.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

a dress that would cover her more completely than anything she had worn in many a day.

"What a dear, old-fashioned dress!" one of the girls cried. "Where in the world did you ever find it?"

"Twenty years ago mother got herself talked about for wearing it," Ethel answered. "It was her bathing suit."

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

Advice

I KNOW a lot of clever people, who
Can tell me what I really ought to do,
Just how to work to gather fame and wealth,
And how to play and how to keep my health.
They show me how to run my own affairs,
And I instruct them how to manage theirs.
This world would be a golden paradise
If everybody took his own advice.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Sic Semper

A WISE little deb sat on a bench
And puffed at her cigarette
While by her side sat a bold young sheik,
But he had not kissed her—yet.

(You understand—they had only met.)

Said she, as she crossed her silken limbs,
"Your line is a bit passé.
No less than a dozen men like you
Have told me the same today."

(You understand—what all men say.)

Said he, with a toss of his well-oiled hair,
"You're a very impertinent miss.
You debs are all of a sameness now—
How I'd like, really, to STEAL a kiss."

(You understand—when you sometimes miss.)

Said she, "Ha-ha. So you're one of those
Who mourn for the good old girls
Who shrieked when kissed, and promptly swooned,
And never cut off their curls."

(You understand—as demure as pearls.)

Said the deb as she rose from the moonlit bench,
"Come, let me escort you where
Those girls are parked all around the wall
And you sheiks give them the air."

(You understand—they were always there.)

—*Velma West Sykes.*

Now a far simpler type of Electric Refrigeration for your home

The Creation of the
GENERAL ELECTRIC
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A QUIET REFRIGERATOR THAT IS ROOMY AND SUBSTANTIAL—AND NEVER NEEDS OILING

SIMPLICITY, as applied to the General Electric Refrigerator, means that it can be installed in a few minutes by merely lowering the all-in-one icing unit into the top of the refrigerator. That it requires no plumbing or assembling. That it never needs oiling or attention. That it uses less current to keep a more constant temperature. That it has no belts, fans, pipes or stuffing boxes.

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They found the solution at last in the remarkably simplified General Electric Icing Unit. It has all its moving parts enclosed in one hermetically sealed housing. This keeps efficiency permanently in—and trouble permanently out.

The General Electric Refrigerator cabinets were designed especially for this icing unit. You will notice that the space occupied by the freezing chamber is so small that it leaves an unusually large food storage area. Even the smallest model (the one illustrated) has 8 square feet of shelf space.

You will want to see the various models. Let us send you the address of the local dealer who has them on display. We will also send you a completely illustrated descriptive booklet, No. 8-S, which tells more about these new-day refrigerators.

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Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

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Made of NOGAR Cloth, the strongest fabric used in clothing. Almost tearproof, won't burn easily, resists wind and water.

There is only one NOGAR Cloth and we make it. Beware of imitations. Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., and sold through our Authorized Representatives are the genuine.

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TRUE AS THE STARS ABOVE

(Continued from Page 17)

wanted old Jack to sell the flock and go to raising garden truck and alfalfa for the Custer market. Alfalfa was a kind of a novelty them days, and Henry had read up on it a considerable, and studied the soil and the lay of the land and how far it was from water, and the drainage from the hills, and he'd already put in about a quarter of an acre with good results. That's why I claim Henry wasn't so foolish. Jack finally took his advice and sold the sheep, and that alfalfa turned out to be a young gold mine.

Every time I'd see Henry I'd try to plague him about 'Mina, but he'd never plague worth a cent. Sure he was in love with 'Mina! Why wouldn't he be? What if I did see him and her walking along together and holding hands? I was welcome to. He liked to hold hands with 'Mina and she liked to hold hands with him. If she didn't, she wouldn't. She was his girl and some day they was going to get married. Well, then what of it? No, he wasn't afraid she'd feed him on sauerkraut and wienies and Limburger cheese and pretzels; the Dutch et lots of things besides them. Mis' Bauer cooked like anybody else, mostly, only he didn't like powdered cinnamon on mashed potatoes. But you could easy scrape the cinnamon off with your knife. No, he wasn't afraid that somebody'd come along and steal 'Mina whether he wore a red necktie or what he wore. She was his girl, and why didn't I talk sense? All that as innocent as one of his spring lambs, and not a blush.

I didn't do no better, nor as well, with 'Mina. "Wie geht's, 'Mina," I'd say. "Zwei bier, Gesundheit. Sprechen sie Deutsche?" And she'd say "Ja, mein Herr," and get off some more which she said meant that it was a joy and pleasure to see me again and she'd been turrible unhappy account of me staying away so long. Of course she hated to come right out and tell me that, but she had to tell the truth, seeing I'd asked. She done everything but blush.

"That's better than it sounded," I told her. "But we must watch out we don't make Henry Slocombe jealous."

"Henry ain't never jealous," she says. "There ain't nobody around here for him to get jealous of—present company always excepted. I wish't we lived in Custer near Aunt Lieschen."

"It's a wonderful city," I says. "I hear that, counting both sides of the street, there's close on to a quarter of a mile of sidewalks, and, like you say, there's lots of folks walking around on 'em—good-looking young fellers that know a pretty little girl when they see one and ain't afraid to look—specially when she's got lovely blue eyes and knows how to use 'em."

"I never said anything about young fellers," she told me. "I don't take no notice of 'em. They're silly."

"All excepting Henry," I s'gests. "He's different, ain't he?"

"Of course he is," she says. "They're all different, ain't they? And my eyes ain't so awful blue—do you think they are? You like blue eyes? Now quit! You're a-laughing at me, Mr. Stegg. What do you mean—know how to use 'em? Doesn't everybody? I know how to shut them when I go to sleep and how to open them when I wake up."

"And how to keep 'em open," says I.

"Well, I wouldn't shut 'em when you was around," she told me, smiling and making 'em wide at me. "Not more'n one eye, anyway," she says—"quick, like this."

I wondered where she'd learned to shut one eye—quick, like that. Her ma wouldn't have winked at a man on a big bet, nor yet her Aunt Lieschen, and it was a cinch that Henry hadn't. Aunt Lieschen was Paul Reinhart's frau that useter run a dray in Custer. They lived up at the north end near Pilcher's. When Fritz Bauer went to town to do his trading he always took one or two of the young ones along, and that's how come 'Mina got her taste for town life; but unless he put 'Mina down in the bed of the wagon and covered her with a tarpoleon, I was willing to bet that if she didn't notice the boys, they noticed her. She was sure a cute little piece—some overplump, maybe, but she come by that honestly. Her ma must have weighed over two hundred and wasn't five foot high in her blue worsted stockings. It was sort of pleasant to hear that 'Mina grieved for me when I was gone, too; but just the same I kind of kept them Dutch words of hers in my head until I could ask old Fritz what they meant. He grinned all over his face and made me say 'em over again until he made 'em out.

"That means that you vas a big, ugly old fool und zink you vas schmart," he says. "Who vas id tolt you so?"

Be that as it may, about the first thing when I got back to Custer, young Claude Butterfield come up to me in his father's corral, grinning real pleasant and talking real polite about the weather and the dandy condition my bulls was in, and how it must take a man who knowed something to train 'em like I'd got 'em trained, and so on and so forth, in a way that wasn't common with Claude.

"Claudie," I says—knowing how he hated to be called that—"Claudie, I'm financially busted, s' far's temp'r'y loans is concerned, and I'm a-going to settle my feed bill with your father pers'n'ly this time, to avoid misunderstandings and arguments. Another thing," I says, "I feel it my duty to tell you that you can't play poker worth a cent, and the more you let it alone, the nearer you'll be to wealth and riches. You heed them words of wisdom and they'll be worth more to you than a five-dollar bill for two-three days."

"Is that so?" says Claude. "Is—that—so? Well, take a look here." He went down into his jeans and pulled out what looked to be quite a little roll. "I can't play poker, eh?" he says. "Well, the next time you come into town and feel the hot sporting blood a-boiling, I'll take pleasure in showing you. Ask Joe Dill if I can play poker."

"Joe wouldn't know," I says. "If you won that money from Joe Dill, that explains it. . . . What do you want of me, Claudie?"

"Oh, nix on that 'Claudie,'" he says. "Say, pop told me you'd come up from Pleasant Valley. Ain't there an old Dutch sheepman living out that way somewheres? . . . How's the roads?"

"Seems to me I've heard of a sheepman there somewheres," I says. "Why?" I asked him.

"No particular reason," he says. . . . "Say, have a cigar. Thisn is a good one. I was just wondering how the roads were and—— All right, I'll smoke it myself. I thought you'd know how to get out there. How long a drive is it?"

"You want to get you a pet lamb?" I asked him.

"That's the idee," says Claude, grinning. "Yep, a pet lamb." He gave a cackle of a laugh. "A nice, pretty little lamb that's willing to be petted. Say, that's a good one! Can't fool you. And listen here, Mr. Stegg! Do me a favor, won't you? It won't cost you a cent nor put you to no trouble. If Billy Cooper says anything to you, asking how to get out to Bauer's, you give him some d'rections that'll take him out to Coffee Flat or somewheres—see? You do that for me, and when you need a friend to shed the last drop of his heart's blood for you, just call on Claude Butterfield with a sharp knife and a bucket."

I told him it was a small favor he was asking and I'd be glad to oblige him, and as for the road out to Bauer's, all he had to do was drive south along French Creek till he come to the big bend and then turn northeast until he hit the main travel road running west, and follow that till he come to Dunky Dinkelspiel's and Dunky would show him just exactly how to get to Bauer's and be tickled to death to do it, partic'ler if my name was mentioned.

"Dinkelspiel!" says Claude. "I never heard of him. Who is he?"

"He's the man who raises the mint to make mint sass for pet lambs," I told him. He told me a few things, too, but he had sense enough to wait until he got out of my reach before he told 'em.

I didn't see nothing of Billy Cooper, being as I pulled my freight for Deadwood about an hour after, and I made the down trip by way of Rapid and Hermosa to the Gap and from the Gap on to Sidney. I made another round trip by the same route after that, so it was coming on fall before I got to Slocombe's again. Just before I got there—within seven or eight miles—I had some bad luck. It had been mighty dry for quite a spell, and I lost a tire off the trail wagon, although I'd soaked all my wheels good before I left Chilson's in the morning. I had to go back quite a ways to find it, and soon after I'd got it wired on again, the wire broke and off she come again, and a felly and a spoke with it, and here I was broke down and six miles from Slocombe's, where I knew there was a spare wheel laying around.

Well, it was close on to sundown and I was kind of tuckered out with a hard day and a short nooning, so I figured I'd make camp and go for the wheel bright and early in the morning. I unyoked and turned my team out to graze, and picked up chips for a fire and started the Dutch oven to heating and mixed me up a batch of sour-dough biscuit—which is where I shine. I had rested up from them labors and was a-frying the bacon when I heard a horse a-coming up the trail and looked around, and lo and behold the rider was a woman. She stopped a little ways from me 's if she wasn't dead sure whether I was safe and respectable, so I called to her good evening and asked her if she wasn't lost. Then she edged up and I seen she was a young woman. I liked what I seen right well, although she wasn't no ravishing beauty. She had nice gray eyes that looked at you straight and square without being sassy, and I liked that; her skin was clean and clear, and her teeth couldn't have been whiter than they was when she gave me a glimpse of 'em, and them are things that I like. I got the idee that she was about sweet seventeen.

No, she said, she wasn't lost. She lived about a couple of miles from here. She was Bessie Corwin, and wouldn't I please be careful about my fire, account of the grass. She'd been hunting a cow of theirs—a Hereford with a Box-C brand. Maybe I'd seen her. Well, maybe she'd got home by this. I didn't mention that I liked Bessie's voice. There's a right smart in a woman's voice, to my notion. I didn't even seem to mind being insulted about my fire, which I'd scraped the ground bare for, like I always do.

I told her who I was, and she'd heard tell of me, and I told her how come I happened to be camping here, and she was right sorry for me and maybe her pa had a spare wheel he could let me have. She'd see when she got back. Anyway, she could ride over to Slocombe's for me in the morning and Mr. Slocombe or Henry could bring out the wheel that was there. Shucks! That wouldn't be no trouble; and my, how good my bacon and coffee smelled! She'd been riding ever since noon after that plague-taked cow. She must be getting back to supper.

"Supper's ready right here and now, Miss Bessie, if you'd honor me by partaking of it," I says. "I'd be tickled to death if you would," I says.

I didn't hardly think she would, but she did, and the next thing she had her riding skirt pinned up and was sitting on the spring seat I'd took off the wagon for her.

(Continued on Page 116

Always have

FILM-FREE TEETH

To gain smiles that gleam and glisten

This special film-removing tooth paste is urged in correcting "off-color" teeth and in protecting against serious tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus, Pepsodent that brightens teeth by removing dingy film is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid

The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are coated with a film.

By running the tongue across the teeth, this film can be felt. Modern dental science charges it with many tooth and gum disturbances; with most of the clouded teeth one sees, with much of the prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing alone has failed to combat film successfully. Thus, thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

Film—Enemy of Sound Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

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Gay times for guests *when the basin drain chokes up!*

CUSTOM keeps guests from complaining—courtesy keeps them from tardiness at meals. So a goodish number of people suffer in silence because of balky drains!

A word to the wise hostess is sufficient—remember to keep the drains free-flowing! Whether a waste-pipe is clogged with lint or grease or hair-ends, a little Drāno poured down the drain will quickly dissolve the obstruction into nothingness.

Bathroom, kitchen and laundry drains can be *internally scoured clean* by using Drāno regularly every week or two. It cannot hurt *enamel, porcelain, or plumbing.*

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Drāno will keep scum from forming in the icebox drain. It will open downspouts and clean garage floors—it purifies garbage cans and removes the caked grease from iron pans and glass baking dishes.

Millions of good housekeepers keep Drāno handy. . . . Buy a can today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized trial can.

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Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

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(Continued from Page 114)

She was hungry, all right, and I've got to do myself justice and admit that my biscuits was good, and that I know how to fry bacon like it ought to be fried, and season tomatters the way they ought to be seasoned. I opened a can of special California peaches too. Still, I reckon it was more the sport of the thing that fetched her, and maybe she didn't often get the chance to talk to a stranger. Anyway, we had a dandy visit, and I answered a heap of questions and heard most of the news that there was. Seemed she knew the Slocombes right well. Mis' Slocombe had been over to help her ma when her pa fell off the stack and broke his arm and sprained his foot. Mr. Slocombe had been right clever, too, and so had Henry Slocombe. Pa didn't want to take no favors from them at first, account him and Mr. Slocombe had had words about the sheep. But they was all good friends now. And oh, yes, Mr. Slocombe was a-going to sell his sheep.

I said Henry would be glad, and she said Henry needed something to make him glad. "I'm sorry for Henry," she says, kind of sad.

"I don't see why you need be," says I. "He ain't abu-ed none, s' far's I know."

"Maybe not," says she, the way a woman says it when there's something behind that she ain't telling.

"Young and got his health—and then there's that pretty little Dutch girl of his, 'Mina Bauer," I adds.

"Yes, there's her," says Miss Bessie, and she said that in a kind of a way too. "Well, I must be going before it gets too dark to see," she says, jumping up. She smiled and held out her hand and shook, quick and firm, and thanked me kindly for the supper and give me an invite to stop in if ever I went by her place. I walked with her to where her horse was and swung her up into the saddle and she loped off, leaving me right sorry that she couldn't stay longer.

Still, she'd left me quite a little to think of while I cleaned up the dishes and got ready to roll in—herself, for one thing. Yes, sir, I liked that girl. She rode well and her slim figure showed mighty graceful, swaying on a loping horse. Maybe she didn't know how to use her eyes, only to open and shut them—both at a time; but they was smiling eyes when her lips was smiling, and that's the way it should be—kind of honest. Mostly, though, her face was just ca'm and pleasant. I guessed that her nature was much about the same.

Well, that was news about Slocombe going to sell his sheep. It would improve his social standing a heap, and that would be a good thing for Henry. Why was Miss Bessie sorry for Henry? She didn't just say it; she meant it. Maybe Henry wasn't abused, and maybe he was. How? Who was abusing him? Yes, there was 'Mina Bauer. Still and all, Bessie hadn't back-capped 'Mina, not even in a nice, pretty, ain't-it-too-bad sort of a way. I was dead sure that she didn't aim to give me the idee that she didn't think 'Mina was a bubbly spring of happiness for Henry, and yet I couldn't help but suspicion that there was something to that effect on the tip of her tongue when she got up to go. I figured that Miss Bessie had a kind of habit of keeping unpleasant things from shooting off the tip of her tongue until she was sure it would do some good to let 'em rip.

It didn't seem to me more'n five minutes after I turned in that I heard somebody a-hollering my name, and I found that the sun was half an hour high and Henry Slocombe was a-looking down at me from the seat of a buckboard. My hands wasn't folded on my breast over a bunch of lilies, nor nothing of that kind, but he was sure looking at me like they was and like he'd never reelized what a loss I was to the c'munity until my speerit had winged its flight.

"Well, well!" I says, starting up and reaching for my boots. "You sure catched me that time, Henry. Bless your merry young face, how are you and how's all the folks?"

"Everybody's all right, I thank you, Mr. Stegg," says he. "I'm sorry to wake you, but I brung that wheel for you. You want I should help you put it on?"

"Not if you're a-going to take it to heart so," says I. Sure enough, there was the wheel on the buckboard! I was certainly took aback. "How come you knew I wanted a wheel?" I asked him.

"Bessie Corwin told us," he answers. "We're dipping the sheep, but I'll stay and help you if you say so. I'd as lief as not, and pop said I was to. Dipping ain't no huckleberry picnic for me."

I says to him, "You mean to tell me that girl —— When, Henry? What day of the week is it and how long have I been unconscious? Don't nobody know pore old Rip Van Stegg?"

"It's Thursday," says Henry, sober as a sage hen. "She come over this morning."

"I feel just as bad about it as you do," I told him. "She must have started before daylight. Well, I'll be switched! If that ain't a lovely young lady and a pearl of price that'll be a crown of glory to her husband above rubies, I'm a Piute Injun! Well," I told him, "being as you're here and anxious to go to work, I'll let you unload that wheel and get things ready while I make the coffee and eat a bite, and then we can slip it on in a pig's whisper. You might put a little axle grease on the thimble—you'll find a box with the tools. Be careful you don't get none of the grease on your pants."

He was a handy lad and didn't need no more'n a few directions while I was eating my breakfast; but when he had got the wheel on he didn't seem to be in no rush to go. I gave him a cup of coffee and he sat down and drunk it. I mentioned Miss Bessie Corwin again with words of praise.

"She sure is all that," says Henry. "She'd do anything for anybody, no matter who. You can talk to her: she sort of understands. You got a feeling that she does."

"And how's little 'Mina, the Rosebud of the Rhine?" I asked him, and he sort of choked on his coffee, which was maybe what brought the tears to his eyes. 'Mina was all right, he said. She was visiting her Aunt Lieschen in Custer, but she'd be back in two-three days. He sipped his coffee slow and looked into the cup after each sip 's if he expected to find something that he was real interested in. Then he told me about his father a-going to sell the sheep to Fritz Bauer as soon as Fritz got the loan that he was fixing for with some Sioux City party. It was about settled, but his father had agreed to dip the flock, being as he had the dip and the tank handy. Probably be another month before they got shut of 'em, and they'd been right busy with the plowing, getting ready for the alfalfa.

"Seems like you're taking big chances, letting your girl go there without you along to club the boys off," I says.

He rolled his mournful brown eyes at me in a way that made me feel ashamed of myself. "Her going to town don't make no difference," he says; "they come out to the ranch—all the time—Charlie Hupp, Billy Cooper, Claude Butterfield. Take her out buggy riding and set on the porch with her" He set down his tin cup and leaned his chin on his hand. "I don't mind it, though," he says. "Why should I? If you loved a girl, wouldn't you trust her—when she had promised to be true to you as the stars above? Wouldn't you be glad if she could have a little good time now and then, when she didn't have many chances—even if you wasn't there?"

"That's as may be," I says. "I might be glad and I might not. I might be thankful and grateful to them boys for taking the trouble to entertain my girl for me, and I might get right up on my ear and pound the everlasting stuffing out of them. It'd be according to how the sperrit moved me"

"Well, if s'posing she didn't take no interest in 'em—only as a sort of pastime," he says, "and if she thought they was silly—you wouldn't want to act foolish and act like you didn't believe her, and like a

(Continued on Page 119)

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dog in the manger. You'd trust her and make your mind perfectly easy, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe I would," I says, not committing myself.

"I don't deny that I've had a big notion to wipe the ground up with them snoozers more'n once—specially Claude Butterfield," he goes on to say. "I reckon I could whip the three of 'em, and easy enough, but it would seem like an insult to 'Mina."

I looked at him. He'd got his full growth upward when I last seen him, but he'd filled out some. A mighty good pair of shoulders and arms Henry had on him, and I'd took notice how supple he moved when he was handling the wheel. "You might let on that you seen a mosquito or a deer fly on Claude's cheek and slap it as a kindness to him," I s'gests. But he shook his head and said he'd thought up a lot of them schemes, but they'd be seen through and 'Mina would feel bad about it. Then he got up and allowed he'd have to be moving and he'd see me later. Pop had told him to tell me I was expected to stop and eat dinner. He untied his team from the wagon and climbed into the buckboard and cramped around.

"There's another thing you might do, Henry," I says, stopping him for a moment. "You might prospect among the neighbors and pick out some nice, sweet girl and beau her around a spell—not taking no interest in her, you understand, nor being untrue to 'Mina in any way, shape or manner. But it might give 'Mina something to study over. There's that Miss Bessie Corwin," I says.

I didn't get no farther. "Me!" says Henry. "Well, I reckon not! And if I was worthless enough to try such a thing, Bessie would be the first to despise me. She ain't that kind of a girl. I reckon you was just joking, but I don't like them kind of jokes."

Saying which, he drove off at a lively clip, and I stood looking after him, thinking what a cussed young fool he was, and yet how there was worse than fools in the world, specially if they was as straight as Henry Slocombe. Then I started out to round up my team.

I didn't stay long at Slocombe's. They was all busy with them miserable sheep, sousing 'em into the tank of stinking, yellow dip, and ducking 'em head under and hauling 'em out. It's a thing that you can watch for a while, but it soon gets old, and my appetite for dinner wasn't near as hearty as usual, although I know, and my common sense tells me, that Mis' Slocombe wouldn't never think of using sheep dip to flavor her vittles. That night when I got into town and the dining-room girl told me that there was some nice b'iled mutton, I come mighty near forgetting that I was a gentleman and she was a lady.

I put up at Butterfield's corral, same as usual, and the next morning I unloaded some freight that I'd got for Henry Albien, and then went into the store with Albien to do our business. As I went through on my way out, who should I see, standing by the candy show case, but 'Mina Bauer with Claude Butterfield. She was a-pointing with her finger. "Some of them with the maple filling," she says to the clerk, "and some of them nougats, and some ——"

"Hey! Hold your horses!" says Claude. "Nix on the nougats. I told you I'd buy you some peanut brittle. Wasn't that what I said? Didn't I tell you I was practically busted? And my credit isn't good here, is it, Wes?"

"We'll give you credit, glad and willing, for anything you want to pay on what you owe us," Wes answers him.

"I told you so," says Claude, grinning. "Peanut brittle is what you get this trip. Tomorrow, maybe, when I've cashed some of the coupons offn my railroad bonds we'll set up the nougats. Get out the goobers, Wes."

'Mina turned around, pouting, and seen me. "If it ain't Mr. Stegg!" she says, all rosy and smiling. "Now I'm a-going to get what I want. Mr. Stegg always bought me candy. That's because he loves me and I love him, ain't it, Mr. Stegg?"

"You reckon that's it?" I asked her. I had a big notion to tell Wes to wrap her up a nickel's worth of stick candy, but somehow—well, when a young girl's pretty and has got as blue eyes as 'Mina had, and you've got it put square up to you, whatever you may think of her, it don't seem right to make small of her before folks. Anyway, I weakened and 'Mina got her nougats and her maple fills and her car'mels—and Claude—got a hint that he could go home and hunt the scissors to clip some of them coupons.

"Ain't you afraid you're a-taking considerable risk, leaving Henry out on the ranch with nobody to protect him from the girls that'll be buzzing around him there?" I asked her when Claudie had left us.

"I just can't sleep at night for worrying about it," she says, giggling. "It's took away all my appetite for my meals."

"I reckon that's what's a-making you so thin and poor, wasting away to a shadder of your former self," I says. I s'pose that was a kind of a pers'nal remark, but she didn't seem to mind it, though she had cert'nly been putting on more flesh than was ness'ry, unless your taste run strong that way.

"Well, I ain't no rack of bones," she says, looking mighty satisfied at the dimples in what I reckon was her knuckles. "Did you see Henry when you come up?" she asks me. "I meant to write to Henry last night, but Aunt Lieschen had company. No," she says, "I ain't worrying about Henry a particle. I wouldn't want to be no dog in the manger and grudge him a good time once in a while, even if I wasn't there. I've often told him that I'd trust him with anybody, anywheres, knowing that he wouldn't be reely interested in any girl but me. You wouldn't if you was him, would you?"

"Maybe I wouldn't, and again I might," I says. "It would depend on how you treated me."

"I'd treat you all right," says she, ogling me and then putting another choc'late into her mouth. "My, these are good! Sure you won't have one? I treat everybody right."

"Including of Claude Butterfield," I s'gests. "Well, Henry's a-having a rip-roaring time. When I left him he was enjoying himself to the limit, dipping sheep, but all the same, I guess he misses you. Maybe that's because he don't aim in the right direction. . . . Let's walk over to the scales and see what we weigh."

"Let's not," says she. "How long are you a-going to be in town?"

"About five minutes," I told her. "I reckon it'll take me about that long to get out of the city limits. What's 'good-by' in Cherman, 'Mina?"

"*Auf Wiedersehen*," she replies.

"And what's 'a big, ugly old fool that thinks he's smart'?" I asks.

"Herr Stegg," she answers, giving me the laugh. "Pa told me you asked him," she says. "But you know I was just joking, don't you? In the first place, you ain't big. Anyway, I love you, and the candy is delicious. *Auf Wiedersehen*, Herr Stegg."

She made a face at me and sailed out before I could say anything. As I started my team, I saw her cross the street to where Claude was a-leaning against an awning post in front of Dean's hardware. They was a-talking together when I drove apast them, and she broke off to smile and kiss her hand to me. Claude just haw-hawed right out and slapped his leg. That's what a man gets!

That was along in September, as I recollect it. In the early part of June I met old Jack Slocombe in Custer and got the news that 'Mina Bauer had married Claude Butterfield and they'd gone to Hermosa to live. I got now that nothing don't s'prise me much, if any, but that sure took me a-back. I asked Jack how Henry took it, and he shook his head.

"Mighty hard," he says; "and what's worse, he's still a-taking it the same way, although it's been months since it happened. There was a while I didn't skassly dare take my eyes off the boy for fear he'd do something rash to himself. You'd have thought he'd lost something worth having, instead of a —— Me, I never had much use for her, but I kind of hoped for the best. They'd been running together since they was kids and we all figured they'd get married in a year or two—old Fritz and us both. It's sure hell!"

"How come?" I asked him. "Was old Fritz willing she should marry Claude?"

Old Jack pulled on his whiskers. "Between you and me—and I ain't never told Henry," he says, "there's talk that he was so dog-gone willing that he packed a shotgun when he went to bring Claude to the wedding. But it was strictly private, only the high contracting parties and the bride's parent being present. Butterfield's bought McGill's stable and corral at Hermosa and Claude's running it—when he ain't too busy gambling, I reckon. Yes, we're all broke up. Henry's got now so he's taking it out in work, but he just puts his back into that, and that's all. Never a word out of him but yes or no, skassly. Mopes. And his ma's got to moping, too, so it ain't none too cheerful."

"You got shut of your sheep?" I asked him.

"Yes, praise be!" he says. "I wouldn't trust Henry off herding the way he is now."

"That girl of Corwin's is a mighty fine girl," I says. "There's a saying that one nail drives another out, and the last time I seen her she was sorry for Henry."

"You're a-taking the words right out of my mouth," says Jack. "I've already sent him over three times to borrow things from Corwin and three times to take 'em back, and it seemed like to me and his mother that he was some the better for it. Corwin's a-going to think that I'm a chronic borrower this summer. What you said about Bessie ain't nothin' more than the truth. If Henry had a lick of sense, he'd spruce up and get him a sidebar buggy and keep right after her. But no; seems like he can't forget that darned little Edam cheese. . . . When are you a-coming down our way? I wish you'd stop when you go by and give that loony a talking-to. What I say don't do no good."

I told him I would, and I did the next day. Henry was out in the field by the side of the road fixing a fence when I come along, and he didn't seem to notice me even when I stopped and cracked my whip, and when he did look up and showed his face, I'd scarcely have known it. He was certainly a sorry-looking specimen. Big, dark hollows under his eyes that made 'em look twicet as big as they was before, his cheek bones a-sticking out and his hair long and straggly like it hadn't seen a comb in a month. He just nodded at me and then went on hammering staples, but he was leaving the wire slack, so I called his attention to that.

"It don't matter," he says, like hark from the tombs. "What's the difference? Nothing don't matter now."

"All the difference is that if you stretch it good and tight, it'll keep the stock out," I says, brisk and cheerful. I took up the ax and the loop of rope that was a-lying on the ground a piece back and I stretched the wire and held it while he stapled for quite a spell. After a while I says to him, "I heard the news when I was in Custer, Henry." He kind of winced.

"It reminded me of Joe Gaffney, up in Deadwood," I says. "Did I ever tell you about that? Well, Joe Gaffney one time picked up a fifty-dollar greenback at the corner of Gold and Main Street. Joe was flat busted at the time and he was tickled to death. He figured that he would go back to Lead and throw in with a prospector that he'd been talking to there who wanted a partner with a grubstake, and that the two of 'em would go and take about a million dollars out of the claim that this fellow had

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staked out. Then when they'd got the million he'd go back East and build him a two-story brick house and fix it up slick and fine, with one room that he'd fix up like a bar with all kinds of liquor, and he'd have two-three niggers to wait on him and have a heck of a time for the balance of his life. Well, he kept thinking about that all the way up to Lead, but when he got there and found this prospector and shoved his hand down in his jeans for the money, he found there wasn't nothing in his pocket but a hole. He felt real bad about it, Henry. Are you a-listening to me?" I says.

"Uh-huh," says Henry.

"The p'int of the story," I goes on to say, "is that the same afternoon another fellow picked up that fifty-dollar bill on the road between Deadwood and Lead and he went into Pat Lynch's and bought chips with it and got into a game, and just as he had raked in his first pot, somebody took another look at that greenback and found it was bogus. Following onto that, they beat that fellow 'most to death and then threw him into the calaboose, and probably he'd 'a' gone to the pen if he hadn't broke jail and got away before the United States marshal got back to town. You get the p'int of that story, Henry?"

"Uh-huh," says Henry; but I didn't hardly believe he did.

"Joe Gaffney was mighty glad, after all, that he'd lost that lovely bill," I says, hammering the moral into him. "Joe was the man who later on discovered the Sainted Betsy mine in Chokecherry Gulch, where the gold didn't have skassly any rock into it," I told him; and he says, "Uh-huh" again.

"One nail drives out another and there's just as good fish in the sea as ever come out of it, Henry," I says. "Also, there's more than one shell on the seashore. No use crying over spilt milk, and all's for the best. In trouble to be troubled is to have your trouble doubled. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Never again, me," says Henry. "I know what you're a-driving at, but I passed my word I'd be true to her. Just because she wasn't true to me doesn't let me out. I prob'bly ain't a-going to live extra long—there ain't no use of living without 'Mina; but as long as I'm alive, I'll be true and that's all there is about it."

"If it takes a leg," I s'gests.

"If it takes a leg," he says, firm as the granite hills. "Them oxen is a-going to have the wagon in the ditch in about a minute if you don't haw them."

Well, as Henry said, that was all there was about it. I felt right sorry for the boy, but I couldn't do nothing, so I went on my way. It was along the following spring that I met up again with Jack Slocombe and he give me a tolerable good report of Henry. Henry was a-taking a right smart of interest in the alfalfa now. That gol-darned stuff gave 'em a couple of crops last year and it sold like hot cakes, and as pretty a stand right now as ever I see. Henry was a-talking of buying some hogs to feed it to—planning a big smokehouse and studying up on pork packing. He was talking of going to Omaha in the fall to work in one of the packing houses for a while and get pointers. Yes, Henry was getting to be quite a rustler.

"Forgot all that foolishness about 'Mina Bauer, has he?" I says, and Old Jack began a-pulling his whiskers the way he done when he was put out.

"Why, no," he says. "That's the devil of it. He's got that fool idee into his head of being true to 'Mina, and there ain't nothing, seems like, that'll ever get it out. Sometimes I get so darned mad I feel like taking a neck yoke or something and beating it out. Going around all the time with his lip hanging, and here's Bessie Corwin only a-waiting for him to ask her. She's as big a fool as he is, or she wouldn't have him hanging around her all the time. I'd give him his walking papers so quick it would make his head swim, if I was her; and yet, in other respects, she's got enough sense for him and her both. I've talked to him, and his mother never lets up talking to him, but it don't do no good. Outside of alfalfa, Henry's life's blighted."

"Too bad, too bad!" I says. "Still, if he's hanging around her ——"

"Hanging around all his spare time," says Jack. "But what good does it do? All he does is talk to her about 'Mina and the happy days gone by. That's what Mrs. Corwin tells my woman. He gets about so much misery on his chest and then he sashays over to Bessie and unloads it on her, and because she's so sorry for him, she listens to him grieve and tries to cheer him up. That's all there is to it, dog-gone it!"

"Well, give the boy time; he's young yet," I says, and Jack threw out his hands.

"Time!" he says. "My gosh-amity, he's had all the time there is! And now he's starting in on eternity—and there won't be no change then. You don't know him. Always was set. No, I ain't got no hopes."

I've noticed that I'm generally right about things, just the same, and inside of a year Jack give me the news that Henry and Bessie was a-going to get married, after Henry got back from Omaha next spring and built him a house.

"Didn't I tell you so?" I says.

"Tell me what?" says he.

"That he'd get his heart caught on the rebound," I answers. "All is, you was expecting the rebound to happen right away, like most rebounds does. I said, 'Give him time,' didn't I?"

"Yes, you did," says Jack. "And maybe you remember what I said: 'Well, Henry ain't got no heart to rebound; he'd give it to 'Mina years ago and she broke it; but she's still got the pieces.' Yes, sir, that's what Henry had the gall to tell Bessie, after we'd got him ribbed up to ask her to marry him, by telling him how he'd been spoiling her chances of getting another feller and that folks was talking. 'I ain't got no heart to give you,' he says to her. 'You know that. I promised and swore I'd be true to 'Mina Bauer—or as good as swore—and I can't go back on my word. But I'll try to make you a good husband s' far's I can, and you've certainly been a heap of comfort to me in my sorrow, and I don't know what I'd do if you turn me down. I sure do hope you'll take me and make allowances.' That's the way Henry proposed."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"I told you, didn't I, that they was to be married in less'n a year?" says Jack. "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

I didn't see nothing of Henry that time, or I'd have give him some straight talk. I'd quit feeling sorry for him then and I was feeling sorry for Bessie Corwin. I'd never taken her up on that invite she'd give me to stop as I went by the place, because it was a good four miles off my road and I never had the time; but it come about that fall that soon after I'd left Chilson's on an up trip, Harvey Jones come riding out to head me off from the Pass, where he had a gang working on the road, blasting out the rock and widening it, and it was tore up too bad for me to get through with my load.

"A week from now it'll be a jim-dandy road," says Harvey. "You just come a week too soon."

"You expect me to wait here a week till you get through?" I asked.

"I wouldn't want to force you to do nothing," says he. "You can wait if you want to, or you can go around by Corwin's acrost the prairie and get there by sundown, and there's a good level road to town from that on."

I thanked him as kindly as possible and went on to Corwin's, and was give glad welcome by each and every one, and an elegant repast was spread and an elegant time enjoyed by all. Miss Bessie, seemed to me, was a heap prettier than I'd thought, but she wasn't wearing no sunbonnet nor riding skirt, but a white dress with pink rosebuds and green leaves onto it, and when she rocked in her chair I'd get a glimpse now

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and then of a mighty shapely ankle. She said she reco'nized me right away—"By your oxen," she says, kind of spoiling it, only that she smiled when she said it. I thanked her for sending Henry over with the wheel for me, and when her mother went out into the kitchen I c'ngratulated her on her approaching nuptials, being as I prob'ly wouldn't be around when they happened.

"I remember you said that Henry needed something to make him glad," I says to her. "Well," I says, "he's sure got something now."

"I hope he won't be sorry," says she.

"If I was him, I'd be dancing all over the place and turning hand-springs with joy," I told her. "When I wasn't doing that," I says, "I'd be singing and whistling and I'd have a face that you could see to read fine print by when the oil give out of the lamp."

"It would be real amusing to watch you if it made you act thataway," she says. "It don't have no such effect on Henry. He's supporting his happiness so bravely that you couldn't hardly tell it on him."

I thought to myself that something must have happened, and I wondered if there hadn't been a spat between her and Henry. Then I noticed that she was making fists of her hands and biting her lip and I sat kind of mumchance.

"I'm silly tonight," she says, after a moment or two. "I think it was you started me off by saying that about making Henry glad. Did you say that o'purpose? Henry says you're a friend of his, and somehow I felt when I was a-setting by your fire that evening that you was a friend of mine."

"You was right, my dear," I says, "and I'd like to see you happy; but whether marrying Henry will make you so is what I ain't sure of, if you'll excuse me a-saying it—account he seems to take a sort of pride and pleasure in being mis'able."

"I don't know as I care so much about myself if I thought he'd get over—his trouble," she says. "It's fine that he's so faithful and aims to keep his promises, but—but it's mighty hard to have him grieving over that—that selfish, greedy, empty-headed little fat pig." She just bust out with the last. Then she says: "Now I s'pose you'll think I'm awful, saying things like that. I don't care, though; it's the truth, and I don't see how I can stand it much longer, even for Henry."

"I don't see as you've any call to," I says. "I don't see why you do."

"Don't you?" says she, with a queer little quivery smile. Then she dabbed her eyes quick with her handkerchief, as the folks come back, and the next minute she was like she had been before we started the talk—ca'm and pleasant. She was the same way the next morning when she come out to the wagon for a minute before I started. Corwin went ahead to open the gate for me just as she told me good-by.

"I was crazy last night," she says, with a little catch in her breath. "I don't know what the dickens got into me. I'd like you to forget it. All is, I must have patience. We need it with you men, don't we? And don't say anything to Henry, please."

I told her I wouldn't, and I didn't. For one thing, I hadn't no intention of seeing Henry. I didn't feel like I could trust myself. I didn't see Henry again until two-three weeks before the wedding was to take place, and that was after he'd got back from Omaha and had built him a frame house on his claim next to the old man's. It wasn't in the house I met him, but on the street in Custer. I'd just got in from Crook City and was on my way to Burney's to indulge in a little pool after I'd et my supper.

Well, here come the young man. He wasn't walking none too brisk and his head was hanging; but when I stopped him under the light in front of Burney's I seen there was a big improvement in the way he looked from when I last seen him. There wasn't no hollers under his eyes and there was red in his cheeks; he'd got his hair cut and he was a-wearing clothes that he must have bought in Omaha. The only thing was that his mouth still turned down at the corners in a way I didn't like.

He shook hands with me and I told him that I'd heard up in Crook that he was a-going to get married, and who was the lucky girl? Of course I knew, but I didn't let on.

"It's Bessie Corwin," he says, and then, by jollies, he heaved a deep sigh, and that got me hot under the collar all in a moment. I mimicked the sigh he'd gave, making it deeper yet and throwing in a groan for good measure. "Ain't that too damn bad!" I says. "A prize winner like you; a fine, chipper, enterprising young man full of ambition—and prunes—and all you get is the pick and flower of the territory, 's far's women goes! Couldn't you have found something more worthy of you in Omaha? Henry, you make me sick at the stomach! Say, if I knew the fool-killer's post-office address I'd write him a long letter about you and offer to pay his way here. If you got ——"

I broke off to step back to let a woman past with her kid. She didn't pass, though. She stopped right short and says, "Why, Mr. Stegg!"

I had to look at her quite a spell before I reco'nized her. It was 'Mina Bauer—'Mina Butterfield. Red-faced, double-chinned and a-busting right out of her clothes. You couldn't have pushed her hard enough to make her fall down; she'd just have rolled. It was a right sultry evening and she had her soiled blue silk shirtwaist open at her fat neck and the skin was white there, and sort of dewy with sweat, but elsewhere it was about the color of dad's undershirt. One wet wisp of hair straggled down on the side of her face and there was wet patches on her skin-tight sleeves. Only for her blue eyes, I wouldn't have known her. They wasn't changed, and she still done the same things with 'em—only you didn't like it.

"And if it ain't Henry Slocombe, too!" she says, tittering. "Think of meeting up with you the very first thing! You ain't mad at me still, are you, Henry?"

Henry was as white as she was red. He just stared at her and she tittered again. "I don't b'lieve you know me," she says. "That's the way with you men. I guess I have put on some flesh. Claude says I have; but I tell him he can't have too much of a good thing. You ain't changed much, Henry, only you're more of a dude. Them clothes is awful swell. I guess if Claude seen me talking to you now he'd be jealous. We just come up for two-three days to visit. My, ain't it hot!" She wiped her face and neck with a handkerchief that wasn't none too clean, and then wiped the child's nose with it. "You know who this is?" she asks. "This is Claudie. Shake hands with the gentlemen, Claudie."

One of the gentlemen wasn't there. He'd suddenly turned and walked away as fast as his legs would take him. 'Mina looked after him with her mouth open. "Well, that's p'lite! I guess he is mad at me. Never said one word, did he?"

"Yes," I told her, "he said one word just as he started."

"I heard that," says she. "Much I care. . . . My, it's hot! I just come down to see if I could find Claude and get him to buy us some ice cream. You haven't seen him, have you? My, some ice cream would taste awful good right now."

"No," says I, "I haven't seen him. And I'll have to rush off, too, if you'll excuse me, 'Mina."

I left her quicker than I ever left a lady in my life before and hurried after Henry, who had passed the livery, where I expected him to stop, and seemed to be headed for French Creek afoot.

I could easy see him, but his legs was long and he'd got quite a ways out of town before I overtook him.

"Traveling, or just going somewheres, Henry?" I asked him. He turned and stared at me as if he didn't know who I was or what I was a-saying. His face was still about the color of wood ashes. I took his

(Continued on Page 125)

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TANGLEFOOT
SPRAY

(Continued from Page 122)

arm. "What you need is a good slug of whisky," I says. "You come with me."

"I reckon I didn't reelize quite where I was a-walking to," he says, and we started to walk back. After a minute or two he says, muttering, "That ain't her—can't be!"

"Time brings changes," I says; "there ain't no doubt about that."

"But it ain't her," he goes on. "'Mina wasn't like that. That ain't 'Mina; it don't stand to reason. . . . I reckon I do need a drink of something."

"She ain't such a dern sight different, if you only knew it," I told him. "Still and all," I says, "there's worse than her."

"But she ain't her," he repeats; "and if she ain't, there ain't no 'Mina. If she was always thataway, she ain't never been."

"Now you're a getting at it," I says. "She ain't never been; you just imagined her." I steered him into the First Chance—it was the Last Chance, as you come out of town. I walked him right up to the bar and told Al Dearduff to set out the special bottle. I poured Henry three thick fingers in a tumbler and he downed it like a little man, if he did shudder after it. The color come back into his cheeks and his eyes brightened something amazing.

"Now I'll get back to Bessie," he says in a happy sort of a voice, more to himself than me.

He didn't right away. As we went out we seen at the table to one side of the door four fellers a-playing poker, and one of 'em was Claude Butterfield; and Henry stiffened up like a terrier that's just got scent of a rat, and stopped. Claude threw down his hand and said, "That's good," but he didn't look by no means 's if he thought it was, as the man op'site raked in the pot. Just then he seen Henry and me and grinned like a devil all over his pimply face.

"I thought there must be some hoodoo around," he says, looking at Henry with his eyes half closed. "Something's got to be done about it. Let's see if I haven't got the lucky piece my wife gave me." He dove down into his pants pocket and pulled out a tarnished bit of silver—the half, and some over, of the quarter Henry cold-chiseled in two all them years ago. He spat on it and said, "For luck," and threw it on the table before him and looked up at Henry with the same sneering grin. "Now let's see what happens," he says.

I seen that Claudie had been drinking, and he was one of them kind that gets ugly when they drink. Whether he was jealous of Henry, I dunno. It didn't seem likely he'd be jealous of anybody, the way 'Mina had got to look, but you can't never tell. Old grudges kind of rankle and grow, with some people, instead of dying out, and I'd have been willing to bet that 'Mina had throwed Henry up to her husband aplenty to keep his alive. Anyway, there was a heap of hate in what you could see of his eyes, and I wasn't the only one seen it. I noticed that the men he was a-playing with looked at each other sort of uneasy, the first word he spoke to Henry. That was what made me edge around behind his chair, and when he threw the lucky piece down, I stiffened my thumb and poked it into the small of Mr. Claude's back and held it there close.

"Keep your hands on the table, Claude, and don't make no bad breaks," I says in his ear, and he jerked forward the fraction of an inch and then set still as need be while I slid my other hand down to his hip pocket under his coat and extracted a nice handy little gun. I done all that quick.

"Now you can get up on your feet and stay there as long as Henry lets you," I told him—and then I must have looked mighty foolish, because all Henry done was laugh. I hadn't heard him laugh since he was a kid, as I could call to mind, and it was sure genuine, even if it wasn't loud.

"I'd certainly be mighty ungrateful to Claude if I laid the weight of my finger on him after what he done for me—lessn he forced me to it," says Henry. He fumbled inside his vest and brought out what looked like a tobacco sack and out of that he took another little tarnished bit of silver and throwed it jingling on the top of Claude's. "There's the mate to your mascot, Claude," he says. "You can spit on that for luck, too, if you want, without hurting my feelings any. You're sure as welcome to it as the flowers in May. . . . Let's go, Mr. Stegg."

He walked out, and I just stayed long enough to hand Claude's gun to Dearduff, with instructions, and then I follered. Henry said, "I'll sure burn the ground getting back to Bessie now," and there was something in his voice that made me look at him like he was a stranger. Come to think of it, I'd never knowed Henry—only what Henry seemed like the dozen or so times I'd talked with him in a dozen years, and them times, maybe, when he wasn't himself.

Maybe this chipper, smiling young man with the rooster's crow in his voice was the real person, and a better excuse for Bessie's softness than I'd thought.

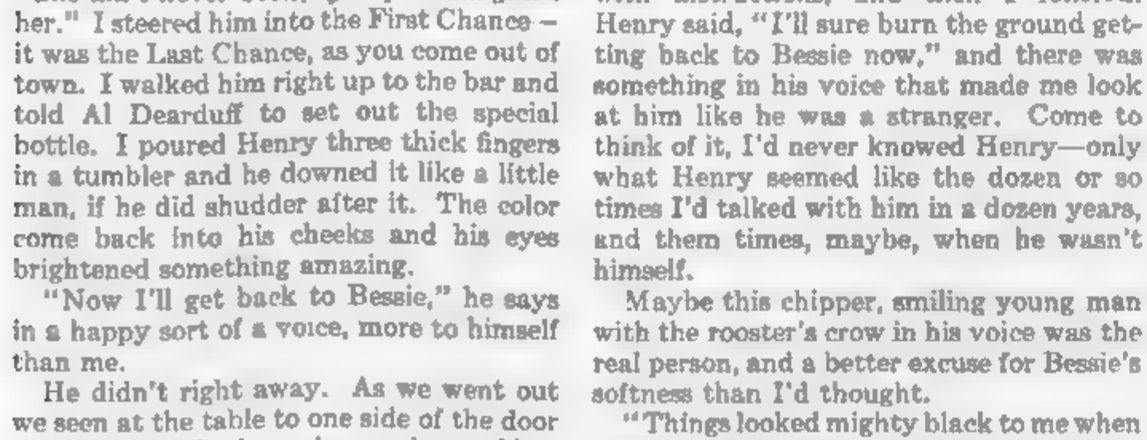
"Things looked mighty black to me when I left Corwin's this morning," he went on to say. "Bessie and me was to have come to town together to look at some furniture at Ellsworth's, but she backed out of going at the last minute. I happened, like the big fool I am, to mention something about 'Mina, and then we had words—leastaway, Bessie had words. They was to the effect that she was through with me. She had been a-hoping right along that I'd show some sense, but now she'd give up and I could go weep myself into an early grave for all of her. Then she said she didn't mean that, but she was through, just the same. She seen she couldn't make me happy, so it was good-by; and she went up to her room, and after a while her mother come down and told me there wasn't no use me waiting.

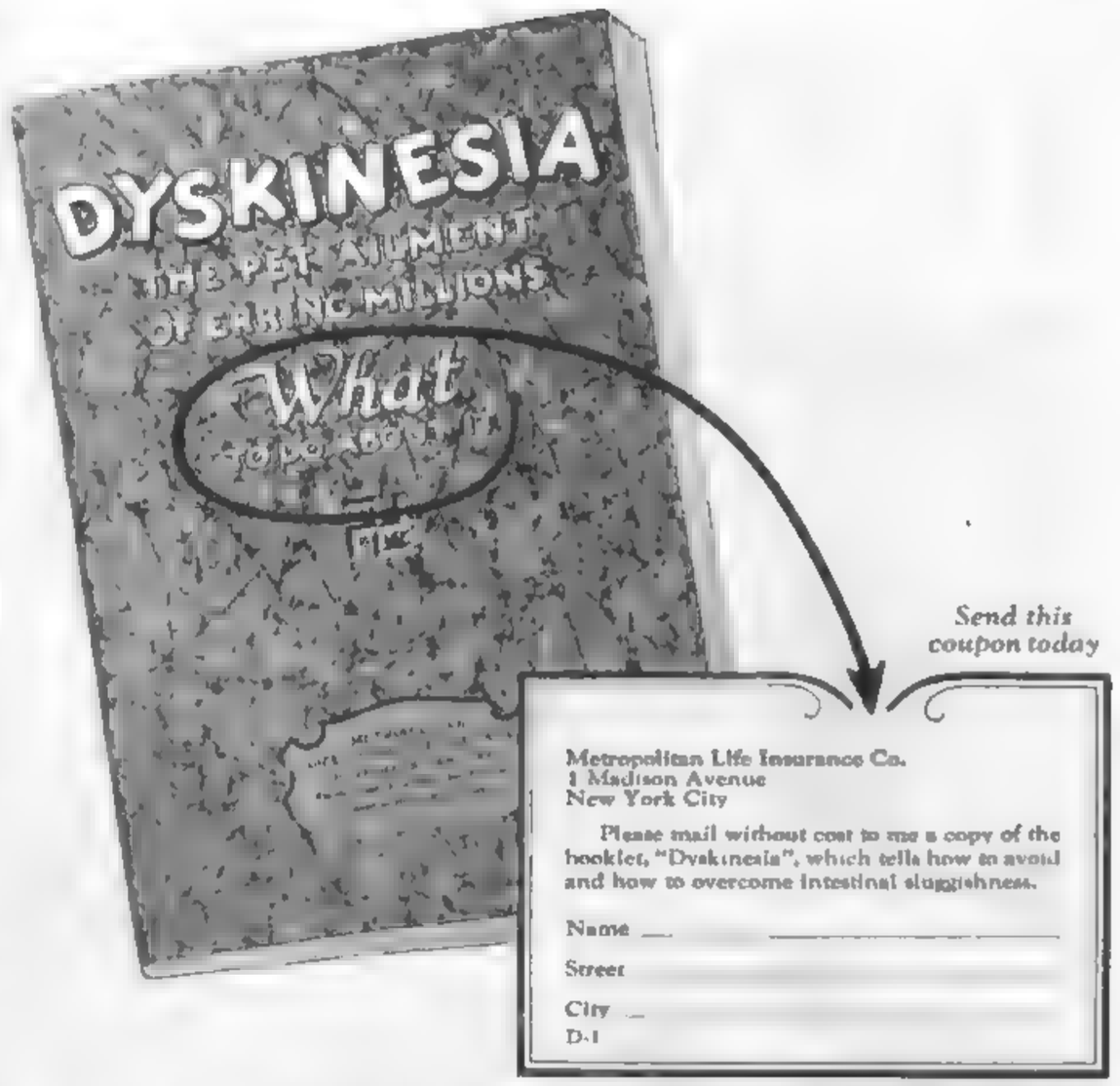
"I don't blame her," he says, "I know she was right. But the funny thing is that I know now that I never, any time, come anywheres near thinking as much of 'Mina as I have of Bessie. Not any time! I'd reelized that before I met up with you, and I was mighty low in my mind, being tore this way and that, not knowing what it would be right to do. I'd come on alone to town because I couldn't face my folks. Well, it's clear and straight to me now. I'm a-going back to Bessie and tell her that if she'll forgive me I'll be the happiest man that there is anywheres."

"That's all she wants, bless her heart!" I says. "I reckon she'll forgive you, Henry." I looked up at the sky, kind of hopeful. If there had been any stars a-falling then, it would have come in pat; but there wasn't. I told Henry that, regarding of his promise to 'Mina, the stars wasn't so dog-gone true, after all. "They do fall," I says. "You can't never depend on stars to stay put forever."

He must have thought that over, because when we stopped at the livery and I told him good night and wished him luck, he begun to chuckle again. I asked him what struck him funny.

"Well, Mr. Stegg," says he, "I just remembered it was along in the forenoon when I made that promise, and there wasn't no stars above to be true as."





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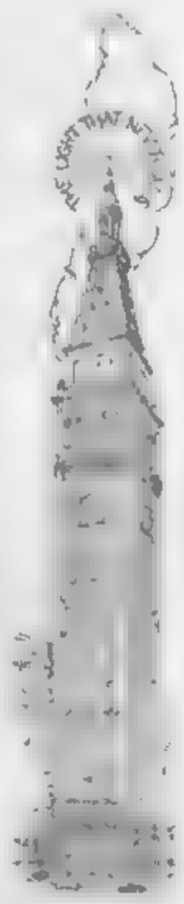

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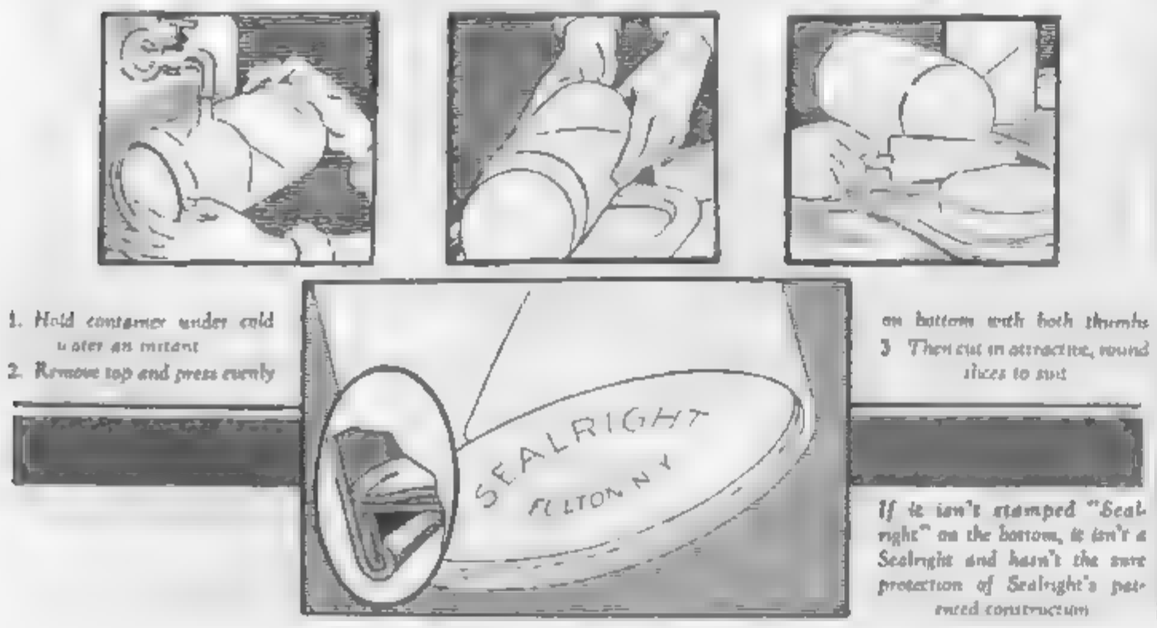
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THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

(Continued from Page 23)

stopped on several occasions to rest, which he explained on the score that he had placed himself on short rations since the loss of his gun and that he had already traveled far that day.

Lynne held herself somewhat aloof, saying little. Harrington noted that her eyes when trained on the stranger were the cold gray of stormy northern seas.

"What do you find wrong about him, Lynne, girl?" Harrington queried.

"His eyes, the tones of his voice," she informed; "they're like those of a treacherous dog." She seemed surprised that these things were not equally apparent to Harrington. But Harrington's ears could catch no sinister note, nothing that was even unusual, in the tones of McNair's voice.

On several occasions, though, he fancied that he detected a strange intensity lurking in the depths of the man's eyes beneath their candid stare, as a cannibal fish lurks deep beneath the placid surface waters of a lagoon, unseen save for an occasional menacing quiver as he sights possible prey and prepares to strike. But probably that was merely Harrington's imagination working along the lines of Lynne's suggestion.

"He has a strange glitter deep down in his eyes at times, maybe," he conceded. "I've seen it in the eyes of other men that have been too much alone. These old prospectors that live by themselves for years on end develop strange notions. Sometimes they imagine that they are being followed by other men who are waiting for them to make the big strike. They take to watching their back track. Or they get other hallucinations, and their eyes go queer. On the Alaskan side they say of such a man that he has missed one too many boats—meaning that he's gone queer from being too much alone, and that he'd best take a boat for the outside, where there is plenty of human companionship, before his mind snaps from loneliness. Maybe it's that that flickers up in his eyes now and then."

Lynne murmured her disbelief of this solution.

In the late afternoon they reached Harrington's cache. Lynne promptly set off on what was apparently a casual prowl of the vicinity. It was decided to drop off downstream to make camp at the head of the first piece of bad water that necessitated a portage.

"My canoe is roomy enough for the two of us," Harrington said, "but not for three. Where's yours?"

"A couple of hundred yards down below," McNair stated. "I'll put off when I see you-all take to the water."

The man moved downstream while Harrington and Lynne stowed their effects in the canoe and shoved off in the current. McNair was waiting some distance below and they saw his birch-bark craft take to the water and lead the way down the river.

"He seems pretty well starved down and weakened," Harrington commented. "We'll have to full-feed him until he's back on his feet."

"He's neither starved nor weak. He is lying," Lynne contradicted. "He had plenty of food. He has cached it somewhere."

"Lynne, you're a lovely little savage," Harrington commented by way of answer.

"I'm not a savage!" she flared, and bestowed a hot, angry glance upon him over her shoulder.

"'Course not," Harrington conceded.

"I scouted round your cache," she said, and Harrington recalled the fact. "He had visited it several times in the past few days. If he was as weak and hungry as he pretends, he would have eaten, instead of leaving it untouched. If his object had been to steal it, as he claims, he could have stolen it long since."

"But what other object could he have?" Harrington argued plausibly. "Anyway, Lynne, even if he's inclined to be dangerous—which I doubt—he's out of luck with the odds two to one against him, to say nothing of twenty-odd fighting dogs. Without a gun, his claws are pretty effectually clipped for the present; so rest easy."

But Lynne did not rest easy. Instead, when the three of them spread their beds round the fire, she was decidedly restless. McNair asked Harrington if he had found any promising colors in the country, and for a space the two men indulged in the exchanges that are customary whenever two members of the prospecting fraternity forgather; reminiscences of an earlier day, of mining camps that they had known, tales of old strikes that are history and the prospects of new strikes that will make it.

Lynne seemed asleep, and presently the two men drifted into silence, and slumber claimed Harrington. An hour later McNair, twisting silently in his blankets, lifted his head slightly and peered about him. He found himself gazing into a pair of eyes in which there was an implacable hostility. Lynne did not trouble to answer his sleepy smile, but rose abruptly and removed her sleeping robe to the dark shelter of the forest beyond the circle of light cast by the fire. There she slept fitfully, but whenever McNair made the slightest move a score of canine heads out in the darkness were lifted and as many pairs of eyes watched him. On the instant the girl, too, was awake and watching him. The man seemed to know that this battery of hostile eyes regarded him bleakly from the night. Eventually the fire flickered low, then died, so that Lynne could no longer see the sleeping figures in the camp.

Harrington opened his eyes to find Lynne sitting beside him. He could hear the breathing of dogs on all sides of him—the bodyguard watching over him through the dark hours of the night. He reached out a hand for hers and pressed it in recognition of this unnecessary vigil. And at the contact a light smoldered in the eyes that looked down into his own, but the gloom prevented his reading the message. Their gray depths kindled with that tender brooding fire that comes only to the eyes of the woman who mothers her babe in arms or is herself, actually or in her imaginings, held close in the arms of her lover. And in Lynne's breast there was something of both. This splendid creature, as if in answer to a prayer, had come paddling into her wilderness, singing his way into her lonely heart. Every fiber of her womanhood yearned toward the man that he was. And just now she was also mothering the trusting infant in him—guarding it against a watchful and deadly menace that feigned sleep there in the person of McNair.

She was preparing breakfast when the men rose in the first gray light of dawn. Below the camp the river narrowed, confined between high walls, and poured abruptly down across a series of minor cascades. It necessitated a half-mile portage, and a difficult one, as Harrington had discovered on his up trip. The heights above the walls were smothered in a forest so dense and with such low-hanging limbs and tangled down-timber jams as to render penetration impossible if a man were burdened with a canoe or even a bulky pack, unless he should cut out a portage trail. This made it necessary to traverse the sloping benches of the upper walls themselves, the footing somewhat precarious, but affording a more open means of passage.

Harrington led the way, a heavy load lashed on his pack board, his upturned canoe balanced above his head. McNair followed, with Lynne bringing up the rear, each carrying a pack. They came out below the boiling narrows. There was a stretch of smooth water ahead. Two hundred yards below, there commenced another string of rapids, but they offered no serious obstacles to an expert canoeist.

(Continued on Page 129)

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TWO TYPES . . . EVERY MAN NEEDS BOTH

This page presents two types of health supporters. Every active man . . . worker or sportsman . . . needs both.

One is for safety in athletics and exercise. The other, for personal neatness, comfort and protection in everyday life.

Wear the PAL whenever you are engaged in sports . . . golf, tennis, horseback riding, swimming and the like. PAL will enable you to put your best in your play . . . giving you the courage and freedom of movement that come with physical security and bodily protection.

But wear an O-P-C as an article of daily comfort. As a mark of neat grooming, and as a conservator of energy and vitality, O-P-C will protect your nerves and strength from the numberless little subtle strains in the day's work.

No man who has once enjoyed the comfort of these two dress accessories will ever again do without them.

Both these Bauer & Black health supporters may be obtained at drug stores and from leading sporting goods dealers.

BAUER & BLACK

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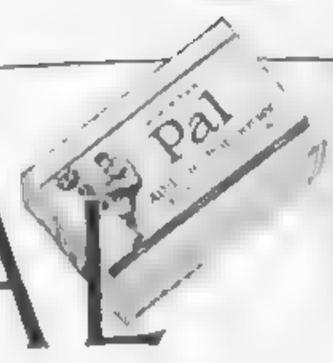
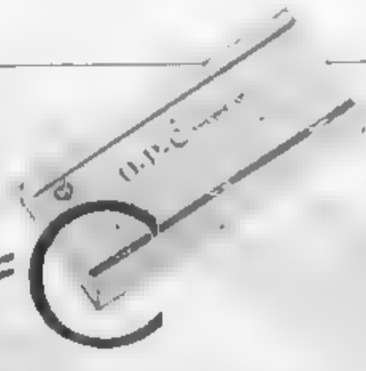


PAL

THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

FOR SAFETY IN SPORTS

PAL is the standard athletic supporter; so recognized by leading colleges and gymnasiums. Knitted (not woven). Light, cool, porous, non-chafing. Covered elastic threads knitted into fabric give amazing flexibility. Responds to all exertions of the body, instantly, while still rendering firm support. Washable, durable. *At druggists' and sporting goods stores, one dollar, except in Canada.*

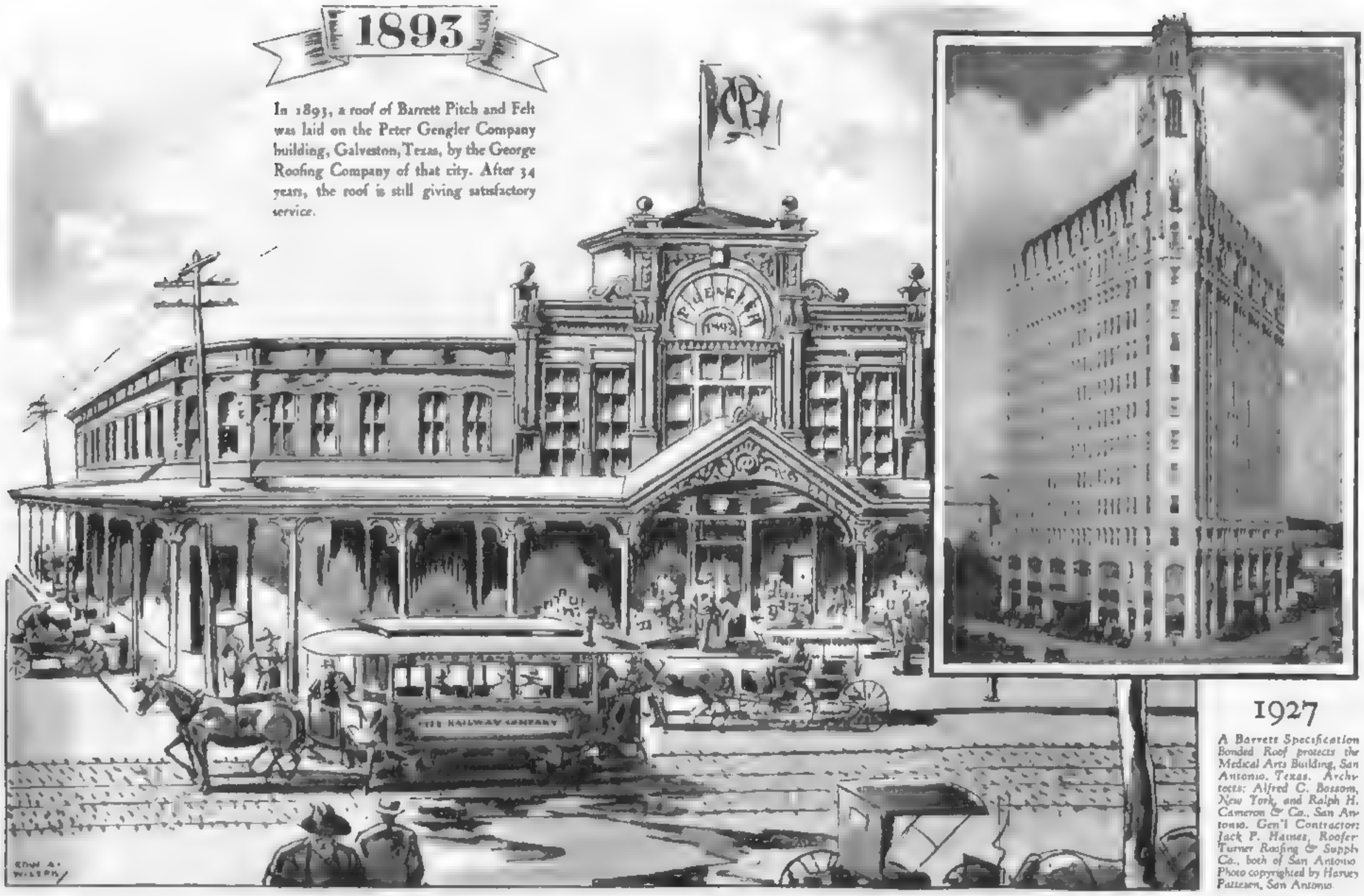


O=P=C

THE HEALTH SUPPORTER

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

For thirty-five years, the O-P-C Comfort Supporter has been the daily companion of myriads of active men, brain workers, thinkers and doers. It has enabled them to save nerve strain and conserve their vim and youth. It is a requisite of the well-groomed . . . the safeguard of the physically active. It may be had in lisle at $1. Or in silk at $1.25 or $1.50, except in Canada. *At druggists' and sporting goods dealers'.*


1893
In 1893, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Peter Gengler Company building, Galveston, Texas, by the George Roofing Company of that city. After 34 years, the roof is still giving satisfactory service.
1927
A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof protects the Medical Arts Building, San Antonio, Texas. Architects: Alfred C. Bossom, New York, and Ralph H. Cameron & Co., San Antonio. Gen'l Contractor: Jack P. Haines, Roofer: Turner Roofing & Supply Co., both of San Antonio. Photo copyrighted by Harvey Patteson, San Antonio.

EVEN BACK IN THE 90's IT WASN'T NEWS!

"... and while many details of building practice underwent considerable change during this period, on one point architects and builders stood firm. They had found from a quarter century's experience that one type of roofing construction outclassed all substitutes ... the properly built roof of coal-tar pitch and felt.

"And further passage of time has amply backed up their finding. Many of these old roofs—roofs 35, 40, even 50 years of age—are still rendering dependable protection, their years of service by no means over."

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It is a matter of record that the past 50 years has demonstrated the superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs. Impressive present day structures are evidence of this. For, in the great majority of cases, the finest of our modern buildings are protected by The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof acknowledged as the highest form of permanent roof protection.

When a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond—a guarantee against repair or maintenance expense for 20 years.

This Surety Bond is issued only (a) when the roof is laid by an experienced roofer, one approved by The Barrett Company; (b) when a Barrett Inspector has supervised the job to see that The Barrett Specification has been followed to the letter. And then, after the roof is completed, there's still another check-up: the famous "cut test" made by the Barrett Inspector.

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With such thorough inspection service—obtainable only with The Barrett Specification Roof—is it surprising that these roofs give staunch service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out? For further information, dictate a brief note to The Barrett Company.

Depend on The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

THE BARRETT COMPANY

40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
1551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec

Barrett Specification Roofs

(Continued from Page 126)

"Lynne, you stay here and catch a nap while McNair and myself bring on the rest of the outfit," Harrington suggested.

The girl demurred, but Harrington insisted. "Only two light loads left," he pointed out. "Even as weak as McNair is, we can make it without a quiver. I'll take the big end of it. Could pack it all myself, except for the bulk."

His reference to McNair's condition was occasioned by the fact that the man had tottered weakly under his heavy pack in crossing difficult bits of going on the first trip down.

Harrington deposited the canoe with the prow in the water ready to be launched and stowed their effects therein. By a significant movement of his eyes he indicated his rifle, which he had placed in the canoe, believing that her custody of the weapon during his absence would reassure her as to the improbability of any act of hostility on the part of McNair. She acquiesced, but her anxious gaze followed the backs of the retreating pair.

Back again at the camp, Harrington amiably insisted upon assuming at least three-fourths of the remaining duffel, then inverted McNair's canoe above his head. McNair took the lead without a word. In the difficult spots, where footing was to be obtained only upon narrow sloping shelves between intermediate rims, McNair apparently was not quite sure of his balance and on several occasions he tottered and half turned, placing a hand on the moss-grown slope to steady himself.

He cautiously threaded a narrow sloping bench that led round beneath a bluff. A dozen feet below this was another and equally narrow pitching shelf whose lower extremity obscured the view of what lay below. McNair shrank back from the edge, half turned to face it and reached out a steadying hand behind to balance himself. Then, without change of expression or shifting of his pack, the outturn and steadying motion resolved itself into the drive of a powerful body, launched straight at Harrington with the smooth certainty of a tiger's spring. Harrington, his arms crooked to support the canoe above his head, received the full smash of a mighty fist upon the point of his jaw, and as his relaxing arms allowed the canoe to drop upon his head, a foot was planted against his ribs and a powerful thrust propelled him over the brink.

McNair heard the crash of his landing on the narrow sloping shelf below, an interval and then another crash of a falling body and the wreck of a frail canoe striking some other obstruction together, a final thud, then silence. He could spare no time to work his way down and make certain that Harrington had been catapulted over all the intervening narrow shelves and his body precipitated over the final plunge to the rock-strewn rapids below. Time enough to make sure of that later. His cue now was to hasten to the girl who waited below and to secure the rifle before she became aware of the fact that Harrington was not following close behind him.

He met Chief coming up, the big dog having been sent by the girl on the trail of his master as soon as the two had left her sight. But Chief, pausing to harry a parka squirrel and endeavoring to dig it out, had delayed on the way. He bristled and stepped aside for McNair to pass, then loitered on up the country.

McNair covered the intervening distance on the run, but when he descended the final slope to the river he slackened his pace and moved slowly from the last fringe of trees. It had been his intention to ease the shoulder straps of the pack wearily and lower it to the ground, then pounce upon the rifle, to wrest it from her in case she held it. Then he could shoot some of the dogs and club off the rest. He was aware of her cold hostility. She was perfectly capable of presenting the rifle at his head and holding him under its muzzle until Harrington's return—of killing him if Harrington failed to return.

He stepped from the timber and found the stage set in far more favorable fashion than he had hoped. The girl sat in the prow of the canoe. The rifle reposed near the stern. With lightning shift of plan to accommodate his actions to this unexpected break in his favor, he stepped to the stern of the canoe without even divesting himself of his pack, shoved off and settled himself into place.

"He said for me to go on ahead with you in this craft and he'd follow in mine," he explained casually.

He slipped the shoulder straps of his pack and eased it off, balancing it behind him in the canoe. Then he picked up the paddle and headed the canoe out into midstream, casting an eye upon the dogs along the shore. They were utterly harmless to him now. Depositing the paddle, he picked up the rifle. From far upcountry, rising above the sound of the stream, there came the long-drawn howl of a husky. McNair could not see the sudden anguish leap into the eyes of the girl. Unmoved, he trained the rifle upon the back of her head, balancing himself to be ready to right the canoe against the lurch of an inert body toward either side, and without a word of warning pressed the trigger.

The dull lifeless click of a hammer that falls on an empty chamber when one is set for an explosion is invariably disconcerting, even when the intent is no more than to fire at a target. But such was this man's iron composure that he instantly worked the lever of the weapon to throw a cartridge into the barrel, divining that Harrington, in common with many who follow the trails, probably carried his gun with magazine full but with no shell in the barrel when portaging or when not expecting to bring the weapon into immediate play.

"I knew it, you fiend!" the girl hissed. "If you've killed him I'll hunt you down with my dogs!"

With a violent sidewise wrench she upset the canoe, spilling both its occupants and its contents into the stream. McNair retained both his presence of mind and his grip on the rifle. Tilting the weapon to permit the water to drain from the barrel, he presented the muzzle at the girl's head and pressed the trigger again.

"It's empty, you devil!" she raged. Her eyes seemed to dart green lightning into his own as she lifted her voice in a high clear call. He saw the dogs swarming into the water. Lifting the rifle, he struck viciously at the head before him, but it disappeared beneath the surface. Instead, he felt a searing pain in his shoulder and his grip on the rifle relaxed. It slipped from his fingers and sank. He knew that the girl, diving deep, had snatched the heavy knife from her belt and plunged it into his shoulder. The next thrust might disembowel him or reach his heart. The dogs were swimming toward him. Under these circumstances he would be under a disadvantage in grappling with one, to say nothing of a score of them.

He knew that he had to deal with an antagonist who was as much at home in the water as an otter. With another day coming, he was not the man to face such overwhelming odds. With a few swift strokes he reached the overturned canoe, righted it, and holding one side with the hand of his injured arm, he endeavored with his other to propel both it and himself to the far shore.

The girl, gauging the distance to the rapids below, headed inshore with long easy strokes, calling her dogs to follow. As she emerged, dripping, the long-drawn howl of a husky sounded again from upcountry. She started toward the sound at a run, with but one backward glance as McNair and the canoe were swept over the first dip of the rapids together.

VI

HARRINGTON gulped the hot tea and sampled a few bites of warm bread flavored with a gravy that he knew for the drippings of broiled moose meat. Several

(Continued on Page 132)

W. F. Silbersack
Sales Manager of the A. S. Boyle Company, manufacturers of Old English Wax, declares that The Dictaphone makes it infinitely easier for him to maintain close liaison with his sales force

"I'll not be bound by a schedule—"

"That's reason enough for preferring The Dictaphone. I can dictate between interruptions—in my office or at my home."

You can profit by this Sales Manager's experience. Note well what he says. Then mail the coupon—today.

"Our business is too complex and too human to be run in routine fashion. Time is nearly always limited. One must snatch opportunities for dictation between interruptions. That's one reason why The Dictaphone is invaluable."

These words from W. F. Silbersack, Sales Manager of A. S. Boyle Company, manufacturers of the famous *Old English Wax*, go to the root of a problem faced by most executives. Mark how it's solved in this case:

"I spend one-third of my time in the field with salesmen. I must be free to go to their assistance instantly. Often that means unloading my desk in a hurry. The Dictaphone then helps me answer letters; and takes instructions as rapidly as I wish, and as no other method could.

"I write every one of my salesmen regularly from 2 to 10 letters a week, some dictated to my office Dictaphone and others to my second Dictaphone at home. That's how my Dictaphones enable me to keep up to date and to knit my sales-force closely together.

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Florence K. Rubeck, Secretary to Mr. Silbersack, declares, "The Dictaphone leaves me free to keep track of our heavy correspondence with salesmen, demonstrators, dealers and jobbers, besides making it possible for me to assist Mr. Silbersack in numerous other ways.

"If I had to waste half my time in taking shorthand, it would be impossible for me to handle this much more important and interesting work or to earn nearly so good a salary."

Florence K. Rubeck

Secretary to Mr. Silbersack, thanks The Dictaphone for enabling her to do much more remunerative work than taking shorthand notes

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Modern Plant Facilities

Good automobiles are made by good builders in good factories. The Paige plants are modern, well located and well equipped, with a factory organization of many years' standing.

With these facilities at our disposal, we shall devote all of our industrial experience to so building Paige sixes and eights that they may still further merit the confidence of the public.

We invite you to inspect the latest Paige cars now on display in Paige showrooms, and enjoy a demonstration.

Joseph B. Graham
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PAIGE

Illustrated above is a reproduction of the main Paige plant on West Warren Avenue, Detroit. At the right is the newly acquired body plant at Wayne, Michigan. In all, the plants provide 1,125,550 square feet of space for the manufacture of good motor cars of sound value.

POWER
Makes the Difference

Regardless of what you use electric drills for, their value to you depends on power. Power regulates the range of jobs possible to do with any drill, power gives it the capacity to do them quicker, power increases the life of a drill because it is not overtaxed at normal load.

Realizing this, "Van Dorn" engineers have built 80% more power into this ¼" Electric Drill than in previous models. This power makes the difference, for it will do practically double the work of any drill of equal weight and price. On production or maintenance work your hole costs will have to drop if you use these drills.

There's no secret about this additional power—it's there because we *build our own motors.* Other features are Ball Bearing Motor and Thrust, Hardened Alloy Steel Gears and Automatic Safety Switch.

Ask your jobber for a demonstration of the drill with the Automatic Safety Switch. If not available write us.

THE VAN DORN ELECTRIC TOOL CO.
Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Tapping, Screwdriving and Grinding Machines
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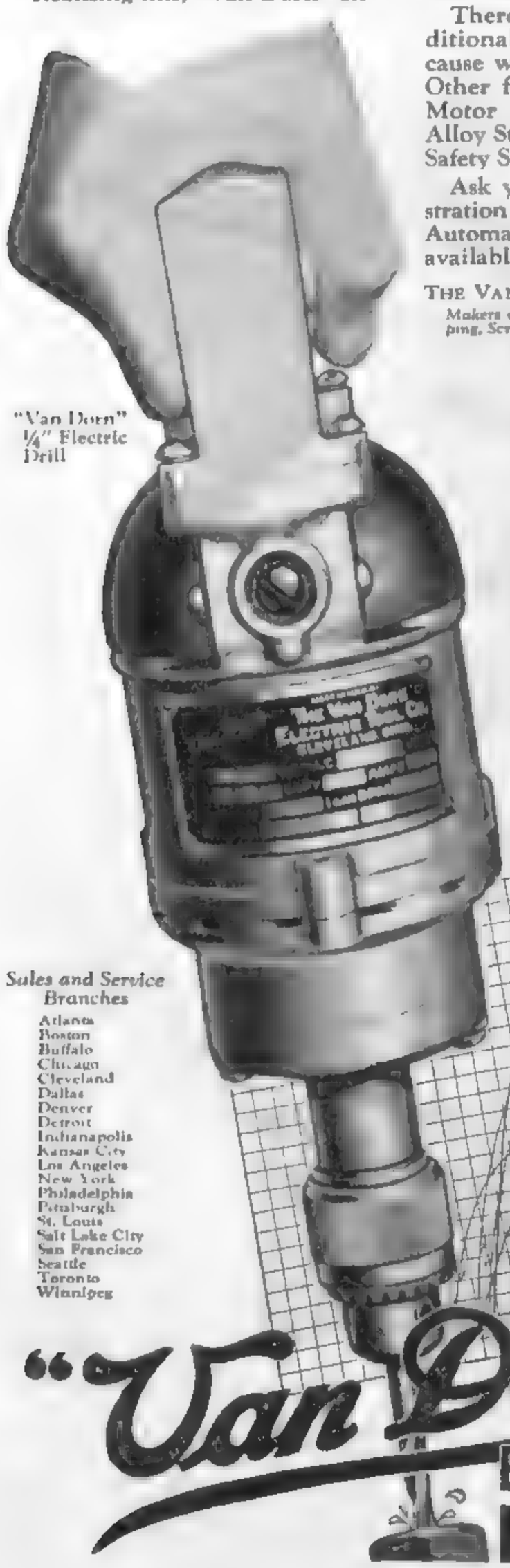


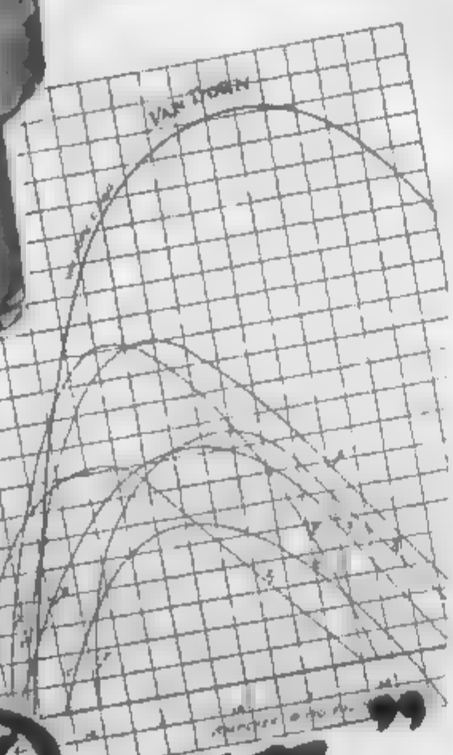
"Van Dorn" ¼" Electric Drill

Automotive Uses

Attaching accessories such as rear view mirrors, windshield wipers, ash trays, spot lights, etc.
Drilling out broken studs or bolts.
Driving buff for polishing nickel.
Driving valve seat hones.
Drilling out cell connectors.
Cleaning carbon with wire brushes.
Cleaning valve guides with valve guide brushes.
Driving die rasps.
Driving emery wheels.

Industrial Uses

Drilling holes in metal or wood on any production job.
Mounting bench tools.
Attaching door stops.
Installing fuse, switch or starter boxes.
Repairs to elevator safety gates and fire doors.
Drilling out broken studs or bolts.



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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

(Continued from Page 129)

times during the past three days he had tasted these same things, but this was the first time that he had felt sufficiently at ease mentally and physically to experience curiosity concerning the phenomenon.

It was a sadly battered body that a tangle of alder growth had halted on its downward journey to the brink of the canyon, a faint spark of life that Lynne had nursed back from the brink of eternity.

The moose meat was understandable. Lynne had probably killed a yearling moose near camp. But flour, rice, tea—all their food had gone to the bottom when the overturned canoe spilled its contents into the river, an event which Lynne had related to him. He now voiced a weak query.

"It was his food," she explained. "He had cached it and I found it—a great deal of food. Evidently he had come prepared to make a long stay."

This recitation served to recall to Harrington's mind the man McNair, and to send a feeble current of rage pulsing through his battered frame at the mental picture of the man pointing a rifle at the back of a defenseless girl and pressing the trigger without warning.

"But I always carried my rifle loaded," he found strength to say under the reviving influence of the food.

"And I had unloaded it," Lynne explained. "So long as you didn't intend to use it on him, it was useless to you and fitted in with his purpose. I felt that he would try to seize it and shoot us both down at the first opportunity."

"Then why did you let him take it at all?" Harrington asked.

"I arranged it that way when you left. If the two of you returned together, all right. If he should come hurrying back ahead of you, his first move would be to seize the gun at all hazards, for without it he would be helpless. I did it to give him a chance to show you that he intended to murder us. Otherwise you would not have believed it."

"Smart girl, Lynne," he praised. "Do you think he was drowned going over the rapids?"

"No. They're not bad and he probably made it through safely," she predicted.

"I'm glad he didn't drown. Some day we'll meet again and I'm looking forward to the pleasure of cracking his neck."

Lynne pondered this. "I hated the thought of doing it myself, but when he came back it seemed necessary, so I nerved myself to do an unpleasant thing," she said slowly. "Then you despised me for doing something from necessity that you would do with pleasure. I saw it in your eyes."

"Never that," he protested. "It only shocked me for a moment. It's only that men don't expect women to go in for such things. And that's why you let him escape that day in the river?"

"Yes. I didn't want to do anything you wouldn't like," she replied.

"I still can't make any sense out of the whole matter. There doesn't seem to be any good reason—no motive for it," Harrington said. "It seems incredible someway."

Three cracked ribs, a broken collar bone, a badly gashed skull and sundry other contusions about the anatomy cannot be disregarded by even the most perfect physical structure, and Harrington spent much time in uneasy pain-racked slumber during the next few days. As he convalesced his thoughts revolved in an eternal round of speculation as to what could have actuated McNair. .

His purpose had not been to gain possession of the girl, for he had meant to kill her also. Robbery could scarcely account for it, as he had calmly booted almost half of their combined outfits over the shelf along with Harrington. His grub cache revealed the fact that he was well supplied. He had deliberately planned it—but why? It all seemed rather senseless, since he could not formulate so much as a plausible theory to account for the reason behind it.

Here again was revealed the essential difference between the respective workings of his mind and Lynne's. Harrington, being acquainted with men's usual uniformity of conduct under given conditions, could scarcely credit the thing after the fact itself had been established, for he could not fathom the motive. Lynne, with practically no first-hand knowledge of men, had divined the fact in advance and even now was unconcerned over the motive. Harrington speculated afresh upon Lynne's odd faculty of divination. Did it spring from physical sources or from that elusive quality variously defined as instinct, intuition or sixth sense? Animals had it. A dog divined things about a man instantly—not whether he would be rated a good or bad character according to moral precepts, for such characterizations had been erected artificially by man, but the present reactions of his real motives. That could be accounted for on physical grounds. Man's physical system reacts instantly when his mind distills either anger or fear, rousing his adrenal glands to excessive activity to charge his blood stream heavily with epinephrine, so that he is ready either to fight or to run as occasion demands. And this drastic physical change is instantly apparent to the keen nose of a dog. Also a dog's ears, attuned to catch delicate inflections of sound, unerringly detect in the voice of a human those hidden vibrations of hate or fear that are concealed by plausible expression from his fellow men.

Lynne, too, might have reacted to similar messages received over the paths of the physical senses, her ears detecting in the secret vibration of McNair's tones his sinister intent. She had mentioned his voice. Or had her warning emanated from some even more subtle and less easily understandable source? Was it allied to the mysterious workings of the Moccasin Telegraph of primitive peoples, to that odd faculty that enables a dog or a horse to escort its master to human habitation when, for all the human's reasoning intelligence, he is hopelessly befuddled and lost? Whatever the source of her knowledge, she had reacted unerringly to her intuitions, while Harrington, relying upon sound reasoning intelligence, had failed to divine the truth. It was uncanny, he thought. He must study the thing out when he was stronger.

Now that Harrington was convalescing, Lynne reverted to her original pastime of urging him to tell her of the outside world, settling herself with fairly purring contentment when he acceded to her requests. On the sixth day Harrington declared that he would be able to travel on the next. Lynne shook her head. Another three or four days, she decided.

"You've always told me about men, never about women," she said. "Tell me about women you have known."

All Harrington's thoughts of women had revolved round but one woman for the past two years. They reverted to her now; and Lynne sensed the subtle change in him, a lessening of the quizzical good nature with which he had been reciting things for her entertainment. For a space he was silent.

"Well, once upon a time there was a beautiful lady," he began with the formula which all ages have sanctioned as the proper manner in which to usher in a fairy tale—a form of introduction to which he frequently resorted in response to Lynne's requests that he talk to her. "Beautiful and very wealthy. Her fortune ranked among the first twenty in the world. She had town houses and country places scattered broadcast about the face of the earth in every fashionable resort, and floating palaces to convey herself and her retinue of servants from one to another. Many men sought her, but the lady had a great fear. Although a world-famed beauty, and knowing that she deserved to be loved for herself alone, she suspected that many of these men loved her money more than they loved herself. She would never give herself into the keeping of any man except one with a love so great that she herself meant everything, her money nothing. That was her reputation—what everyone believed of her.

"Then along came the Blundering Fool and offered her just that, before he knew who she was. He met her first in a bit of enchanted woodland, which he later discovered was the back yard, so to speak, of one of her numerous estates. He saw in her only a beautiful maid with tastes so simple that she sought her pleasures in the wood. He returned again the next day and for many days and always found her waiting at the appointed hour. Now the Blundering Fool, in his own estimation and in that of his fellows, was something of a success, having achieved an enviable place near the top of his profession. It pleased him because it would enable him to do things for this woman. He could take her on far journeys and show her the wonders of the world which she would never be able to see otherwise. Then the simple maid revealed her true identity and the Blundering Fool was actually disappointed. The things he had planned to do for her were things which she had done for herself for so long a time that the thought of them wearied her. But he persisted.

"She began to see less of him, to fail to meet him, and he would stride about the wood, hurt and angry. She went back to her accustomed walks of life, and the man, having many friends therein, followed her. One day, when they quarreled, she pointed out that his material achievements were pitifully small as compared to the standards of the world in which she moved. She explained it in kindly fashion, even gently. Great wealth was a force and it imposed certain duties upon its custodian. Chief among these was the duty to preserve it intact, and to add to it, since wealth, once scattered, was a great force dissipated. Wealth must seek wealth. The man departed. If she thought so little of his achievements, then it was certain that she would not care to see him again. His love, his own self-respect, had been assailed, his pride stabbed to the quick. He departed without further leave-taking and did not send back word of his whereabouts. So that ends the story of the Blundering Fool and the Beautiful Rich Girl. They never saw each other again."

Harrington was plunged into abstraction and so failed to notice Lynne's reaction to his recitation. Her customary eager comments and requests for more details were not forthcoming. Her silence matched his own and her eyes were averted.

"It was the woman who was the fool," she presently announced. Perhaps it was inherent in her to understand the foibles of her sex, even though she had not experienced them from personal association, an instinctive knowledge of the capricious cruelty which so many of her sisters feel it imperative to inflict upon the objects of their love, for she added: "Besides, she didn't mean it. She thought he would keep coming back."

She rose swiftly, her gaze still averted. "I'll take my plunge now," she said, and headed for the river. Never a day passed but what she bathed from one to three times. In lake or stream, warm pool or cold, she sought the water with the same relish that a beaver exhibits when returning to its native element. But this plunge brought no joy to her. She swam downstream and emerged to sit on a rock in the sun.

Never before had she experienced the same sickness that fastened upon her spirit now, as if a cold heavy weight had come to anchor deep within her. In all her capable young life she had faced every contingency with fortitude and resourcefulness. Now she faced something which she knew not how to combat. How was one to come to grips with an intangible enemy? She did not even question but that the girl of the story was her mortal foe. Unerringly she knew it.

Lynne had selected her mate with the instinctive simplicity of a wild thing. She would have fought to retain him for herself with the same single-hearted savagery of purpose exhibited by a wild creature. But here was something which could not be fought, yet must be faced—an intangible foe capable of inflicting abject misery upon her at a distance.

She had looked forward to the prospect of journeys to far places with Harrington, while he showed her the wonder spots of the world that otherwise she would never see. Day by day, as he convalesced, her thought had danced ahead on winged feet of joyous anticipation thinking of the day when she would emerge with him into that actual world of people that to her was fairyland. Now the joy had gone out of the prospect. Her entire being recoiled from it. Their coming entrance into that world of humankind held forth but one picture, and that one appalling—the immediate meeting between Harrington and that girl of the story. She visualized herself deprived of that companionship which had come to mean all of life to her. With a sudden savage intensity she decided that she must keep Harrington here and prevent that meeting at all hazards.

For one flashing instant, in keeping with her usual forthrightness of method, she was tempted to dart back to camp and confront him with a request that he stay on here with her. But from some dim recess of her being a tiny voice dissuaded her from this course. Perhaps her next thought was born as a heritage that had been handed down to her through ten thousand generations of female ancestors who had been forced to gain their ends by the circuitous paths of subtlety and guile, since the brute strength to enforce their wishes had been denied to them. Theirs not the privilege to rule by forthright command, but theirs the hands, nevertheless, that actually ruled by circumvention and adroit indirection.

Lynne, harking back to this ancient heritage of her sisterhood in this, her first extremity, cast about for some expedient subterfuge. But the candid Lynne was not versed in guile, totally unacquainted with the provocative seductiveness of her more sophisticated sisters, unaware even of the compelling power of her own sheer young loveliness.

She was aware only that she desired to have this man with her always as her very own, and a savage loathing for that other woman who would take him from her. She found herself unable to formulate any adequate plan by which to achieve her new determination to remain here and to keep Harrington with her. She did not return to camp until late.

On the following day she sat before him while she grained the hair from the hide of the yearling moose and prepared to fashion it into rawhide pack panniers for the dogs, since Harrington's collar bone would not permit of his packing a load for some time. Harrington admired her deftness at this work and his gaze strayed to the various utensils that she had so cunningly fashioned from birch bark. He had watched her pull up a long willowy root of a spruce, peel the bark from it, start a slit at the top and with her strong white teeth work the section of pliable wood away from the parent root, fashioning it into a heavy cord as she progressed. Then she had cut quarter-inch slabs of birch bark to suit her needs and, while both bark and spruce-root cords were still green and pliable, she had punctured the overlapping edges of the bark at frequent intervals with the point of a bone awl, inserting the cord and drawing it firmly home, first having cemented the overlapping seams with spruce gum to render them water-tight. A half dozen finished rogans of artistic design testified to her skill.

He had watched her cook in these utensils by the native expedient of dropping a series of hard hot stones into the broth and extracting the cooled ones dexterously, to be replaced by others until the cooking process was completed; mix her dough in a birch-bark pan, place a lump of it on the end of a green stick and bake her bread by turning it over the coals; cook moose steaks on a wickerwork broiler of green sticks; cover a whole grouse with clay, bury it in a bed of slow coals and roast the

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bird to a turn. He marveled at her astounding facility along these lines, her thoroughgoing capability to exist in relative comfort in circumstances under which the most resourceful of ordinary beings reared in civilization would find themselves unable to survive. It occurred to Harrington that Lynne had been unusually silent and that she had failed to voice a single one of her usual eager requests to be told more details of some phase of the life toward which they would soon be traveling.

"What's the matter, Lynne?" he asked. "Has the delay in getting started to the outside disappointed you?"

"No, I don't want to go there at all," she returned. "I would rather stay here with you."

This sudden reversal of attitude was not at all surprising, Harrington reflected. On the contrary, it was highly natural. Nature has implanted in all living creatures the love of home and the urge to return to it. Even in men; and among them those who wander the farthest and remain the longest are the ones who cling most fondly to memories of home. Lynne was getting a touch of it in advance. But would it last? Might not the interest of the new life cause her to realize the deprivation of the old, until she would even come to hate the thought of it, instead of experiencing a yearning to return?

"It will be a long tedious pull to make it down to some native camp on the Liard on foot," he said. "Right now it's a case of my kingdom for a boat. We could raft it, of course, but there's many a stretch of rough water that a raft couldn't live through—where we couldn't even live it down. We'd have to make a new raft below every such stretch, which will be something of a chore without an ax and only our knives to work with."

Lynne looked up quickly. He had put an unexpected weapon into her hands. It had been her intention to pack the dogs and travel on foot for perhaps thirty miles, to a stand of birch that would afford bark of sufficient dimensions, and then to construct a sizable craft. But she did not mention the fact that she could fashion a canoe with the facility of a native. Neither did she remark upon the fact that she had a half dozen small canoes cached on the courses of as many streams within a day's travel. Instead, she averted her eyes and said:

"It will be almost impossible to make it through that country on foot. It would take us months of wandering round. There are huge marshes, and there are waist-deep muskeg flats fifty miles across and running right down to the river." This from Lynne, who could travel anywhere in this region with as little concern as the average man feels in taking an afternoon stroll in his own neighborhood.

Harrington nodded. He had been thinking of those tremendous muskeg flats that he had passed in coming up the river. The mosquitoes would soon be out in full force—gnats, black flies, bulldogs, no-see-ums, all the insect pests of the North. In addition to the extreme difficulty of travel, the flies would make it almost unendurable in those muskeg flats, and they did not even have bed nets to shelter them while sleeping. Lynne had recognized this, also the long delay required by a journey on foot. No wonder she was disappointed, after her recent eager anticipation, he thought.

"It will be tough going. No doubt of that," he said. "And it will be a long hard pull—two months, likely, at the very least—before we could make the Liard. Summer travel in this north country, except by canoe, is a stiff proposition. We could make it, of course. We could travel anywhere by keeping at it, but it won't be too easy."

"Then why don't we stay here until the freeze-up this fall and go out behind the dogs after snowfall?" she suggested. "I have a wonderful sleigh, and we could make another, if necessary, and then ride out flying. Suppose we do that."

She waited breathlessly for an answer. It was long in coming. Harrington was staring off into space. That would be a disappointment to Lynne, after her present touch of homesickness should wear off. For himself it did not matter. Villiers had been right. Nature knew her business, none better, in her choice of anæsthetics—time and the wilderness. For two years he had been obsessed with the idea that he must revisit old scenes in order to find surcease from heartache. Only rebellious pride had restrained him. Now, curiously enough, since he had found a measure of peace in the wilderness, he had a presentiment that he would find a renewal of heartache awaiting him on the threshold, in case he did revisit past scenes.

That feeling had been growing upon him daily since his return to civilization had been definitely planned. His thoughts trailed off into speculations concerning relative measures of contentment. Was there any mortal in civilized society in whose face one could not detect some sign of stress? All bore the marks of living at high tension in their efforts to maintain the pace. All were harassed by some secret dread—fear of failure, apprehension lest those behind them should draw even and pass them, fear that those ahead should acquire a still greater lead, dread of earning the disapproval of organized society by transgressing one or another of its conventions. And even those bold, resourceful individuals, seemingly impervious to the stings of such minor apprehensions—what of them? Was there any man, no matter what his occupation or his station in life, who did not collect still greater responsibilities which he could not lay down, who did not strain toward some goal of still greater achievement? No, it was all a mad race, with a starter's gun at birth and no finish line save death, a madly revolving treadmill with no place to get off. Perhaps, Harrington mused, the vast tranquility that descends upon the spirit of man in a virgin wilderness is a throwback to the primitive, the urge in every man to return to the simple, away from which he is ever propelled toward greater complexity by the civilized machine; to leap from the spinning wheel into space and be one in himself, instead of a mere part of the many; the desire to break from conformity to mold and for once in life to do as he pleased. Why shouldn't he linger here a little longer? What did a few months more or less matter?

These abstractions were rudely shattered. Lynne, waiting for an answer, could stand the suspense no longer. "Oh, please!" she coaxed. "Please, Clay, stay here with me."

"That's just exactly what I was planning that we would do," Harrington said. "If you won't mind the delay too much, Lynne, we'll stay on up here in your home country until snowfall."

VII

LYNNE was adjusting pack equipment on a half dozen dogs, each outfit consisting of two birch-bark panniers some eighteen inches long, half that thickness and a foot in depth, their tops attached to a strip of buckskin that rested across the dog's back, the bottoms similarly secured by two broad straps of the same material that passed beneath the animal. Rawhide lash ropes completed the equipment.

"And just what adventuring does all this preparation presage?" Harrington inquired lazily. "Invasion of new territory on a foraging expedition?"

"A visit to my poultry yard to gather the eggs," Lynne informed him.

For a week Harrington had been recuperating in Lynne's home retreat, the sink-hole basin on the floor of which he had discovered her that first day. Not a bad retreat, he thought, for one who wished to spend his life in seclusion. Even though Lynne had led him to the floor of the basin, he doubted if he could find his way into it unassisted. A possible observer from the rims above would be unable to distinguish the smoke from the scores of vaporous columns rising from various steam vents.

Lynne finished equipping the dogs. "Feel equal to joining me?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 137)

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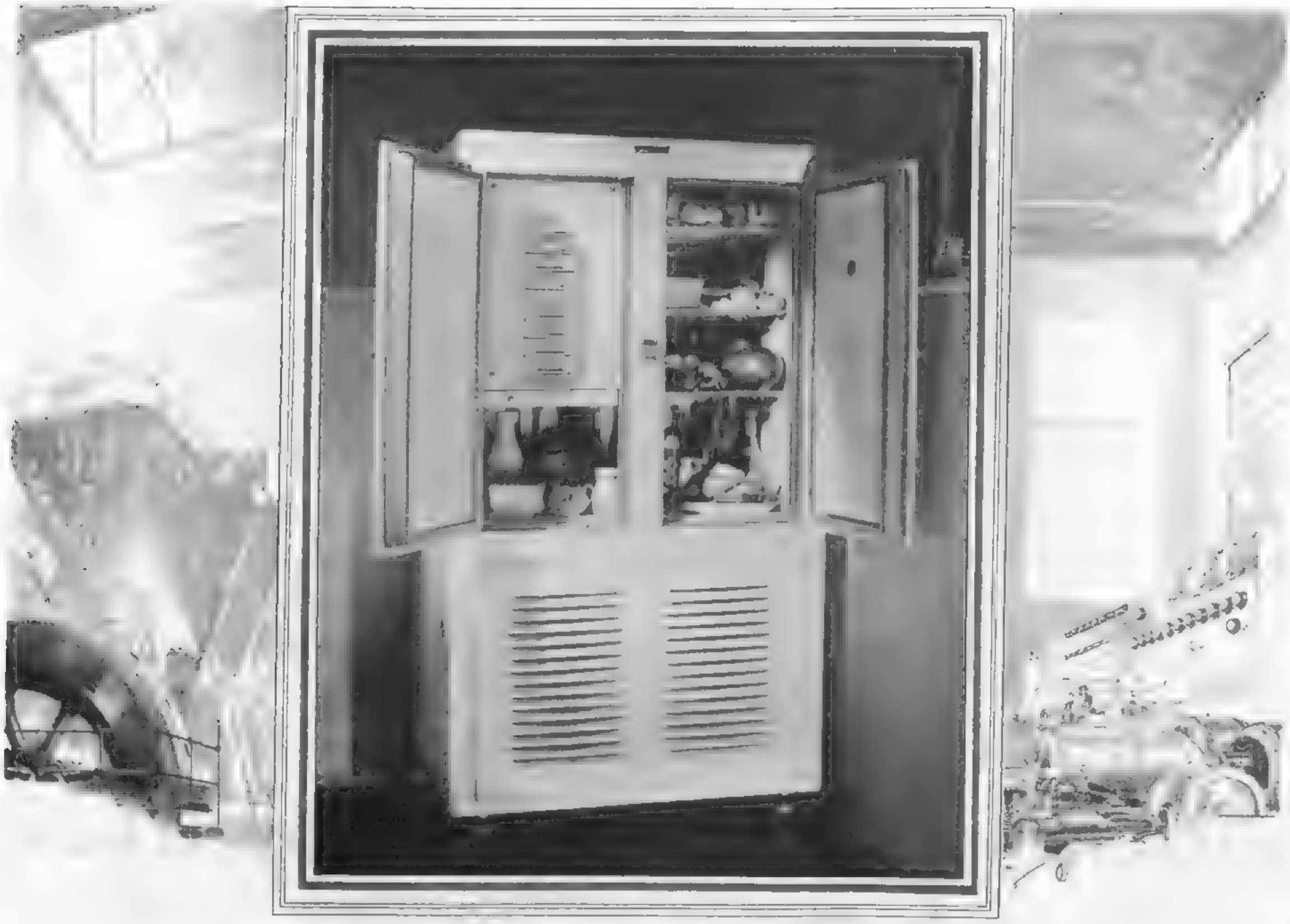

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Think I will," Harrington agreed.

They mounted to the great tundra-clad upland plain.

"It's a little late for fresh eggs," Lynne said. "They begin nesting by the time the ice goes out in the spring, and some of them will be hatching by now. But there are always some whose nests have been broken up by foxes, ravens or the elements, and they will be starting all over again."

Untold millions of wild fowls resorted to these regions. The open country was dotted by shallow lakes and marshy expanses. Gulls wheeled about the nesting islands that graced the larger bodies of water. Grebes nested in the rushes of the marshland.

An occasional pair of stately white swans floated near some tiny islet covered with stunted brush. Loons, too, resorted to these brushy islets to nest. Shore birds—golden and black-bellied plovers, yellowlegs, sandpipers and curlews nested both on the islands and the mainland. The swarming millions of ducks of a dozen varieties and also the geese—great gray Canadas and their smaller relatives, the Hutchins and the cacklers—nested back in the heavy tundra. Sand-hill cranes stalked about with majestic dignity. All added their voices to the clamor with which the feathered hosts protested the advance of the intruders into their domain.

It was for the eggs of ducks that the hunt was chiefly staged. A hen mallard, concealed in the deep tundra, remained gamely on her eggs until literally nosed out by a dog; then rose with protesting squawks and fluttered in apparent helplessness to lure the marauder away from the nest. This ruse resulted in canine pursuit, also in canine failure, for the bird always kept just out of reach and finally took wing.

Lynne and Harrington proceeded straight to the spot to locate the nest as the dog bounced off in pursuit of the fleeing cripple.

"Hope springs eternal in the canine breast," Harrington laughed. "After some thousands of such occurrences a dog still remains convinced that the next duck is actually at his mercy. That is because a dog is a straight-thinking sort of critter. Not so with cats. A cat animal matches craft with craft, uses stealth and treachery even when it is unnecessary. That's the chief fundamental difference between canine and feline psychology."

The nest contained twelve eggs. Lynne shook her head. "Full clutch. They'll be too high."

They left it unmolested and sought another. Where but a few eggs were found in a nest they were appropriated on the theory that they were new laid, while the nests containing full complements of from ten to fourteen eggs were left undisturbed. They discovered the nests of shore birds—plovers, sandpipers and curlews—but did not molest them. Two score nests of geese, each containing from five to six great eggs, also came under their observation, but were likewise left intact; Lynne pronouncing goose eggs too highly flavored to be appetizing. After a hunt of several hours' duration they had collected some twenty dozens of fresh eggs, stowed them in the panniers, packed firmly in moss, and headed homeward. Harrington almost stepped upon a Canada goose before she left her eggs.

"Queer about the varying nesting habits of the same birds in different localities," he said. "Here the big gray fellows nest in the tundra. In the Yukon flats they nest on bars in the river, while along the coast and in the islands of Southeastern Alaska they feed on the tide flats, but wing their way well up on the slopes of the mountains and nest in heavy timber. In Wyoming I've found their nests in willow swamps and on deserted muskrat houses. One year in the foothill country of Montana, in the cottonwood timber along creek beds, I saw several Canadas that had become tree-nesting birds by laying their eggs in the deserted nests of hawks and herons."

"Farther south in the timber there's a duck—the bufflehead—that nests in holes in trees the same as the woodpeckers," Lynne said. "I've watched them struggle to squeeze into a hole that seemed much too small for them. When the young are still fuzzy little tots the mother pushes them out of the hole and they fall to the ground with a thump. I've watched that operation a half dozen times without witnessing a casualty. The little fellows sprawl there till they recover their breath, and follow the old duck to the water. Maybe generations of that sort of tumbling have endowed bufflehead ducklings with a rubber anatomy."

They discussed various phases of birds' nesting habits as they retraced their homeward way through the rookeries. A network of deep gorges fringed the edge of the plain, dropping away toward the mighty slash of the main canyon below the falls. Lynne dipped into a break in the head of one and they followed along its steeply pitching floor, turning off into one after another of branching defiles that were mere slits in the rocks, penetrating a veritable maze of feathery slits in the earth's crust. At last they emerged from such a crease and stood on a shelf on the walls of the main gorge. This ledge led slantingly down to the water's edge, where two small birch-bark canoes reposed.

A half mile above them were the falls. The river poured over a lofty parapet and fell sheer for a thousand feet. The force generated by this terrific plunge expelled the air away from the face of the falls and hurled it down the narrow course of the canyon in furious compression. The stupendous battering of that body of water at the termination of its thousand-foot plunge shook the foundations of the earth and the roar of its baffled energy leaped skyward, only to come into conflict with that outbound torrent of air, which formed an invisible canopy that caused the rising volume of thunder to recoil upon itself. It was lashed into the narrow rock-walled mouths of side canyons, each with its varying acoustics that produced a different tone. In effect it was a colossal organ with a thousand pipes. It was not surprising, Harrington thought, that at a distance he had fancifully imagined himself listening to harmonious chords rendered by some titanic orchestra. This was the only point from which the falls could be viewed. The way to it from above was cut off by a series of minor waterfalls and by deep, intersecting box canyons on either hand. The river below was blocked to passage by a half mile of tumbling cascades between sheer cliffs.

From the caldron at the foot of the big falls to the head of these lower cascades the canyon was floored by a smooth stretch of water with but a mild current. Stripping the pack equipment from the dogs and loading it into the canoes, they put off upstream for some two hundred yards, to land at the foot of another sloping shelf. The dogs took to the water and swam. After shaking the water from their coats they were repacked and the procession filed up the shelf to the mouth of another crevice similar to the one from which they had just emerged on the descent. This led up through a narrow defile that eventually opened out into the bottoms of the sink hole into which Harrington had peered that first day, to discover Lynne and her dogs on the floor of it.

They deposited their fresh eggs in a cavern that was cooled by an icy spring. The meat of moose and caribou also hung in this refrigerated spot, where it would keep for months. A moose-hide tepee stood at the base of one of the huge rocks with which the bottoms were dotted. Each of the protruding tepee poles had been left decorated with its natural tuft of spruce needles at the tip. Sprays of spruce adorned its conical walls at intervals; not in any great profusion, but in sufficient quantity to break the outline, so that it would defy detection from above. Harrington, on the day that he had discovered Lynne, had

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searched these bottoms minutely with powerful binoculars, yet had failed to discern the tepee in this disguise.

Harrington examined the rich black soil. "We could raise a wonderful garden here," he said. "Everything, likely, that would grow in Colorado or Wyoming at elevations of five thousand feet. Potatoes, peas, carrots, turnips, radishes, lettuce, onions, even cucumbers and tomatoes would ripen here. We could even grow wheat, except that, perhaps one year out of four, an early frost would strike it while still in the milk. On the Alaskan side I've seen wonderful gardens within a few miles of the Arctic Circle. But not one out of ten people of the outside world would believe it possible."

"We had a big garden always," Lynne said. "But the snowslide that buried the house deprived me of all vegetables and seeds, so that I couldn't replant."

"I'd wondered why you hadn't raised things here," Harrington returned. "But I didn't see any sign of a plot that had been laid out for a garden, even in years past, when I was scanning these bottoms from the rims that first day."

"We put it out in irregular patches," she explained. "Then if anyone should come out on the rims and look down, if he noticed the disturbed places at all he would attribute them to the operations of a bear that had been excavating for roots or rodents."

"I see," Harrington murmured. The vanished Pan had been a very secretive person in other matters beside that of his assumed name, he reflected. Had he been fugitive or recluse, to take such pains to insure against intrusion and discovery? In any event he had been a remarkable character, a man of wide knowledge and intelligence, as evidenced by the mental accomplishments of this girl whom he had instructed since infancy—the girl who, even now, did not know who she was or who her foster parent had been. But instead of commenting upon this matter, since mention of the departed one brought a measure of sorrow to Lynne, Harrington confined his remarks to the matter in hand—that of agricultural possibilities in the North.

"The reason that the outside world has given little thought to the problem of agriculture in the North is because so few realize the intensity of the Northern summer. The growing season here is short, perhaps a little more than three months, but during that period the days are so long that there is an average of eighteen hours of sunshine daily, only an hour of darkness and perhaps twice that period of twilight. The night is so short that the earth doesn't have time to cool off after eighteen hours of heating by sunshine, so we have twenty-four hours of growing weather every day—a shorter growing season, but much more intense while it lasts. A hundred years from now, Lynne, and they'll be farming this present waste clear to the Arctic Circle."

The personal effects that Lynne had stored in a rock-walled cache before joining Harrington for their intended trip outside consisted chiefly of homemade articles that she had accumulated since the snowslide had buried the cabin that had been home to her—furs, some of them fashioned into sleeping robes and garments for winter wear; rawhide and caribou skins with the hair grained off and tanned into soft buckskin, a score of receptacles of various shapes, cunningly fashioned from birch-bark. In lieu of printed material wherewith to indulge in her usual pastime of reading, Lynne had occupied her time and engaged her mind as Tanlika had been wont to do—by practicing native crafts. However, there was a fair assortment of implements that had been in use at other points in the basin when the avalanche had descended to crush the house and all that was in it. There were two axes, a crosscut saw, drawshave, a brace with a set of bits, a roll of snare wire, two battered frying pans, a big iron pot and a few other items.

Harrington, also deprived of reading matter, began to cast about for some other means of outlet for his mental energies. Quite naturally his thoughts turned to channels in which his special talents had been developed through the practice of his profession. He investigated the boiling springs, the steam vents, from some of which issued blasts of air so intensely hot as to be devoid of moisture, and he pictured the harnessing of these agencies. When he found a few scattered sheets of mica and made inquiries of Lynne as to the whereabouts of the parent body, she led him to a spot where there were exposed outcroppings.

"That's a wonderful vein," he said, estimating it. "A few generations hence, when transportation makes it available, it will be very valuable. It's the best mica I've ever seen. But right now the chief value rests on how it can be utilized here. I can pry off flawless sheets a quarter of an inch thick and four feet square."

"Yes. The windows in our house were made of it," Lynne said.

"A man could make almost any kind of thing for human comfort here," Harrington said reflectively. "He could steam heat his cabin, keep the frost from a vegetable storehouse when it was a hundred below outside—any number of things. With this mica we could fashion a hothouse and get seeds started a couple of months before a garden could be seeded outside. There'd be increasing daily periods of sun for weeks before there was growing weather and we could get the jump on the frost king that way and add a full month to the growing season with a steam-heated hothouse. Likely we could grow vegetables that wouldn't ripen otherwise."

Lynne listened and nodded assent from time to time. There seemed to be a certain eagerness in her very silence, and indeed there was, for the tones of his voice played through her being and roused a strange and sweet intoxication such as one experiences when listening to divine strains of music and giving way to them in abandon of mind and body. Harrington, looking upon her rapt face, was again impressed by that illusive quality of her beauty, as if some inner spirit of loveliness glowed through to illumine the flesh. A shining creature.

She had thrown herself down at full length before the tepee, the soft contours of her perfect young body showing through the clinging buckskin garments. Utterly unspoiled and absolutely unawakened, Harrington thought. And she was too completely in his care, too unself-conscious for him to permit any possible word or art of his to waken that consciousness within her. And of late, as he became increasingly aware of her, he had suppressed the quickening of his blood at her nearness, and in manner of speech he had adopted an interested casualness.

Lynne, seeing that he had lapsed into abstraction, rose and moved off to a near-by pool for her plunge. Harrington indolently reviewed his present mode of life. Not a bad sort of existence. Here a man might be master of his own destiny, self-appointed emperor of a vast domain, subject to no petty restrictions and taboos save those of his own devising. But would a man, under continuance of such conditions of life, disintegrate and go downhill? Would he unconsciously be undergoing a reversion to the primitive? Lazily, Harrington diagnosed his mental attitude. Was it just the sheer lassitude of dead ambition that led him to contemplate the advantages of that sort of life? Rather, he decided, a temporary mental lethargy induced by the opiate of perfect contentment upon which he was loath to intrude lest it should vanish.

Presently, resuming her soft buckskins, she returned to him and he recited some of his reflections concerning the possibilities of the place.

"A man could be absolutely independent here. In addition to those other items—steam-heated cabin, vegetable storehouse

(Continued on Page 141)

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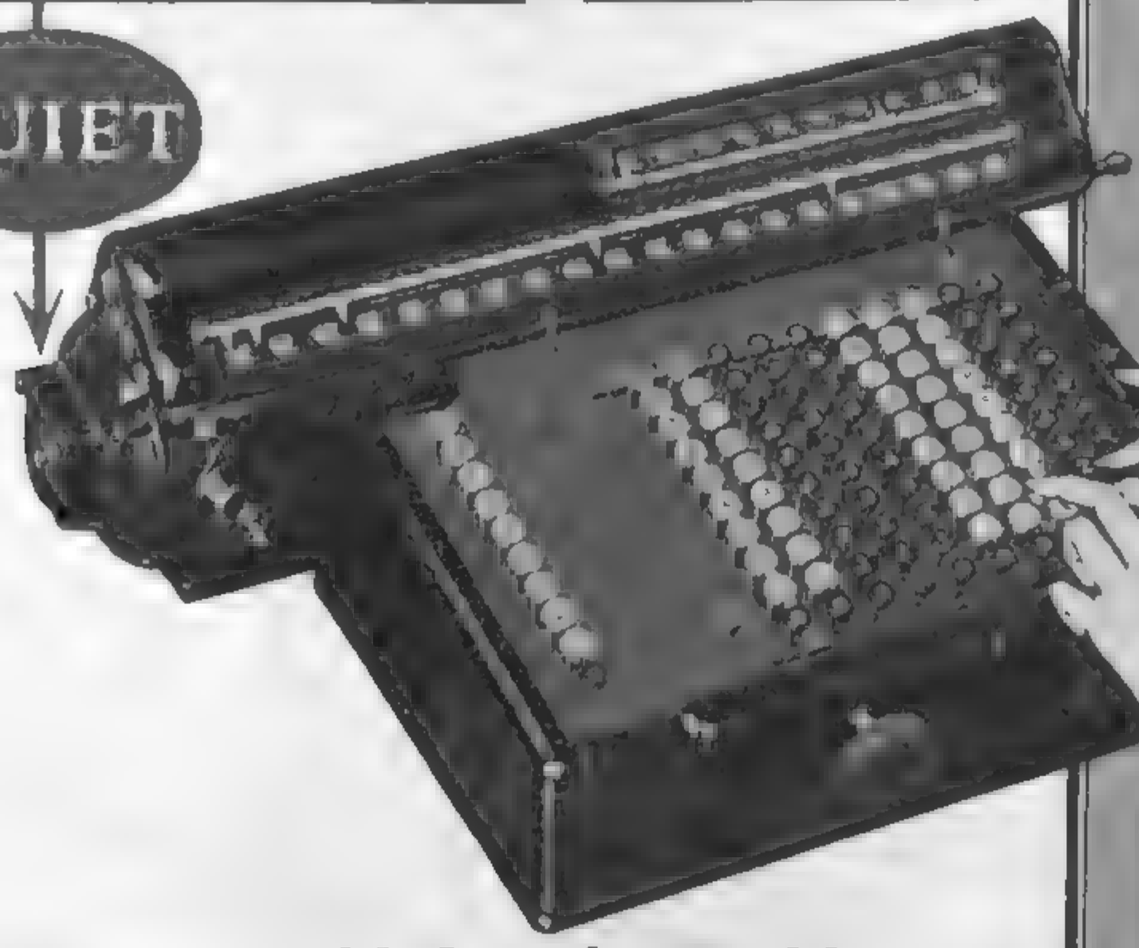
QUIET



The Latest Feature added to the World's Most Advanced Adding-Calculator

FOLLOWING the announcement of the Full Automatic in March, all Monroe production records have been broken to meet the demand for this marvelous machine of practical and exclusive features.

Now, in four months, another outstanding Monroe achievement—the AUTOMATIC START and STOP MOTOR!

No more annoyance from the buzzing sound of a motor running idle. Not a second sacrificed in Speed, nor a particle wasted in Efficiency and Constructive Simplicity. Especially developed for Monroes. Distinctively different from any other electrical driving mechanism.

For the Executive who desires a quiet office—

Motor runs only when Monroe is producing useful answers.

Instant readiness—

Does away with the necessity of turning a switch to start or stop machine. When operator starts, motor starts.

Starts in "high"—

Lightning response to touch of actuating bars. Not a second lost.

Takes load under flying start—

Motor under full speed when calculating mechanism is actuated.

When answer appears—

Motor stops automatically—machine is absolutely silent.

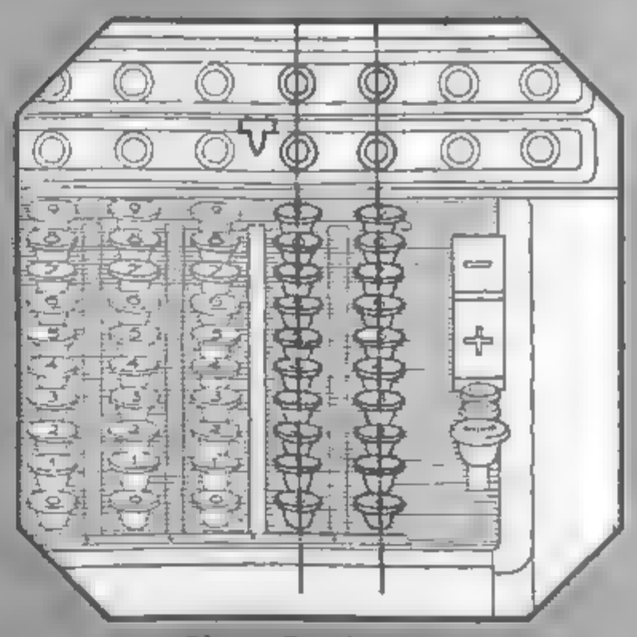
Thrifty of electricity—

Removes all danger of leaving motor running for long or overnight periods. Saves current. Saves worry.

Write or 'phone the Monroe office near you for a free trial of a machine equipped with this marvelous new motor, and judge for yourself the value of this feature. And there are a great many other practical and exclusive Monroe features that appeal to executives and operators alike.

Machines and Service Available Everywhere

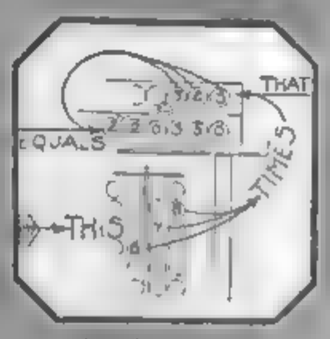
Among the Scores of Other Features that Find Favor Everywhere



Short-Cut Vision

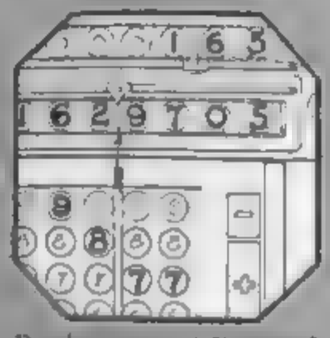
Figures in both dials align vertically with fingers on keys, like 'paper and pencil' method to which you have been trained from childhood

Short-Cut Addition

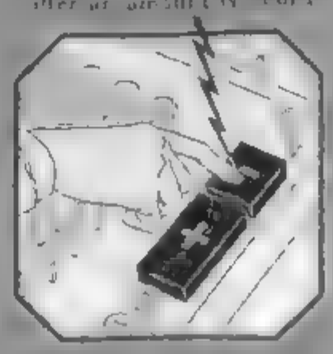


Visible Proof

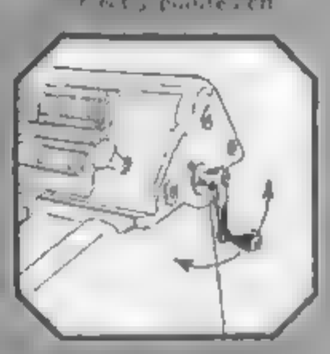
Locked Figure Addition



Predetermined Decimal Points



Lightning Mechanical Correction of Total



Instantaneous Dual Clear-Out

To the Executive: [illegible]

Watch for Monroe Ads

(Continued from Page 138)

and a mica-roofed hothouse—there's a dozen other improvements he could effect here. The country itself would support him. In season there are tons of fruit for the picking, and other delicacies. The little lake at the lower end of the basin could be stocked with lake trout. Waterfowl would winter well on these warm pools if a few shelters were built round their edges. Canada geese and mallard ducks are easily domesticated and we could catch hundreds of young ducks and geese. That would give us our own poultry. It wouldn't be much of a trick to catch a few caribou and domesticate them. The Old World reindeer is only a domesticated caribou, but not so fine as the American animal. Vegetables we could grow in abundance, and wheat. And with all this power here, it wouldn't be any great feat to construct a small mill to grind it. Every time one thing occurs to me, it suggests possibilities for a dozen more." He laughed and stretched his great frame. "Of course, we'll be leaving here right after snowfall, so we won't need any such contrivances, but it does seem rather a shame not to experiment a bit."

He felt his shoulder with exploring fingers. "The old collar bone seems as good as new. Tomorrow I think I'll start swinging an ax for exercise."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 32)

Many artists were attracted by the haunting loveliness of the lake. Henry Thode, the great art critic, and his wife, Daniela von Bulow, had bought a beautiful house by the waters of Lago di Garda. Daniela was the daughter of Cosima Wagner and a granddaughter of Liszt.

Another distinguished visitor at Lake Garda with whom we often talked the moon out of the skies was Anton von Werner, the painter.

Whenever circumstances permitted we made short trips through Italy and France—Venice, Milan, Mentone and the French Riviera. What enchanted places! What vistas arise at their very names!

Then, suddenly, more strident than the voice of the ghostly peacock, trumpets of war smote the stillness. All the beauty and all the magic vanished, to be hidden for years behind a veil of hatred and of blood.

The Imperial Slogan

Immediately on the outbreak of the war we hastened to Berlin. My husband was consumed by the ardent desire to fight for his country in his own beloved regiment, the Second Dragoons of the Guard. He was disconsolate when the medical staff denied his application. Downcast by the verdict, he could hardly drag himself home. The patriotic ecstasy of the hour had made him oblivious of his condition. The doctors could not permit him to enlist under the circumstances. The day was soon to come when a man with even half a lung was acceptable to the Fatherland.

In Berlin we saw history in the making. We were privileged to experience the moment when the Emperor, addressing a people completely united for once, spoke to the nation from the balcony of the imperial palace in Unter den Linden. Like the waters of an ocean, the people surged through the streets. Everywhere flags and bunting. All hearts beat as one.

The nation was aflame with enthusiasm. Men offered to immolate their lives and their dearest possessions in a paroxysm of self-sacrifice. Women melted their wedding rings into cannon. Like their great-grandmothers in the hectic days of the Napoleonic Wars, they cut off their braids to buy arms for the Fatherland. Even the Socialists joined in the cry.

Denied a place with his regiment, Prince Schönaich-Carolath served with the militia under General von Wrochem, until another hemorrhage and two attacks of dysentery compelled his return from the front. In spite of his malady, he was by no means idle. He was assigned to the general command at Breslau, the principal city of Silesia, from the fall of 1914 to 1917. While he was attached to army headquarters there I frequently visited him with the children. In 1917 we took a modest little apartment in that picturesque town, with its narrow streets and its medieval cathedral, to save him from the discomforts of living in a hotel. A spirit of comradeship united us with the other officers and their wives. The feeling that we were all doing our bit to serve our country gave a new purpose to life. Our brave comrades kept Watch on the Rhine. We kept Watch on the Oder, saving the ancient soil, united by Frederick the Great with Prussia, from the enemy in the east.

Hindenburg's victories raised our hopes to the highest pitch. Yet our enemies were to snatch East Prussia from us. They were to deprive us of Dantzic and Memel. There may have been pessimists in our midst, but no Cassandra, male or female, predicted such dire results. There was in all Germany no prophet of evil who, in his blackest mood, considered such an outcome imaginable. Almost every day brought tidings of victories. But the victories did not bring us bread. It began to be difficult to buy food. Dame Care walked in our midst, but there was as yet no famine. With makeshifts and substitutes, scraping and saving, it was still possible to obtain food, although our menus grew ever more meager.

Daily the god of war demanded new sacrifices of precious lives. Hecatomb after hecatomb, the pile of victims grew higher. Like mountain torrents flowed the best blood of the land. Everywhere in Europe youth paid with its life for the mistakes of its elders. The day was rare when the swollen casualty list failed to record the death of a relative or a friend. My husband's only brother, dear to us all, fell on patrol duty in August, 1914. A brilliant officer of the Uhlans, fearless and dashing, death sought him out in the first skirmish. Day after day the sinister slaughter continued. Never a tick of the clock that did not spell death somewhere.

Behind the Battle Line

At the front the armies acquitted themselves brilliantly of their task, but at home exhilaration gave way to incessant suffering and constant privations. Misery walked abroad. Hunger usurped the place of enthusiasm. Bitterness grew. Resentment against the blockade of the enemy, seeking a scapegoat nearer at hand, turned against the leaders at home. It is difficult to be just when hunger gnaws in one's vitals.

The war years imposed heavy, almost insupportable, burdens upon all. The government, in spite of inevitable blunders, accomplished miracles of organization. Every attempt was made to supply industrial regions, unable to nourish themselves, with sustenance from farming districts. Rigorous laws were passed, restricting the use of foodstuffs and of fats.

Even America, the richest land in the world, was compelled to introduce meatless and wheatless days. With us, the meatless and wheatless days became meatless and wheatless weeks. The weeks turned into months. The months grew into years!

I practiced the utmost restrictions at home. We enjoyed no privileges denied to others. Our maids were compelled to wait for hours in rain and snow in order to obtain a little milk or a few ounces of margarine. Butter was no longer obtainable in the cities. Fats, meats, bread, were sold only against cards, sparingly issued to each family in proportion to its size. I myself

GILLYAS WILLIAMS
With 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage from Michelin Tires, families wouldn't have to spend so much time looking for things if they used Michelins ★
But Horace I'm sure the children couldn't have taken the nut. It's probably under the car somewhere
MICHELIN TIRES

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES OPPOSITE OTHER MAKES. 84% SAID MICHELINS PROVED THEMSELVES BETTER.

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Since Burke first announced the new Fifty-Fifty its use has become country-wide. Golfers now realize that a ball doesn't have to be high priced to be high quality.
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Less than 8 a week	16 50
Less than 2 a day	30 00
Less than 17 a week	37 00
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Less than 7 a day	113 00
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Mrs. Nora Flindt Chase
of Iowa
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BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A.
TOWELING AND TOWELS

stood in a long row of eager purchasers half a day at a time to procure soup meat for my sick husband.

I contracted a serious gastric disorder, from which I suffer to this day, from the effects of the war bread. My children's faces were pinched and pale. Food, even when obtainable, lacked nourishment. The animals slaughtered for food, being underfed themselves, were deficient in fats. It took years after the war before my children regained their health. It was impossible for growing children to attain strength under such conditions. Many children of our acquaintance were little living skeletons.

Bootlegging in foodstuffs began. It grew in dimensions as the famine increased. Most people complied with the law. At times the regulations were perhaps too rigorous. The terrible turnip winter, when turnips were practically the only food of the civilian population, was a nightmare too horrible to recall. Turnips at breakfast, turnips at noon, turnips at night! In vain the cook attempted to disguise the form or flavor of the ubiquitous vegetable. The very thought of turnips produced nausea. Yet they were the only food readily available. Even potatoes had given out. Life was a veritable hades of turnips.

The turnip winter was a catastrophe from the viewpoint of the national health. The people of the United States cannot conceive of the ravages produced among our civilian population by the lack of food. Conditions in Austria, even more deplorable than in Germany, beggar description.

The constant privations fanned the flame of discontent. The war intensified the old antagonism between city and country. Graft raised its head. War profiteers plied their ugly trade. The temptation to circumvent severe restrictions undermined the morale at home. We experienced on a large scale the spiritual deterioration inevitable under such conditions. Bootlegging in food became a national disaster.

Casualties Not on the Lists

Toward the end of the war my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, was the economic controller of the German Army of Occupation in Rumania. His duty frequently called him to Berlin, where I joined him on many occasions. I was horrified by the naked misery on all sides. Malformed babies with heads too large for their bodies! Weary-eyed children of sixteen that looked like twelve!

The calamitous conditions prevailing in the large cities escaped superficial observers. Especially foreigners, who lived in the fashionable hotels and who were able to import food for their own use under special permits, cannot imagine the inferno of famine in which our people dwelt. An empty stomach has no conscience. Steady deprivations sap the spirit. A hungry underfed brain is no longer amenable to reason. We saw life as through a mist. At last we no longer even knew how hungry we were. Our shrunken stomachs were unable for years after the war to assimilate honest food. These are wounds that escape statistics, casualties that appear in no list.

The process of decomposition, which ended with the complete collapse of the home front, began in the second year of the war. Sullenness colored the mood of the masses in the congested districts. Strikes paralyzed industry. Munition workers demanded extortionate wages. From postwar descriptions, I note that the same factors, in one form or another, affected our enemies, although they suffered less acutely from undernourishment. The predicament of our foes, at least dimly comprehended by us, did not reconcile us to our own privations.

Germany was a besieged castle. But we were still capable of sallies. In 1917 I met Prince Schönaich-Carolath in the Hungarian capital. How gay, how delightful Budapest seemed in comparison with Berlin! On the way to Hungary I passed through the capital of the Dual Monarchy, where I spent a day. The misery of Berlin was intensified in Austria.

The Viennese, gay children that they are, tried to laugh off their troubles. But laughter rings hollow when our stomachs are empty. In spite of spasmodic attempts at gayety, the atmosphere was depressing. Austria was near the end of her tether. Twenty-four hours in Vienna was like a day in the purgatory of Dante's frozen hell. Budapest was more like a southern city, where Orient and Occident meet. It had sunshine and food.

Black With Canards

The same year I visited Karlsbad, the famous watering place in Bohemia, now Czecho-Slovakia, to allay the gall trouble induced by my privations in Germany. The Bohemians were our allies, but I sensed the undercurrent of hostility against Germany which eventually swept away the foundations of the Dual Monarchy. The waters of Karlsbad did not wash away my malady. It stayed with me faithfully wherever I went. It followed me to Doorn. I fear it will abide with me unto the end. How many of us carry in our souls or in our bodies such legacies of the war!

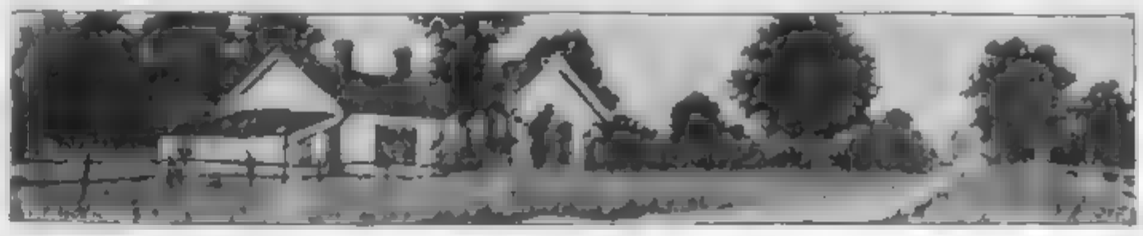
When I returned to Germany I was shocked by the change for the worse. Calumny traveled from mouth to mouth. Lies grew by repetition with the force of a snowball in its descent from the side of a mountain. Each snowball, gathering momentum in its fall, assumed the magnitude of an avalanche. We were buried in the end under an avalanche of innuendoes and lies. The railroads were crowded with sinister figures, nagging, discontented, spreading dissatisfaction. Mysterious travelers, whose names and origin no one knew, somehow succeeded in intensifying the general irritation. Some of these mischief-makers were undoubtedly communist agents and enemy emissaries. The soil was ripe for them.

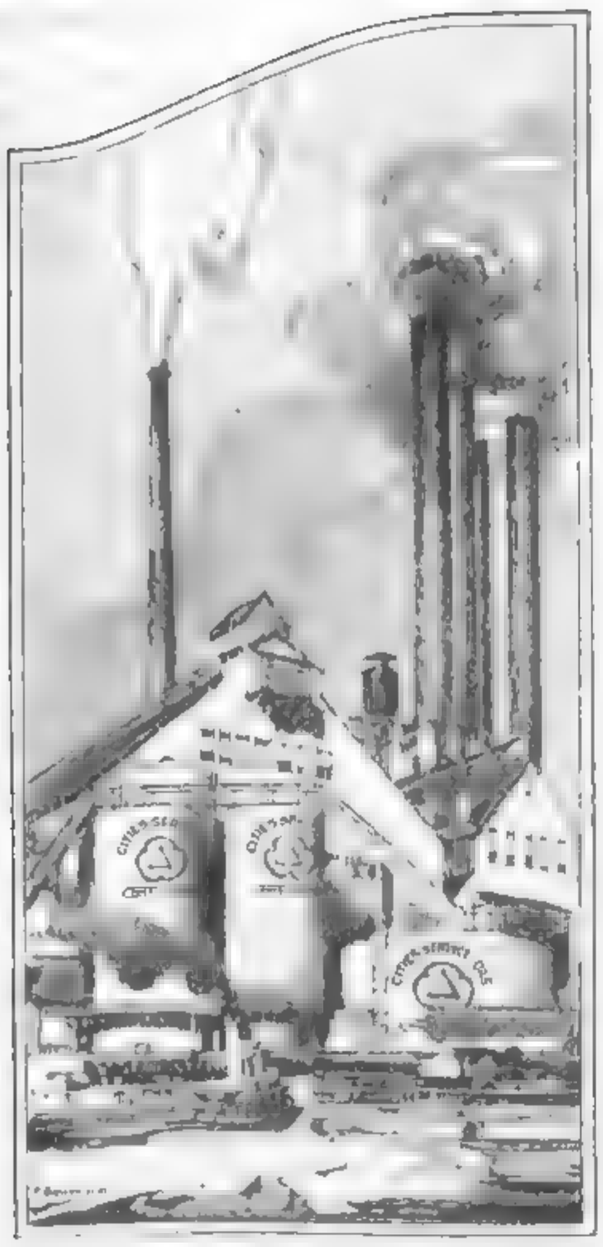
The disgusting antics of the war profiteers increased the nation-wide demoralization. The government was too feeble to check underground traffic and underground agitation. Soldiers, returning on furlough, animated by the fervor of combat, were plied with cigarettes, cigars, cordials and revolutionary literature. Alarming news, distorted and exaggerated, traveled by mysterious methods from town to town, sapping the foundations of our strength—confidence in the government. The French speak of a fake dispatch as a canard, a duck. The German sky was black with such canards.

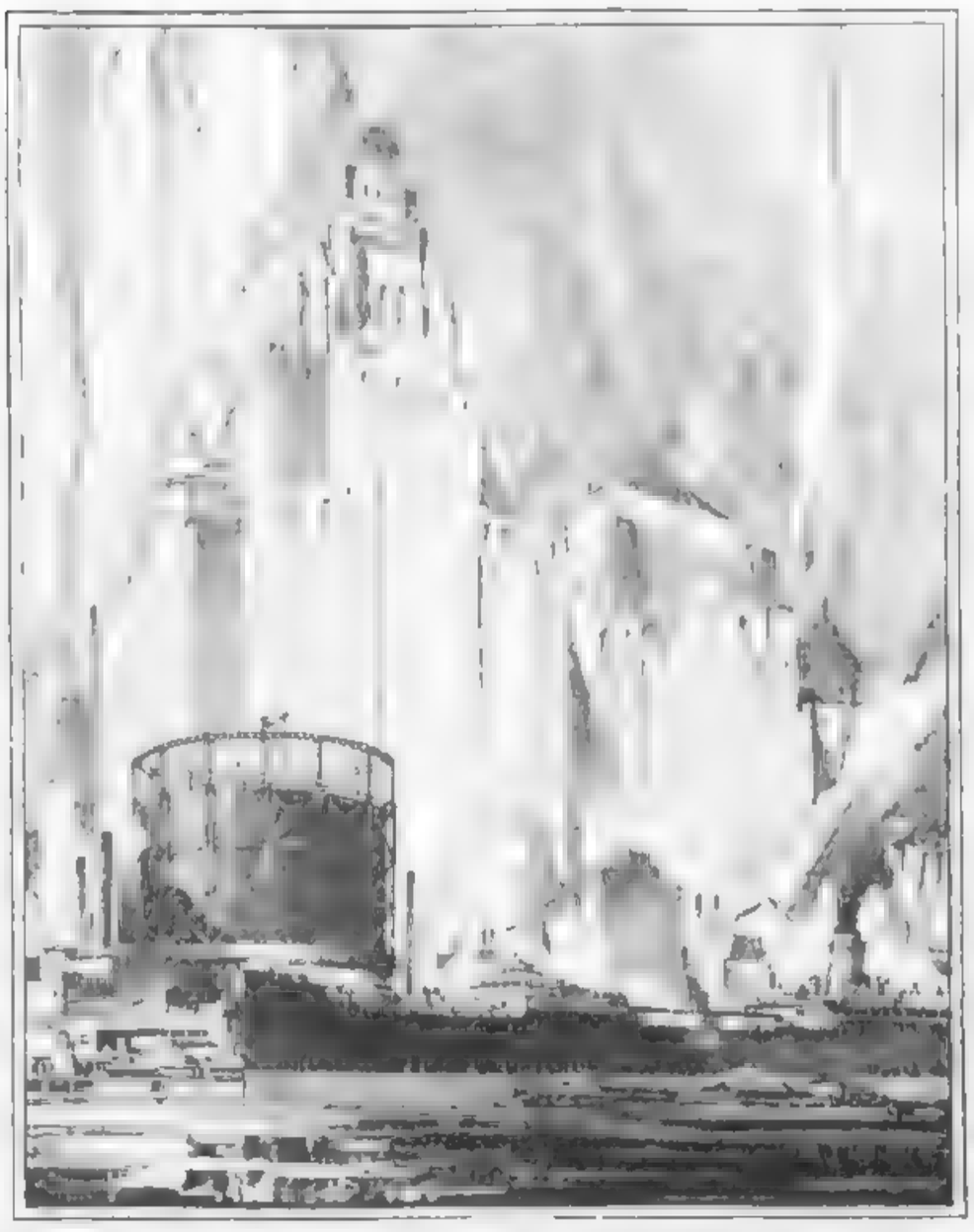
It is Germany's tragedy that no leader of any party had the courage to speak to the Emperor at the right moment, to warn him of what was coming, and to help him avert the disaster. Instead of adopting this simple course that should have been plain to any loyal German, they preferred to evade responsibility by hiding behind a wicked and cowardly phrase. This phrase, formerly spread by malice in secret, now reappears openly in their reminiscences: "The Emperor refuses to hear the truth, he will not listen to us; it is impossible to get to him."

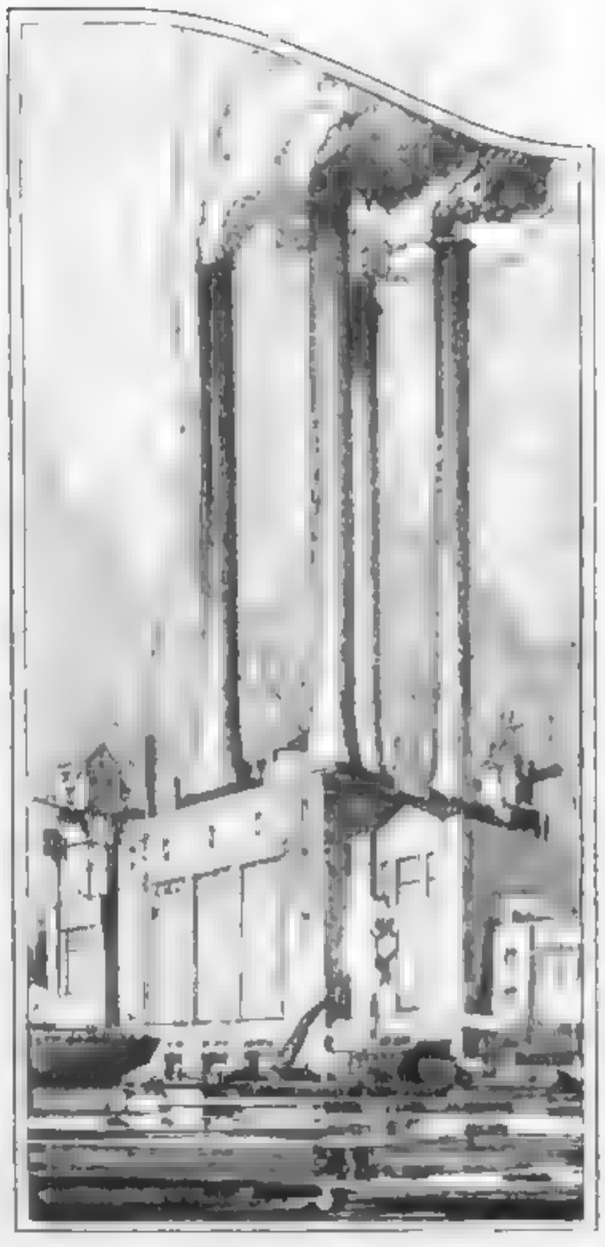
Hence no one intervened, no one warned. Surely the main fault for the catastrophe that overtook us, lies with the many who

(Continued on Page 146)









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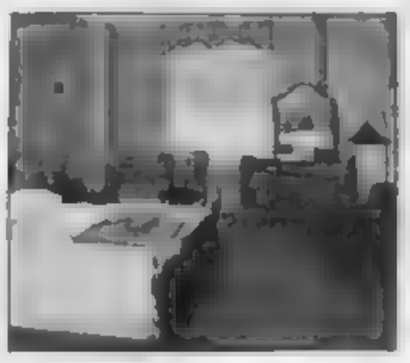

DIRECTION
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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

If salesmen were hired by *Old-Time* Purchasing Agents

"This business needs a ton and a half of salesmen—about eighteen men.

"These men must weigh not less than 160 nor more than 175 pounds. They must be complete as to fingers, toes and features. Not more than one square inch of baldness will be tolerated.

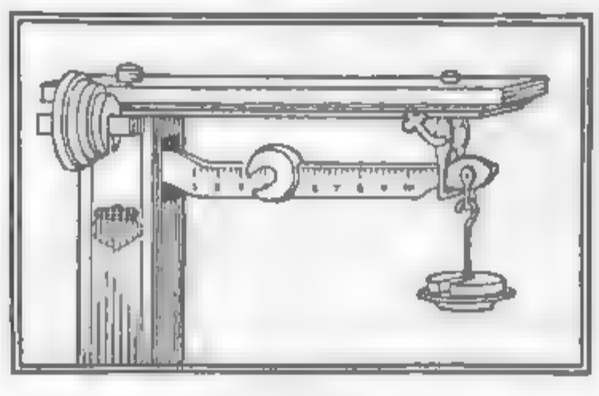
"Each man must be able to lift his own weight and stand a pinching test without flinching. We are not interested in talent, personality, good appearance, previous record, or intelligence."

Would you say that no salesmen were ever hired this way?

Maybe personal salesmen are not, but if you will admit that an advertising booklet or a catalog is printed because it is expected to do a selling job, you will be surprised to discover how much printing has been bought without regard to "talent, good appearance, previous record, or intelligence."

There is just as much range for quality in printing as there is for quality in men.

If you buy printing to advertise your business, you are really buying selling effort.



It is just as wrong to put good printing on a block and judge its selling value by weight and size and competitive estimates as it is to judge human beings by scale measurements.

The value of the personal salesman is determined by his ability to make new customers and keep old ones. The value of the printed salesman can be figured on much the same basis.

It is fortunate for all business that old-time purchasing methods are old-time. They are passing rapidly. It is fortunate for users of direct advertising that old-time methods of dealing with good printers are passing too. But there is still enough printing bought on the sharp-pencil basis to justify the comparison and the protest we make here.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The production of printed pieces that contain all the elements of success is dependent upon the recognition of certain well-defined principles.

These principles are laid down, discussed, and illustrated in a series of books to be issued by the S. D. Warren Company during the year 1927. Copies of these books, as they are issued, may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Williams
AquaVelva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the moist face

The After-shave is *half* the shave!

GIVE your face the best possible care, a daily treatment with Aqua Velva *after every shave*. You'll look better, you'll *feel* better.

At the first touch of Aqua Velva's cool, sparkling drops, you can feel your skin wake up with new life. Any little nicks of the razor, seen or unseen, are quickly soothed—sterilized for easy healing.

Flabby tissues are stimulated, and the skin is made buoyant with a new feeling of vigor that sets up a man for the whole day.

Aqua Velva, made expressly for after shaving, is the scientific result of 87 years' study of what the skin requires to keep it in perfect condition. Its daily use is the finest possible protection against the irritations caused by wind, sun and weather.

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B Williams Co., Dept. 47-C, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 142)

should have spoken and who remained silent.

I cannot deny that certain groups attempted to hedge in the Emperor for purposes of their own, that they deliberately held at bay persons with different opinions. But is not this the tragic fate of every man in high position? It applies to presidents as well as to kings, to ministers of state no less than to the heads of great industries. It is the penalty of those who dwell on the heights. If the Emperor had been surrounded by the right people, if the right man had spoken at the psychological moment, his strong hand, interposing itself between the spokes of the wheel of doom, would have stopped its progress.

What a tragedy of errors!

Science has not yet discovered the vital secrets of Nature. Our scientists made brick out of straw. They drew nitrogen out of the air. But they could give us no wholesome substitute for food. Medieval scholars attempted to create life in the laboratory. But the homunculi they fashioned were incapable of living. Our scientists attempted to extract food out of chemicals. Alas, the foodstuffs thus gained were unable to sustain life, except temporarily! The chemistry of the system revolted against laboratory products. The revolt was not immediate. But slowly, insidiously, it drained our strength. Mourning for the dead, anxiety for the living, growing distrust of the military and of the political leaders, combined with undernourishment and disease produced by chemical substitutes for food, impaired the efficiency of the workers.

I search my vocabulary in vain for words to express the despair with which I noticed the physical, spiritual, moral and industrial retrogression of our people. It was slow but inexorable. Suffering became unendurable; it was beyond human power.

In my own château at Saabor I managed a hospital for three-quarters of a year. Time cannot wipe out from my memory the hideous and pitiful recollections. Shattered minds, faces no longer recognizable, limbs twisted into fantastic shapes, tortured bodies groaning with intolerable anguish, conscious of nothing human save pain! All these things I saw. I was one in a multitude of women vainly trying to heal the wounds, to stem the blood of the Fatherland. In every country there were women like myself who beheld the misery rather than the glories of war.

Lack of food compelled me to close the hospital at Saabor. In Breslau I spent much time in clinics and hospitals for reconvalescents. Those who suffered most, I noticed, were often the most contented. Similarly the men in the trenches were least inclined to hate the enemy. They fought because it was their business. But they honored and respected their adversaries. In every country vituperation of the enemy and verbal heroics increased with the distance from the front.

Suddenly a crimson glow appeared in the eastern sky—the Russian revolution! To many it seemed the first dawn of peace. What a cruel delusion!

Soon the red sea of anarchy was to inundate Germany. Our bloody sacrifice was in vain! The fruit of victory became Dead Sea fruit when the home front crumbled under the assault of Bolshevism. Poor Germany! Poor Russia!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Cover Design by Eugene Iverd

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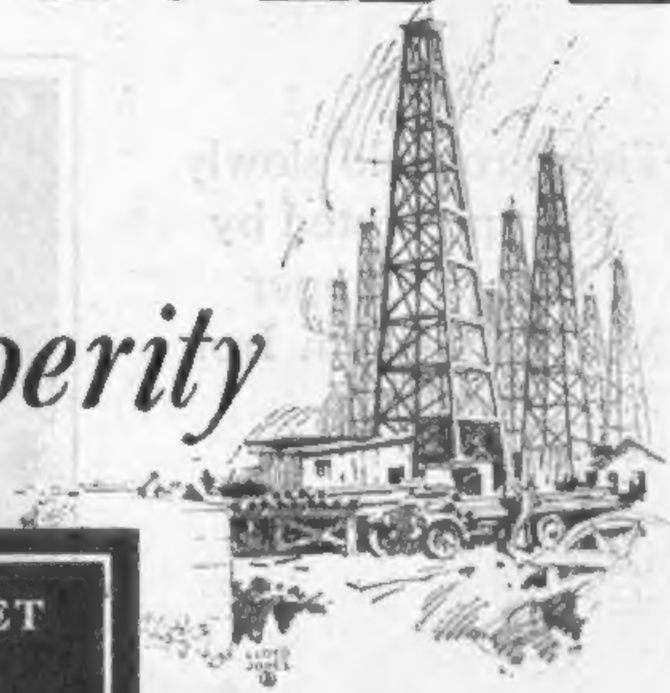
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

OKLAHOMA today....

facts prove its *prosperity*



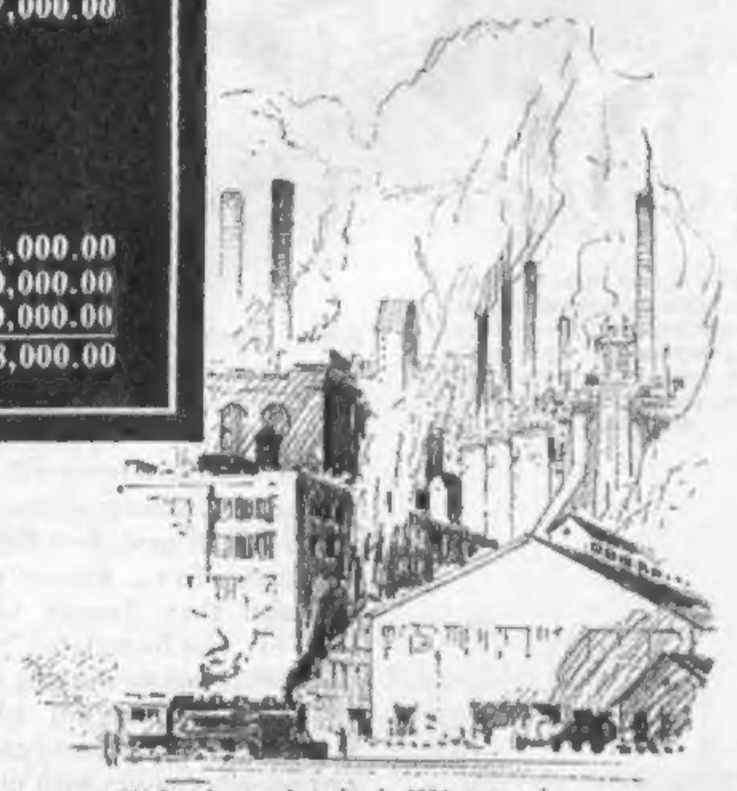
Oklahoma's mineral production for 1926 amounted to $500,181,000.00, over half of this amount coming from petroleum.

Oklahoma's crops for 1926 brought $308,533,000.00. Livestock and other farm products raised this amount to $503,187,000.00.

OKLAHOMA'S 1926 PRODUCTION SHEET

AGRICULTURE	VALUE	
Cotton, 1,950,000 bales	$ 95,550,000.00	
Wheat, 73,745,000 bushels	87,019,000.00	
Corn, 61,178,000 bushels	34,260,000.00	
Oats, 38,304,000 bushels	14,172,000.00	
Hay, 1,258,000 tons	13,672,000.00	
Cotton Seed, 865,800 tons	13,336,000.00	
Grain Sorghums, 24,318,000 bushels	10,943,000.00	
Other Crops	40,556,000.00	
Livestock, (Total head, January 1st, 1927, 3,511,000)	105,679,000.00	
Other Farm Products	88,000,000.00	
Total Value Farm Products		**$503,187,000.00**

MINERALS	VALUE	
Petroleum, 176,760,000 bbls	$347,000,000.00	
Zinc, 280,668, S. tons	42,662,000.00	
Natural Gasoline, 390,800,000 gal.	41,600,000.00	
Natural Gas, 215,000,000 M. cu. ft.	32,000,000.00	
Other Minerals	36,919,000.00	
Total Value of Mineral Products		**$500,181,000.00**
Lumber		**4,800,000.00**
Manufactured Products		**400,000,000.00**
1926 TOTAL PRODUCTION		**$1,408,168,000.00**



Oklahoma's manufacturing in 1926 amounted to $400,000,000.00, the greater part of this from the refining of petroleum and the extraction of gasoline from natural gas.

NOT open to settlement until 1889 and not admitted to the Union until 1907, Oklahoma today is one of seven states producing more than a billion dollars annually in new wealth.

This wealth comes from three principal sources: mining, farming, and manufacturing—an almost evenly balanced revenue from each.

Oklahoma is second among the states in the value of its mineral production. This state each year produces minerals valued at more than half a billion dollars.

Oklahoma leads the nation in the diversification of crops, and her agricultural products, too, yield an income in excess of half a billion dollars. Oklahoma is known as a cotton state, ranking second or third each year. Yet, not so well known is the fact that Oklahoma's wheat nearly equals in value Oklahoma's cotton. Oklahoma produces more broom corn than any other state; ranks second in the production of grain sorghums and is a consistent producer of alfalfa, corn, barley, oats and rye. In recent years Oklahoma has forged to the front as a truck farming state, the rapid growth of many cities and towns influenced by activities in Oklahoma's oil fields having provided an unprecedented demand for truck products.

Oklahoma's industries are fast developing. With a wealth of raw materials and unlimited power resources, opportunities are here for new manufacturing plants.

Oklahoma is a growing state with room for further development. If you are interested in learning more about the opportunities which await you in this new state, mail the coupon below.

THE LAND OF PERPETUAL PROSPERITY
OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMANS, INC.
Advertising Division of the State Chamber of Commerce
Tulsa Office
310 Tuloma Building
Oklahoma City Office
Medical Arts Building

OKLAHOMANS, INC.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Please mail me a copy of your booklet entitled "Oklahoma's Opportunities."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Few states having 4 seasons enjoy a finer climate than OKLAHOMA

Defying Rust *and* Corrosion *in Massive Buildings and Modest Homes*

They grow old slowly when protected by Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron

This attractive home in Tenafly, N. J., has all sheet metal work of Toncan Iron. R. C. Hunter & Bro., New York City, Architects.

View of a part of the 10,000 sq. ft. of Toncan framed skylights on the Palace of the Legion of Honor at San Francisco. Architect, G. A. Applegarth. Sheet Metal Contractors, Guilfoy Cornice Works, both of San Francisco.

Toncan is saving maintenance dollars in buildings of every kind the country over

THIS is an age of building for permanence. Iron is playing a most important rôle. Much of the material used in buildings is protected against moisture and the elements. The iron used for roofs, cornices, skylights and ventilators is not. Unless made of the best iron obtainable, these parts will be the first to deteriorate and cause maintenance expense.

No metal used for the exposed portions of buildings offers a greater resistance to rust and corrosion than Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron. It was formulated by our own staff of expert metallurgists working in the largest and best equipped metallurgical laboratory in America. It is made by scientifically combining copper and mo-lyb-den-um with pure iron.

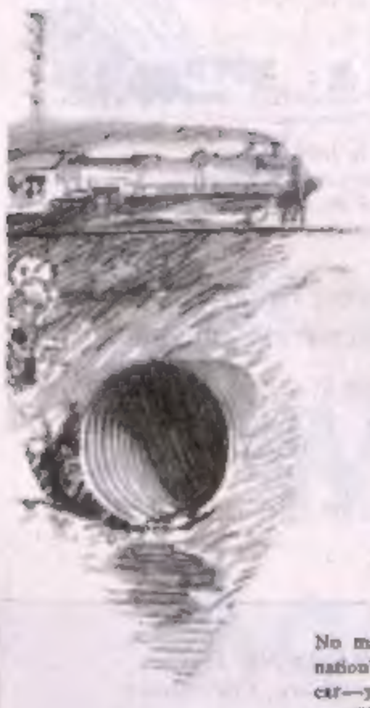
Thousands of buildings of all descriptions, many of them designed by America's foremost architects, have all exposed metal surfaces made of this super-iron. And in homes, too, Toncan Iron is used for flashing, gutters, eave-troughs and down-spouting. It lasts indefinitely without repair expense.

Nor are the uses of this remarkable metal confined to building exteriors. Ventilation ducts, hoods over kitchen equipment in hotels, metal lath, tanks—in fact wherever sheet iron comes in contact with moisture there you'll find Toncan Iron serving successfully.

Even the interior equipment for homes, such as stoves, washing machines, refrigerators, enameled sinks and drain boards, furnaces and a host of other products, is made of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron by manufacturers whose integrity prompts them to provide you equipment of lasting durability. Usually such manufacturers are proud to identify their products with the Toncan label. Look for it.

Our new Toncan book—"The Path to Permanence"—will interest every architect, prospective building owner and manufacturer of metal products. Send for a copy.

Medical Arts Building, Dallas, Texas. All the sheet metal work is of Toncan Iron. Architects, Barglebaugh & Whitson, Dallas; Sheet Metal Contractor, The Collinsville Mfg. Co., Dallas.



No matter where you go over the nation's highways—by rail or motor car—you are almost certain to ride over Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron culverts.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trademark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

AGATHON STEELS

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

"Krafted" Pineapple Salad

Kay

The delicious new spread for sandwiches

We have never known of a new food product to become popular so quickly. It seems to please everyone's taste. You would never guess it, but Kay is mostly cheese—snow-white, rich, fluffy—Kraft Cream Cheese. To it we have added relish and choice spices (no meat or oils) that make Kay a new product with a new flavor extremely delightful. Try it, it's wonderfully good.

When the Mercury Soars

The food you select should be suited to the weather. What could be more suitable for the warm days than cool, crisp vegetables or ripe, luscious fruits? Nothing—except that when combined with Kraft Cheese of an appropriate variety their deliciousness is greatly intensified.

Kraft Cheese with its abundance of protein supplies the strength-giving elements these lighter foods lack. For Kraft Cheese is known to be both good and "good for you," and as easily digested as the pure whole milk from which it is made. The Kraft Label guarantees this.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, Chicago

KRAFT K CHEESE

Eat it freely · · · · · Easily digested

Old Dutch points the way to

Easier Cleaning

It's as popular with the men as with women

Men as well as women appreciate Old Dutch for its efficiency and the assurance of Healthful Cleanliness. It does the light or heavy cleaning thoroughly and easily.

Garages, boats, etc. Old Dutch does all the heavy work, and removes grease and grime in a hurry. Nothing like it for removing oil and grease from the garage floor. Old Dutch is unequalled for cleaning tile, cement and stone steps, etc.

Ideal for removing obstinate dirt, paint and varnish stains from the hands. Office people find Old Dutch especially helpful for quickly removing ink and carbon stains. Doesn't harm the skin.

Painted walls, painted furniture, etc., a delicate job—sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth and wipe the surface gently—no scrubbing necessary. You'll be amazed how quickly it removes all dirt and how bright it leaves the surface.

Camping — nothing so handy as a package of Old Dutch. Cleaning cooking utensils is no longer a problem. Old Dutch does it perfectly.

Golf Clubs — keeps the irons looking like new and there's nothing like it for cleaning golf balls.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. The microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they do their cleaning by erasing all dirt as well as dangerous invisible impurities, leaving the surface smooth and hygienically clean.

Removes the dirt — not the surface

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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